



No.100

A 52-PAGE
MAGAZINE



Adventure COMICS

OCT.
NOV.

Ten
Cents



Editorial Advisory Board

SUPERMAN DC COMIC MAGAZINES:

DR. LAURETTA BENDER

Associate Professor of Psychiatry
School of Medicine, New York University

PEARL S. BUCK

Author, "The Good Earth", "The Promise"
etc. Winner, 1938 Nobel Prize;
President, The East and West Association

JOSETTE FRANK

Consultant on Children's Reading
Child Study Association of America

BESS B. LANE

Educational Director
United Parents Associations

DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN

Department of English Literature
New York University

Dr. W. W. D. SONES

Professor of Education and
Director of Curriculum Study,
University of Pittsburgh

Dr. ROBERT THORNDIKE

Department of Educational Psychology,
Teachers College, Columbia University

Com. GENE TUNNEY, U.S.N.R.

Former World's Heavyweight
Boxing Champion
Member, Executive Board
New York Boy Scout Foundation



The following magazines all bear this
trademark as your guarantee of
the best in comic reading:

ACTION COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS
ALL FUNNY COMICS
BATMAN
BOY COMMANDOS
BUZZY
DETECTIVE COMICS
LEADING COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS
REAL SCREEN COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS
SUPERMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



ANTELOPE

AS SMART AS HE'S NIMBLE,
WHEN HE BUYS COMICS,
HE LOOKS FOR THIS SYMBOL!



— ON THE COVER OF
**ACTION
COMICS**
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN **ANY**
COMIC
MAGAZINE!

SANDMAN

AND

SANDY

IN "SWEETS
FOR
SWAG!"

IT'S A QUEER
CROOK WHO LEADS
HIS MURDERING
MOBSTERS FORTH
TO STEAL AND ROB
WHILE MUNCHING BON-
BONS AND CARAMELS!
BUT THAT'S "SWEET
TOOTH" SANDERS FOR
YOU - A NO-GOOD, WHO
GNAWS ON NOUGATS
AND MASTICATES
MARASCHINOS UNTIL
THE AMBER AVALANCHE
AND THE GOLDEN BOY
CASCADE INTO
SPARKLING ACTION
TO "BUTTERSCOTCH"
HIS SCHEMES AND
MAKE HIM DISGORGE....
"SWEETS FOR
SWAG!"



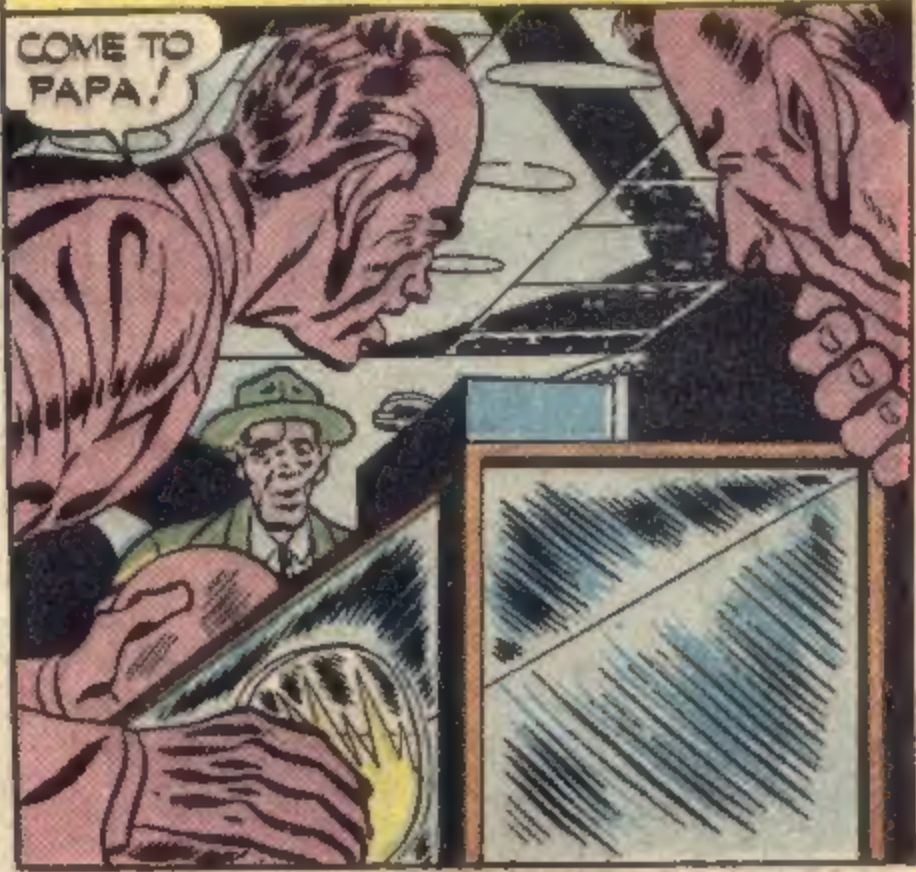
(CHEW-CHEW) I TOLD YOU GUYS THIS JOINT WAS WORTH OUR WHILE! TAKE A SQUINT AT THEM JOOLS!

WOW!



A GLASS CUTTER IN AN EXPERT HAND...

COME TO PAPA!



YA SAP — THEY'LL HEAR THAT!

OOOPS!



OUTSIDE ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM A BOND RALLY, ARE WES DODDS AND SANDY HAWKINS...

CRASH

THOSE BONDS.... SAY! THAT CAME FROM INSIDE THE MUSEUM! THERE SHOULDN'T BE ANYONE IN THERE!



A QUICK CHANGE AND...

CROOKS ON DISPLAY, EH?

SANDMAN!



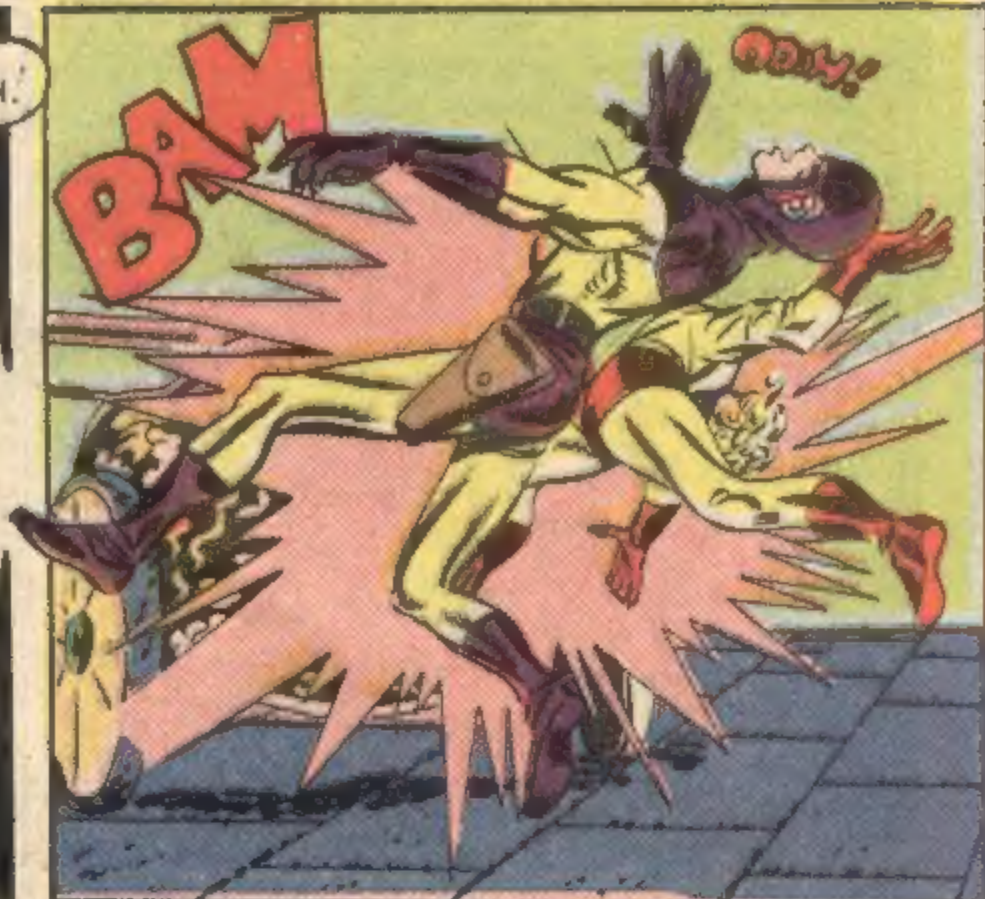
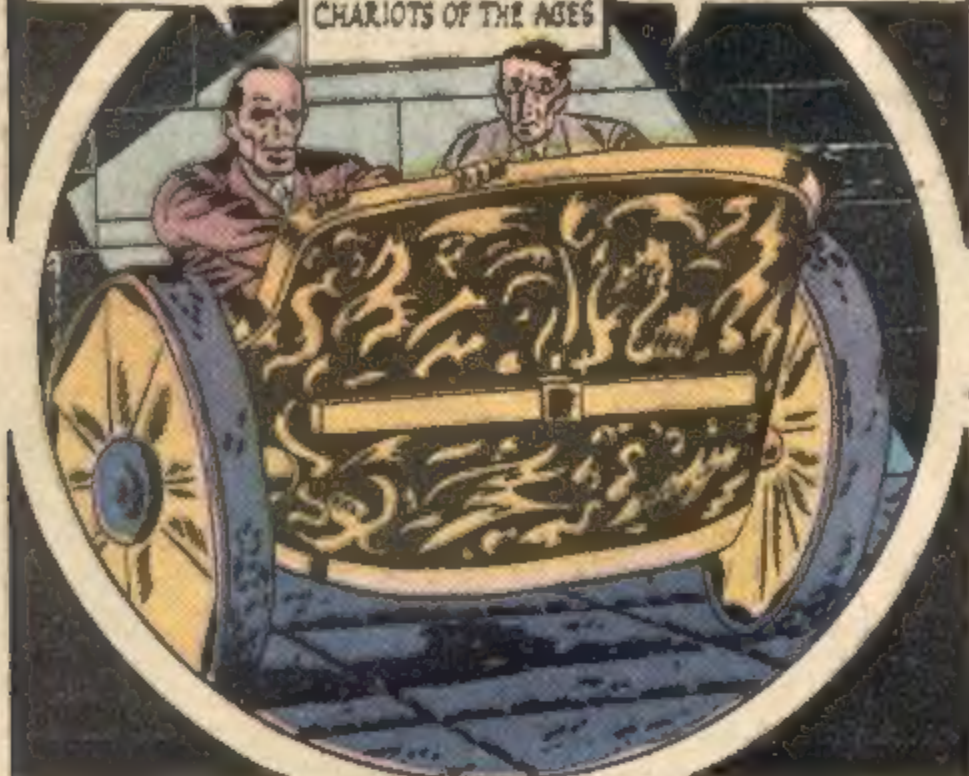
LET'S MAKE THIS A CLOSE FRIENDSHIP!



SWING LOW, MY SWEET
CHARIOT...

IT'S STARTING TO ROLL
NOW, SWEET TOOTH.

CHARIOTS OF THE AGES



THEY'RE GETTING AWAY! WE MUST FOLLOW
THEM! HURRY, SANDY!

RIGHT,
SANDMAN!



A THRILLING RACE ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS OF
THE CITY...

THEY'RE GOING INTO THAT
CANDY FACTORY!

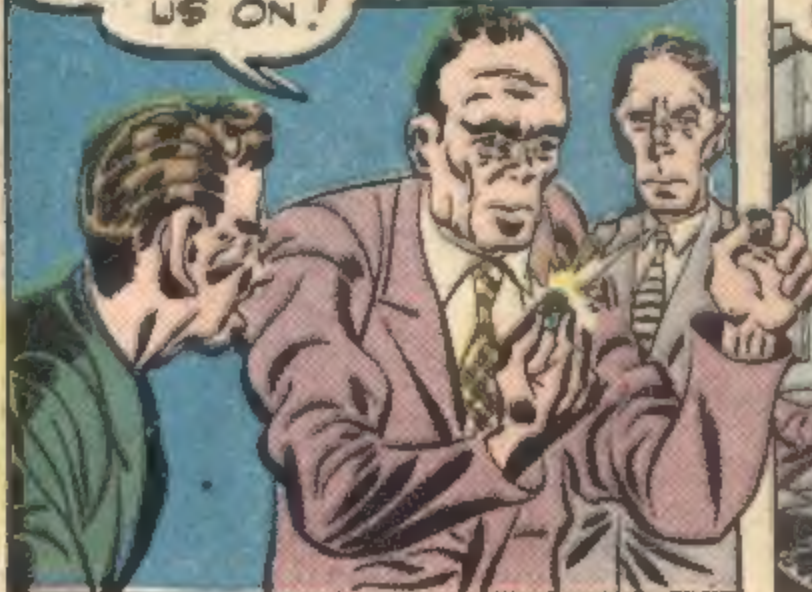
LET'S GO!



WAIT! HOLD IT UP! I GOT
AN IDEA!



WE'LL PUT THESE ROCKS THRU THE
BOTTOM OF THESE CANDIES, SO IF
THE SANDMAN OR THE COPS
SHOULD FIND US, THEY WON'T
HAVE ANY EVIDENCE TO HOLD
US ON!



WE CAN TRACE THEM
THRU THE NAME
ON THESE BOXES,
"DEVEREAUX"!
REMEMBER THAT
NAME!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, A BAFFLED DUO COMES TO A HALT...

LOOKS AS IF THEY GOT AWAY AFTER ALL!

BY THE TIME WE'D FINISH LOOKING THRU THE PLACE, THEY'D BE HOME SLEEPING.



SAY, ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME WE HIT THE SACK? DON'T FORGET I HAVE TO ATTEND THE PARTY THE DEVEREAUX TWINS ARE THROWING!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SANDY! MAYBE WE CAN PICK UP THIS TRAIL TOMORROW!



PLEASANT DREAMS, SANDY!

THANKS... I'M HOPING I'LL FIND THOSE CROOKS IN THEM



THE SYMBOL OF THE SANDMAN IS THE DREAM, AND IN THE STRANGE FANTASIES THAT HAUNT THE SLUMBER OF OLD AND YOUNG, WE MAY DISCERN THE SHADOWS THAT FORETELL COMING EVENTS...

THE DEVEREAUX TWINS SMILE GENTLY AS THEIR IMAGINATIONS, EXCITED BY THEIR COMING PARTY, LEAD THEM INTO A LAND OF WONDER...

GINNY, LOOK! A CANDY CITY!



OH, BOY, LOOK AT THAT!



GO AWAY! LEAVE THIS CANDY VILLAGE ALONE!

OOOH, AN OGRE!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, KIDS, IT ISN'T HIS VILLAGE!



SANDMAN!

BEAT IT, BUD! SCRAM!

LATER, WITH THE SANDMAN ON THE ALERT...

GOSH, THIS IS THE LIFE!

THE EVIL ALSO DREAM, FOR EXAMPLE, SWEET TOOTH..

A CANDY CITY!

LUCK'S RUNNING RIGHT FOR ME! ALL THIS CANDY, THE ROCKS WE LIFTED--
HA-HA!
WONDERFUL!

IS IT SO WONDERFUL?
YOU WON'T THINK SO, SOON!

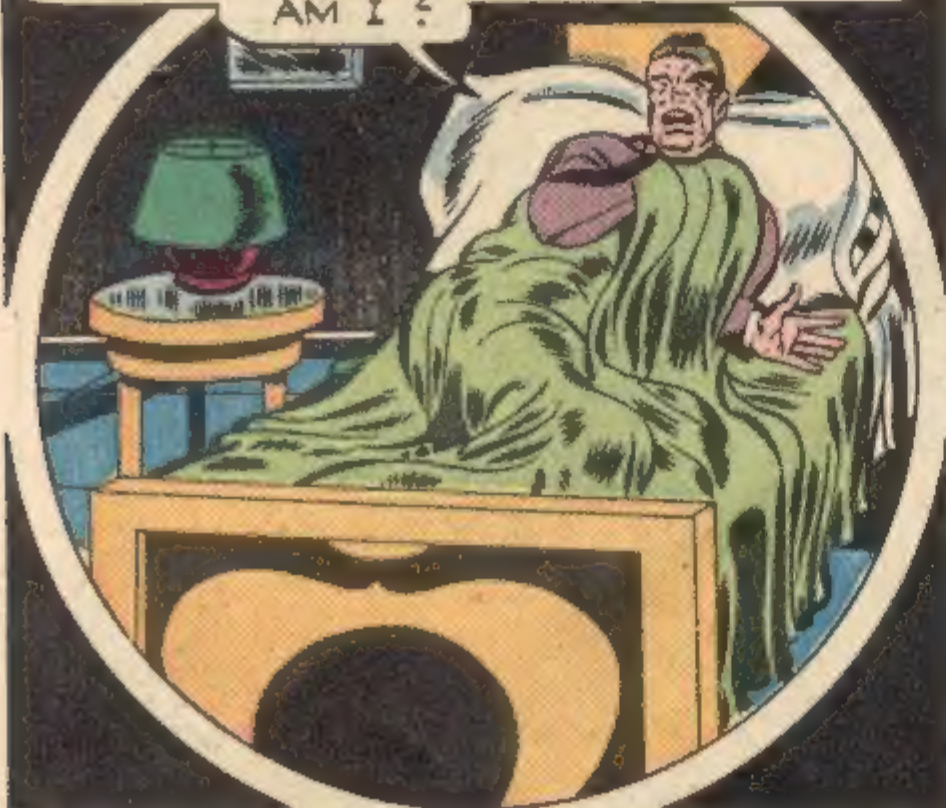
WHERE DID YOU PUT THE JEWELS YOU TOOK FROM THE EXHIBIT? TALK!

I DON'T KNOW!
I DON'T KNOW!
KEEP AWAY FROM ME!

I'LL TELL YOU! THEY'RE IN THE CANDIES GOING TO THE DEVEREAUX PARTY!

NO
NO

TH- THE PARTY, HONEST... ULP! I-I- WHERE AM I?



(WHEW) LUCKY THAT WAS ONLY A DREAM, BUT MAYBE THE **SANDMAN** DOES KNOW THAT THE JEWELS ARE IN THE DEVEREAUX CANDIES..



SOMETIME LATER AT THE ELITE CANDY FACTORY...

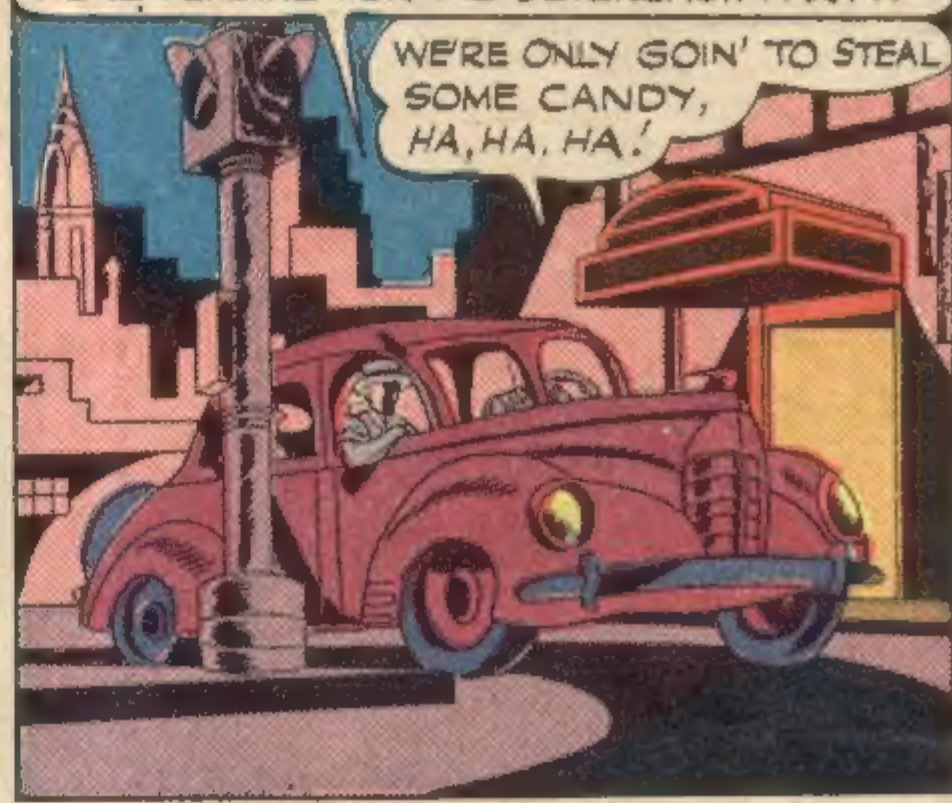
WHAT? YOU SAY THE DEVEREAUX SHIPMENT WENT OUT ALREADY?

WHY, YES! THEY SAID TO SEND IT! I DIDN'T KNOW ANYBODY WAS COMING TO CALL FOR IT!



WE'RE HEADING FOR THE DEVEREAUX PARTY!

WE'RE ONLY GOIN' TO STEAL SOME CANDY, HA, HA, HA!



THAT AFTERNOON AT THE DEVEREAUX HOME, COMES...

WES DODDS AND SANDY HAWKINS! WELL, WES, GLAD YOU COULD BRING SANDY OVER!

HELLO, HELEN! HOW ARE THE TWINS?



FINE, THANKS! HOW ABOUT SOME CANDY, WES?

THANKS, HELEN, I'LL EAT IT LATER. I'VE GOT TO LEAVE FOR AN APPOINTMENT UPTOWN!



AND SO WES DODDS ONCE MORE STEPS ALONG THE SIDEWALK UNAWARE THAT HE HOLDS IN HIS HAND A CANDY WORTH A FORTUNE!

HERE YOU ARE, FELLA!

A CANDY WORTH A FORTUNE!

CANDY? THANKS, MISTER!

THIS IS GOOD---OWW!

WHAT?!

SWELL TRICK, MISTER, I DON'T THINK-- I NEARLY BROKE MY JAW!

SORRY, KID.

HERE'S A DOLLAR! TREAT YOURSELF TO SOME HONEST CANDY!

A DIAMOND!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE GOLDEN FORM OF THE SANDMAN APPEARS ON THE DEVEREAUX ROOF.

THOSE CROOKS MUST HAVE PUT THE REST OF THE DIAMONDS IN THE DEVEREAUX CANDIES! I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH SANDY NOW. AND THEN WE'LL ATTEND TO THOSE CROOKS!

LATER...

WHAT'S GOING ON, SANDMAN?

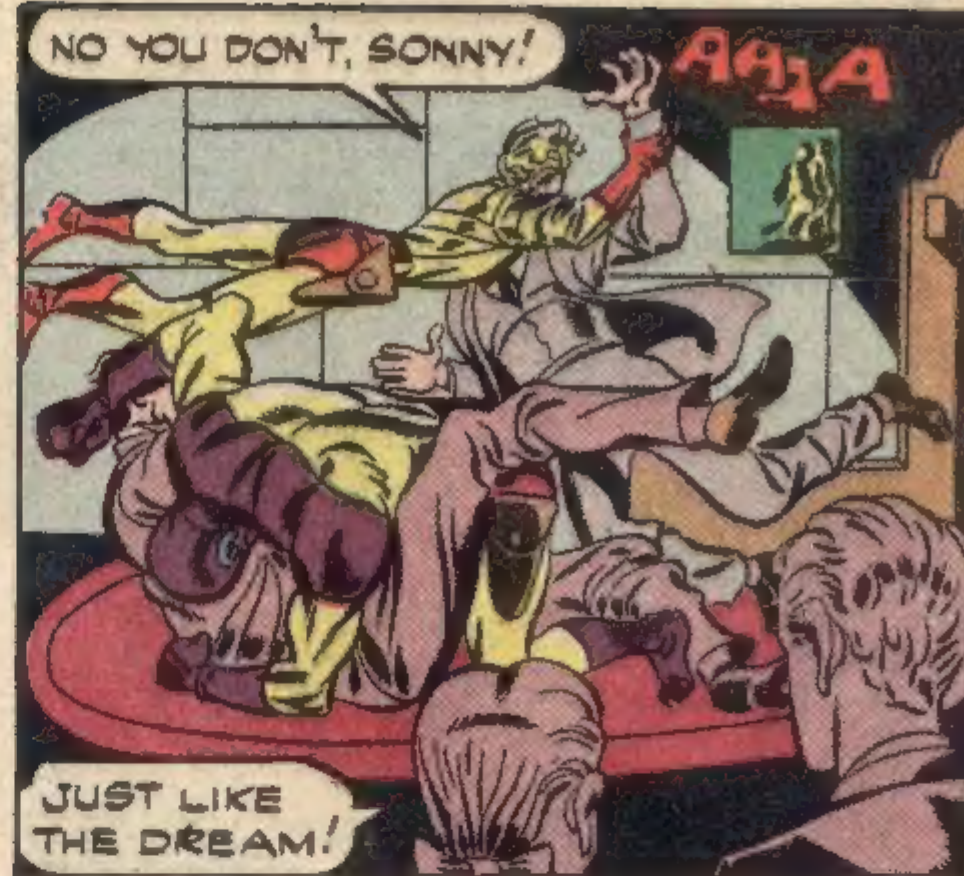
IT'S SWEET-TOOTH SANDERS AND HIS MOB! THE ONES WE CHASED LAST NIGHT! THEY HID THEIR LOOT IN THE CANDIES!

DON'T MAKE NO NOISE, LADY! LUCKY YER KID'S FRIENDS AIN'T HERE YET. IT'LL BE A NICE FAST JOB! NOW TOIN OVER DOSE CANDIES YA GOT TODAY!



HOWDY, SWEET-TOOTH!

SANDMAN!



NO YOU DON'T, SONNY!

AAA!

JUST LIKE THE DREAM!

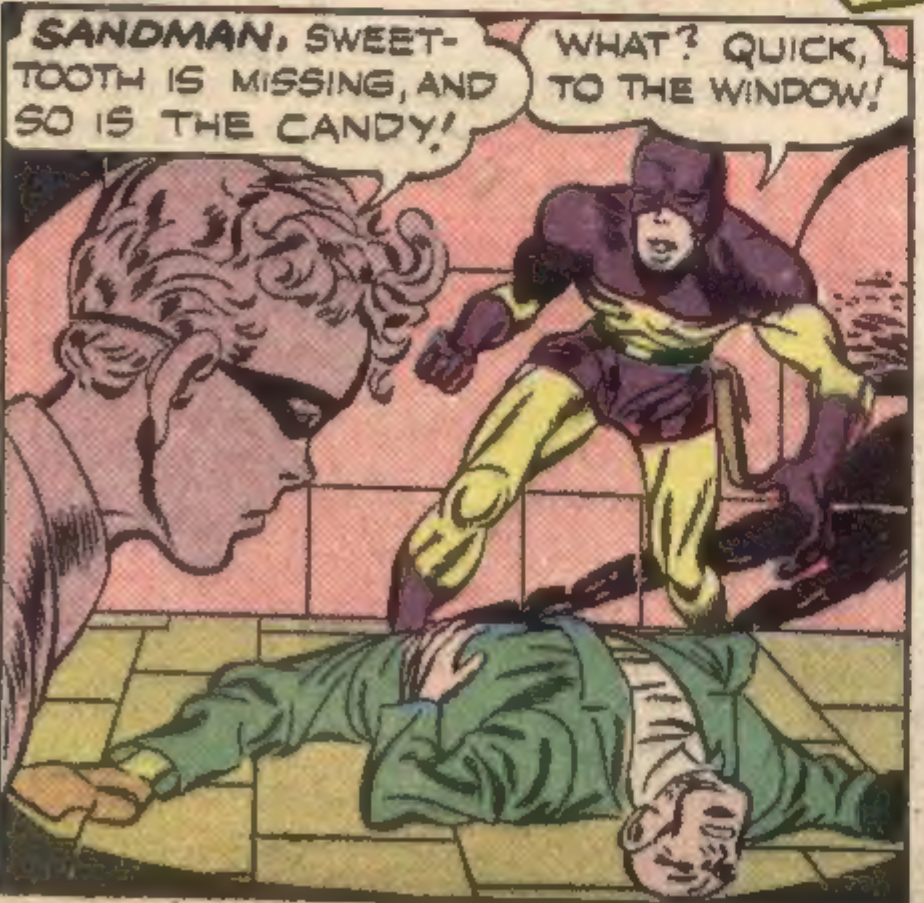


DON'T CROWD ME! I DON'T LIKE IT!



AS THE SANDMAN BATTLES ON...

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET AWAY WITH THE CANDY, WHILE THEY'RE FIGHTIN' IT OUT!



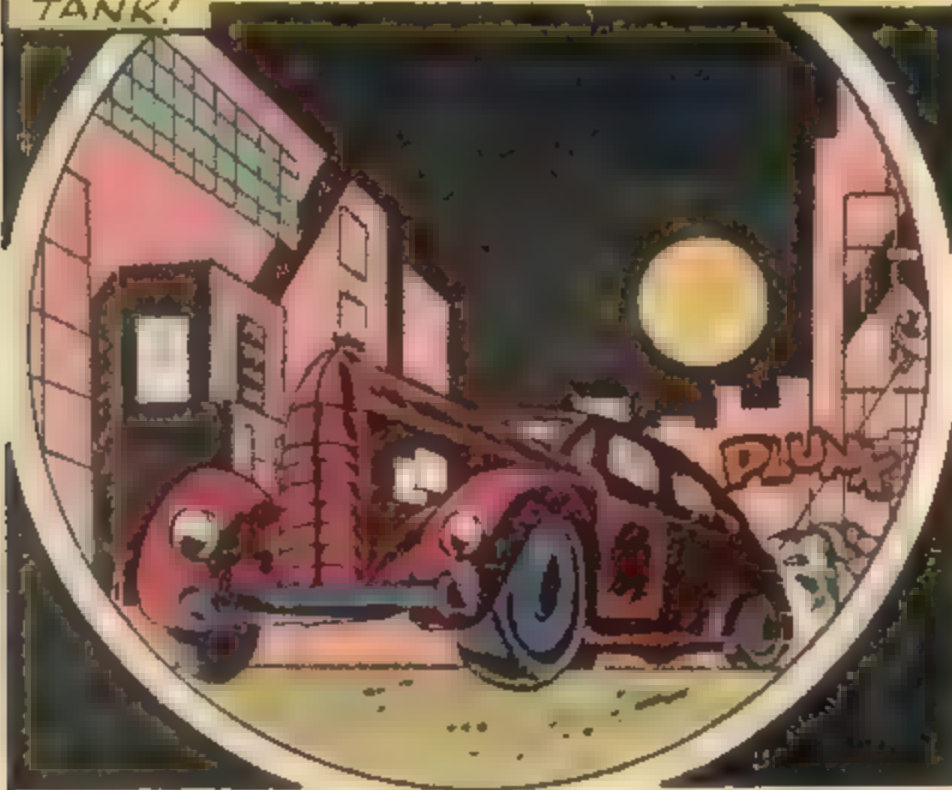
SANDMAN, SWEET-TOOTH IS MISSING, AND SO IS THE CANDY!

WHAT? QUICK, TO THE WINDOW!

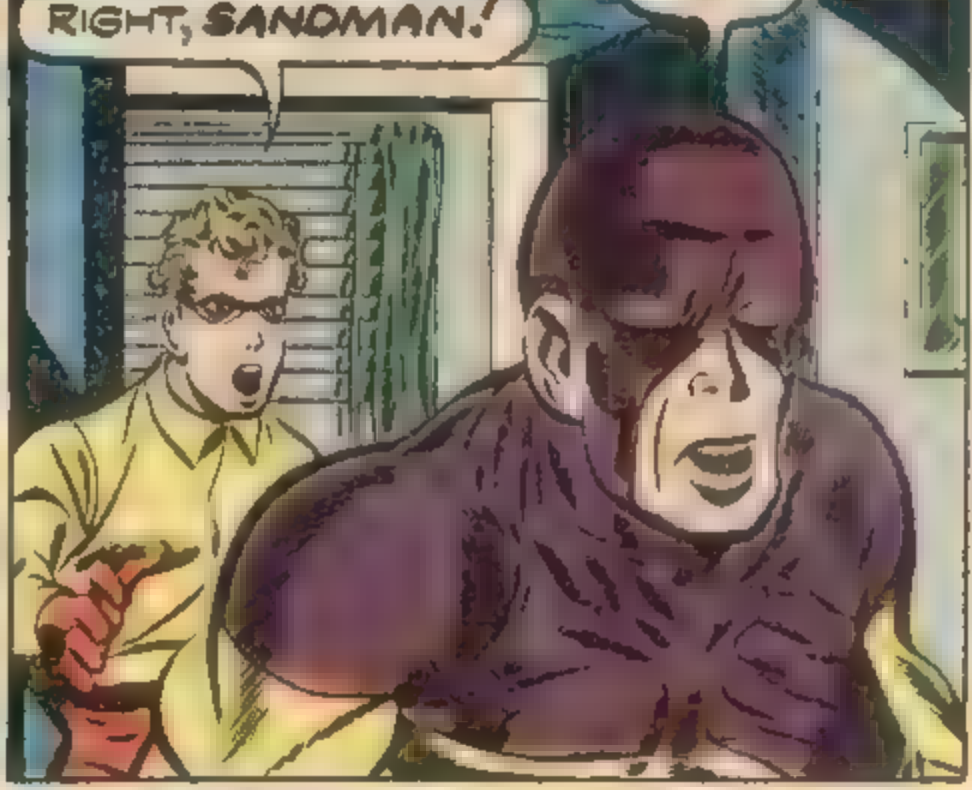


HE'S GETTING INTO HIS CAR! I'LL WIREPOON THE GAS TANK TO SLOW HIM UP!

WITH A SHRILL WHINE, THE WIREPOON HUMS THROUGH THE AIR AND PIERCES THE GAS-TANK!



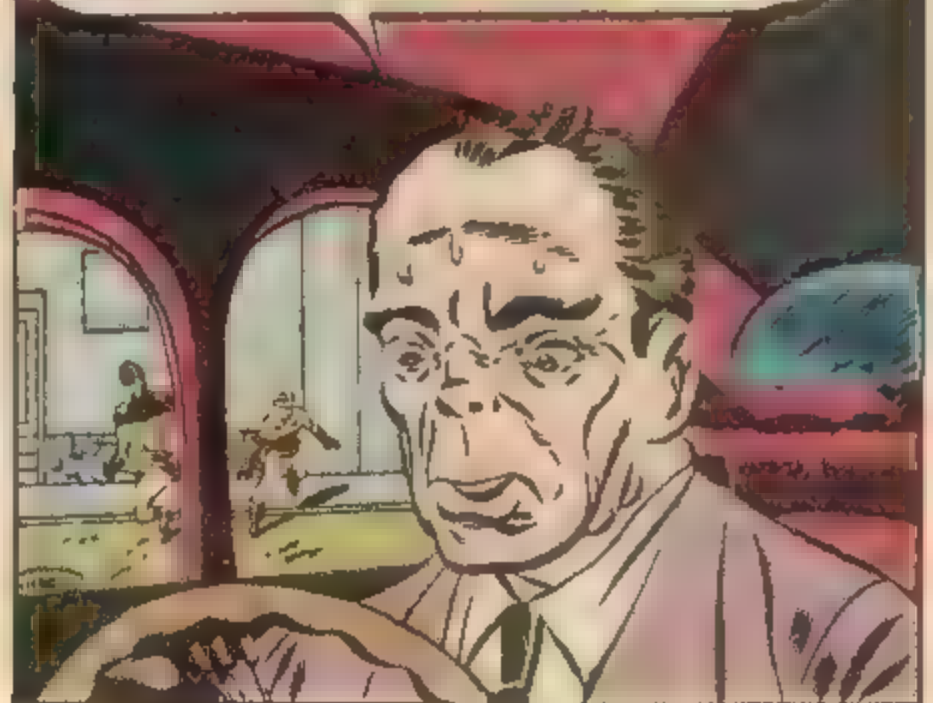
GOT IT! COME ON, LET'S GET AFTER HIM!
RIGHT, SANDMAN!



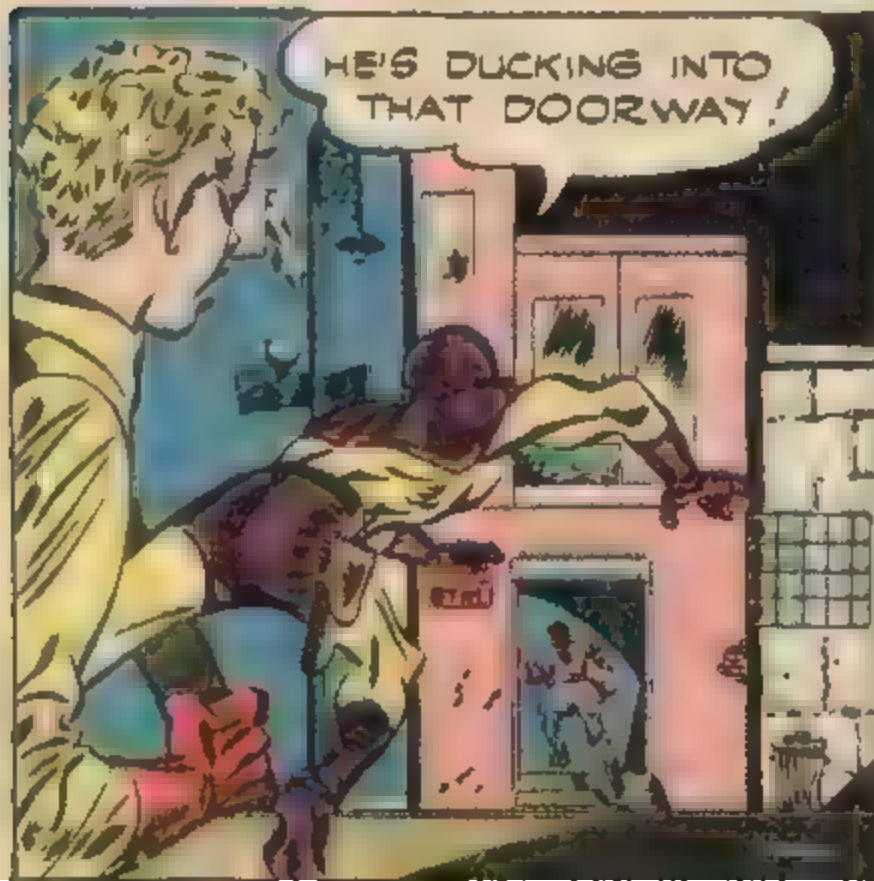
WE CAN'T GO VERY FAR, THE WAY THE GAS IS POURING OUT OF HIS CAR!
LOOK- HE'S SLOWING DOWN ALREADY!



EMPTY! AND I CAN HEAR THEM TWO GUYS POUNDIN' AFTER ME... I GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!



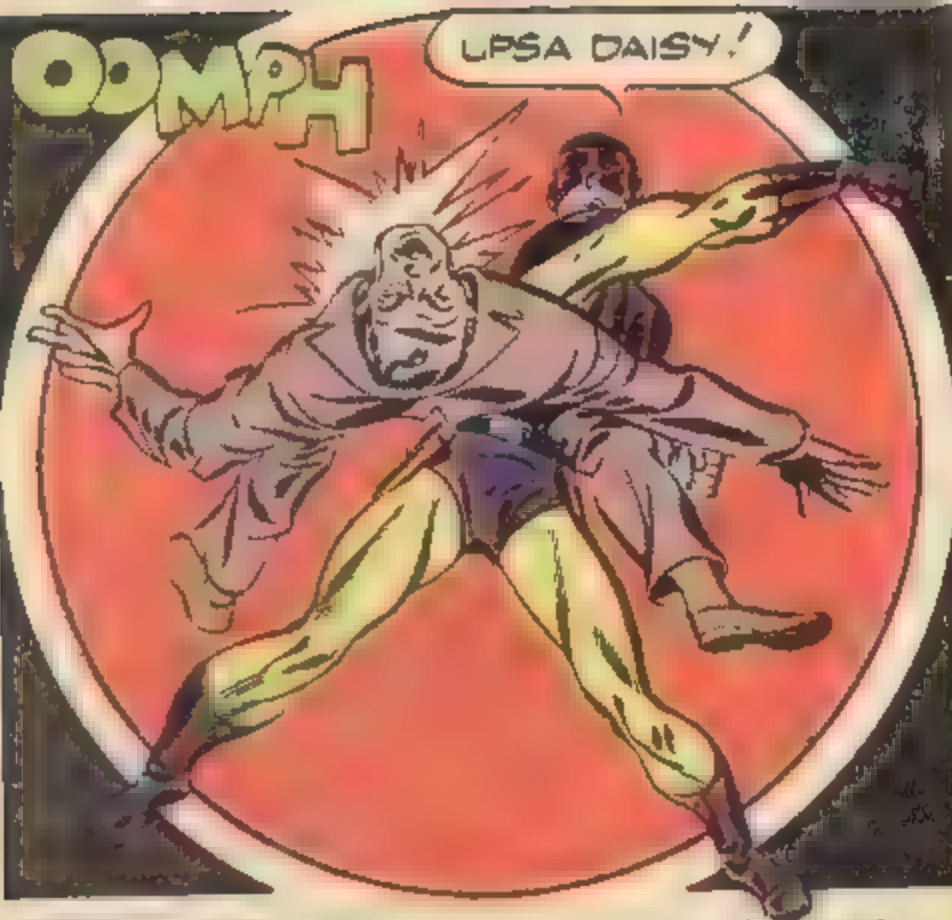
HE'S DUCKING INTO THAT DOORWAY!



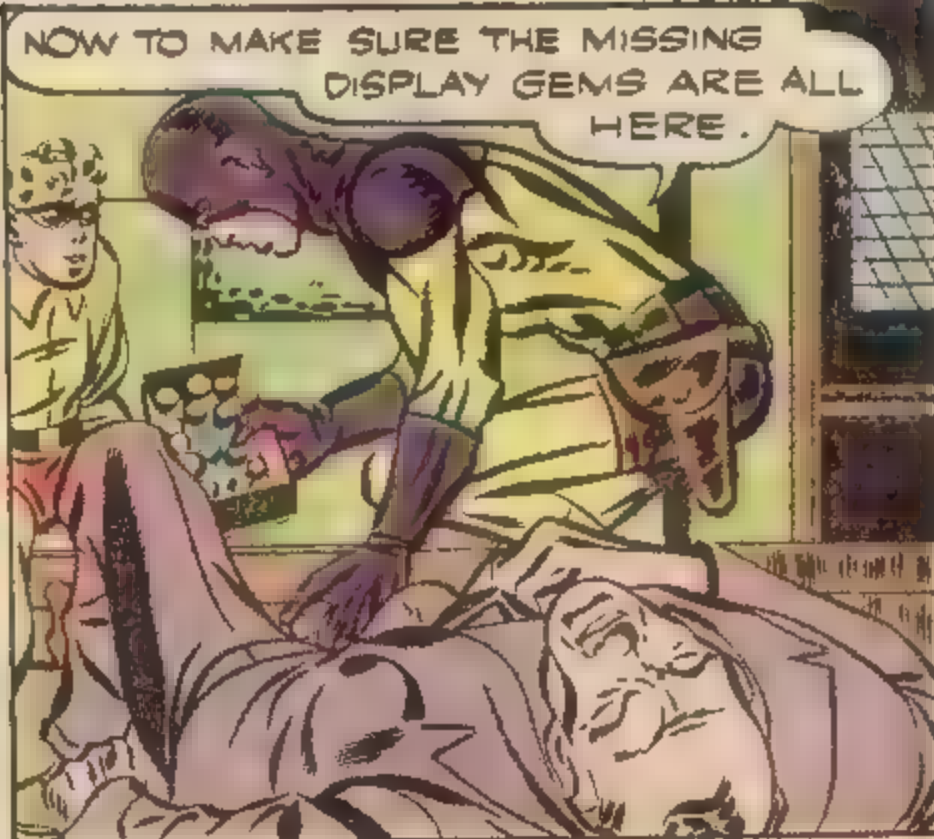
BUT THE TWIN THUNDERBOLTS ARE A LITTLE TOO FAST FOR SWEET-TOOTH THIS TIME...

MIND IF I BUTT IN?

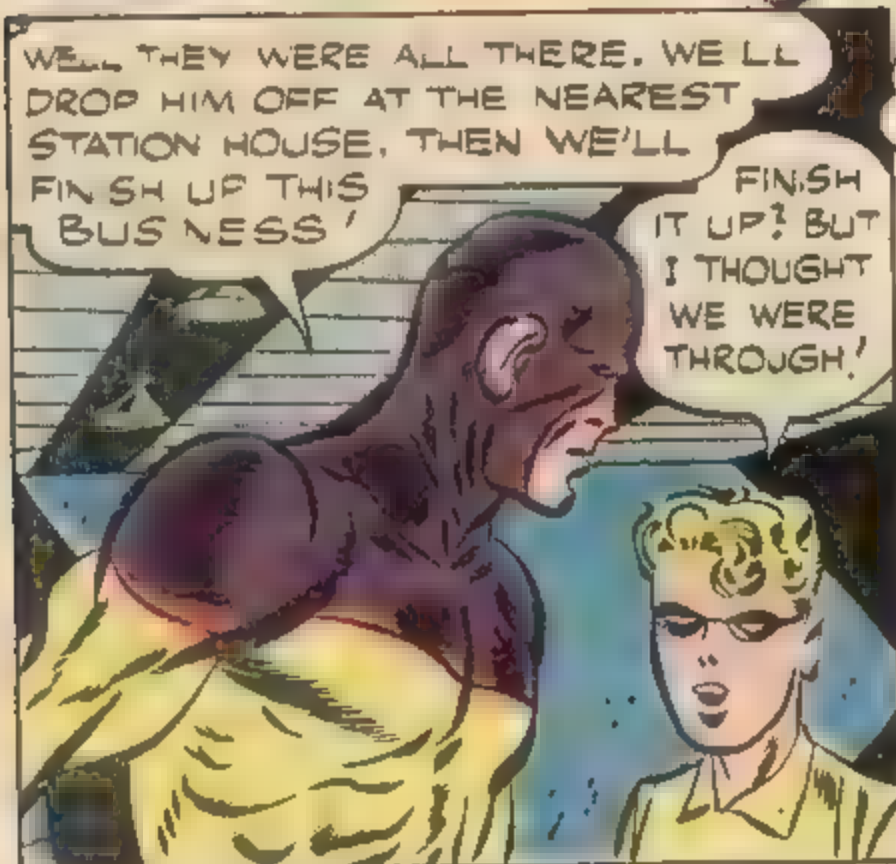




UPSA DAISY!

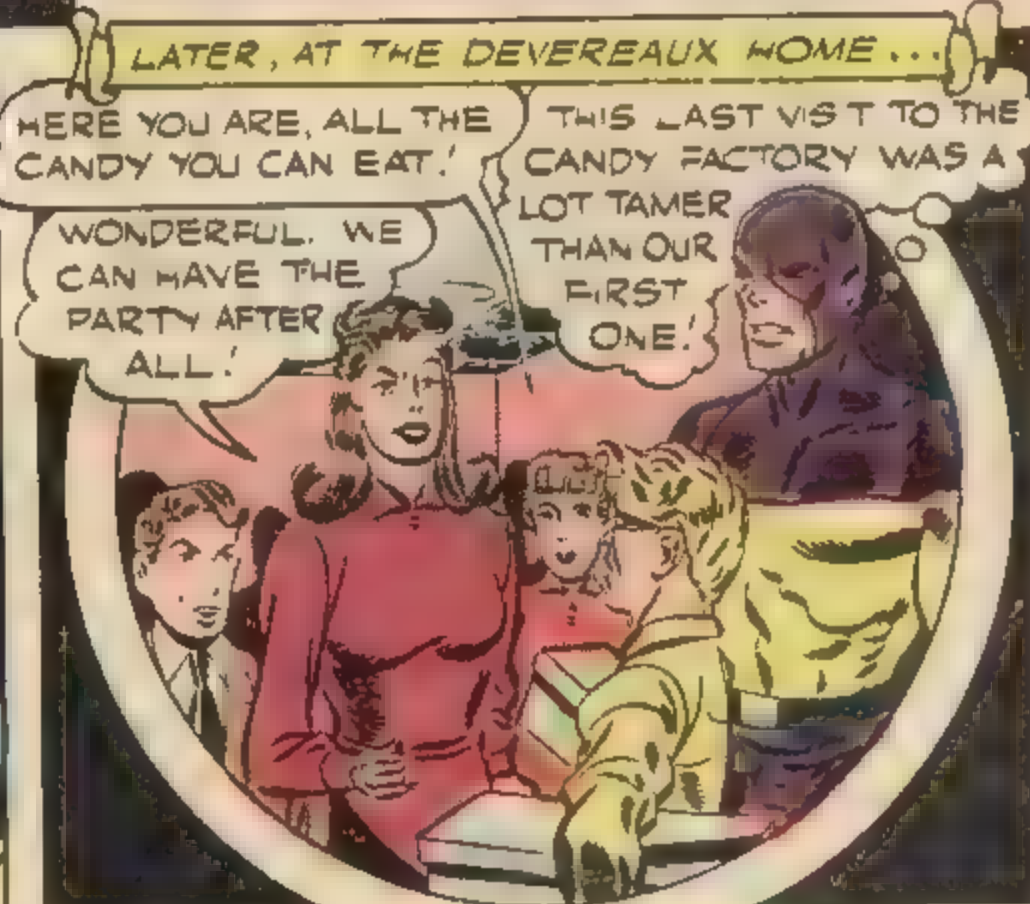


NOW TO MAKE SURE THE MISSING
DISPLAY GEMS ARE ALL
HERE.



WELL THEY WERE ALL THERE. WE'LL
DROP HIM OFF AT THE NEAREST
STATION HOUSE. THEN WE'LL
FINISH UP THIS
BUSINESS!

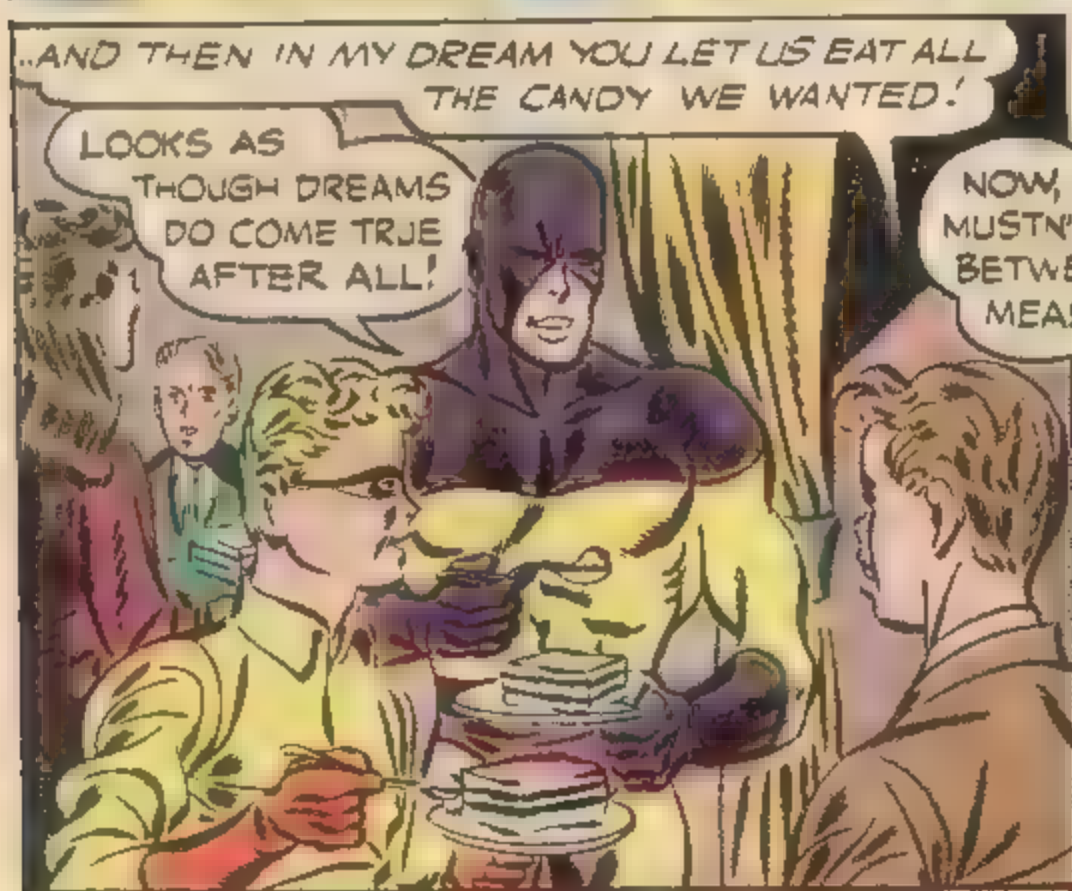
FINISH
IT UP? BUT
I THOUGHT
WE WERE
THROUGH!



HERE YOU ARE, ALL THE
CANDY YOU CAN EAT!

WONDERFUL. WE
CAN HAVE THE
PARTY AFTER
ALL!

THIS LAST VISIT TO THE
CANDY FACTORY WAS A
LOT TAMER
THAN OUR
FIRST
ONE!



...AND THEN IN MY DREAM YOU LET US EAT ALL
THE CANDY WE WANTED!

LOOKS AS
THOUGH DREAMS
DO COME TRUE
AFTER ALL!



AND SWEET-TOOTH? HIS DREAM IS ABOUT
TO TURN INTO A NIGHTMARE!

NOW, NOW!
MUSTN'T EAT
BETWEEN
MEALS!

GIMME BACK
MY CANDY!

LIGHTER MOMENTS with **fresh Eveready Batteries**



"Just a minute, sarge, until I switch over to short wave."

"Keep your eye on the Infantry—the Doughboy Does It!"

GOOD NEWS—"Eveready" "Mini-Max" batteries are back!

Since Pearl Harbor, they have powered the famous walkies-talkies and other vital equipment for our Armed Forces.

Now, the War Production Board has authorized production of these famous "B" batteries for civilian radios. Chances are, you'll find them at your dealer's now.

Remember—size for size "Eveready" "Mini-Max" batteries are the most powerful "B" batteries ever made.



The registered trade-marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

EVEREADY

BOY! WHAT AN IMPROVEMENT
OVER THAT OLD METHOD OF RUNNING
OUT HERE WITH A BUCKET OF WATER!



TIME OUT... FOR WHEATIES.

BOY! WHAT NOURISHMENT! WIDELY-KNOWN
ESSENTIAL WHOLE GRAIN FOOD VALUES... IN
WHEATIES. INCLUDING VALUABLE B VITAMINS,
IMPORTANT MINERALS.

BOY! WHAT FLAVOR! TANGY TOASTED TASTES
IN BIG, HONEY-BROWN FLAKES. PLUS MELLOW,
MALT-SWEET SYRUP. A COMBINATION OF
ELEGANT EATING THAT REALLY SCORES WITH
YOUR APPETITE.

BOY! WHAT AN IMPROVEMENT OVER
THAT OLD BREAKFAST... WHEN YOU
ADD A MAN-SIZED BOWLFUL OF MILK,
FRUIT, AND WHEATIES. FAMOUS
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

HUDDLE WITH A BIG
BOWL OF WHEATIES
-- EVERY MORNING!

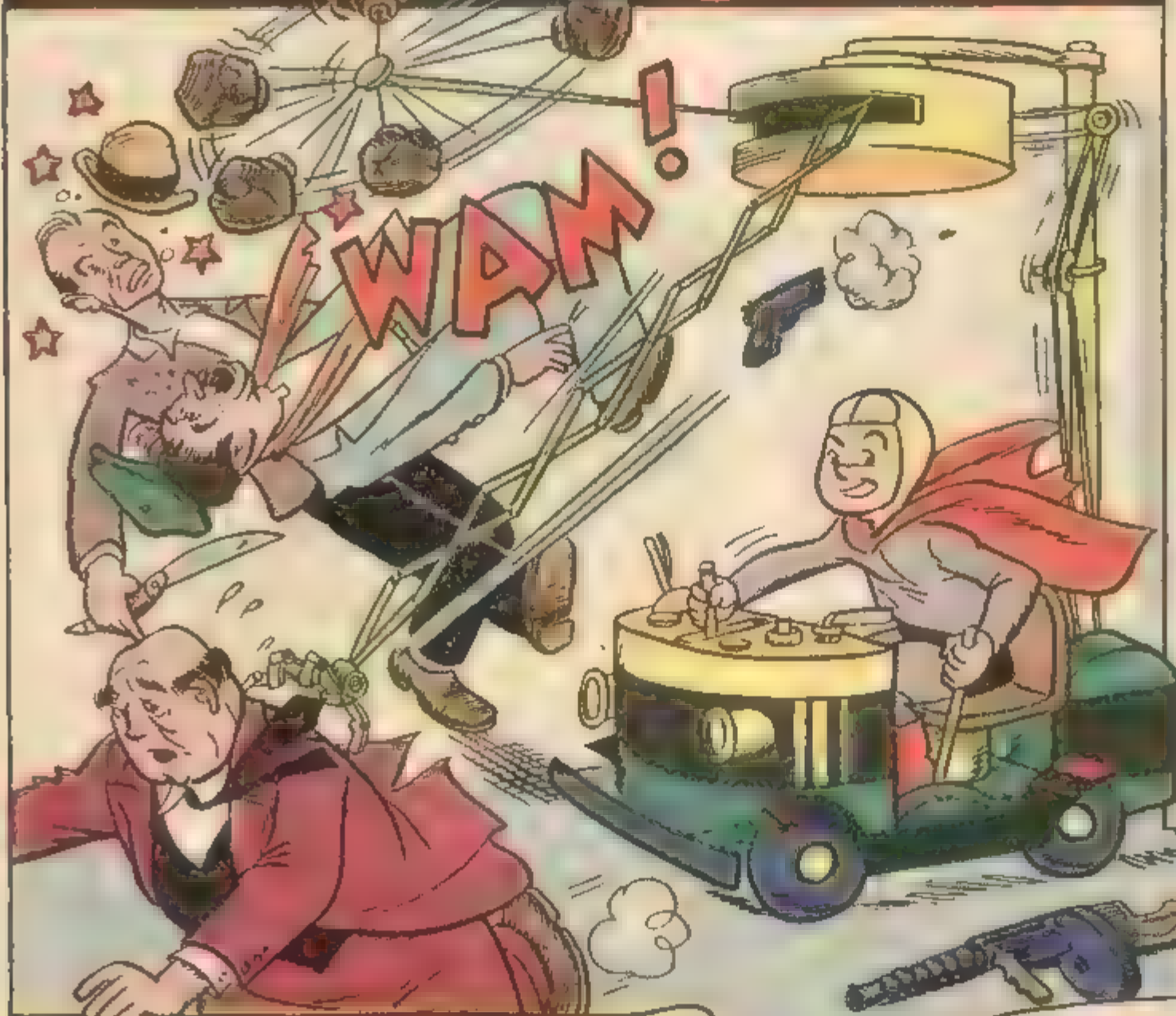
WHEATIES
"BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

Wheaties™ and "Breakfast of Champions" are regis-
tered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.



GENIUS JONES



ALL LONDON'S STILL TALKING ABOUT GENIUS JONES' VISIT TO THE OLD TOWN—AND SCOTLAND YARD IS STILL AGHAST AT THE WAY THE ANSWERMAN SMASHED TO SMITHEREENS THE WILY AND RUTHLESS 'DEPREDATIONS OF...

The **HARD-HEADED LEAGUE!**

GENIUS JONES MAKES A PERSONAL APPEARANCE ON THE LONDON STAGE DURING A GOOD-WILL VISIT.

GENIUS JONES, IS IT TRUE THAT A LONDON BILLIONAIRE WOULD BE RICHER THAN AN AMERICAN ONE?

YES. A BILLION HERE IN ENGLAND IS A MILLION MILLIONS—AT HOME IN AMERICA IT'S A THOUSAND MILLIONS!

NEXT QUESTION, PLEASE!

GENIUS JONES — IS THIS A GOOD RUBBER BALL I'VE BOUGHT FOR MY LITTLE BOY?

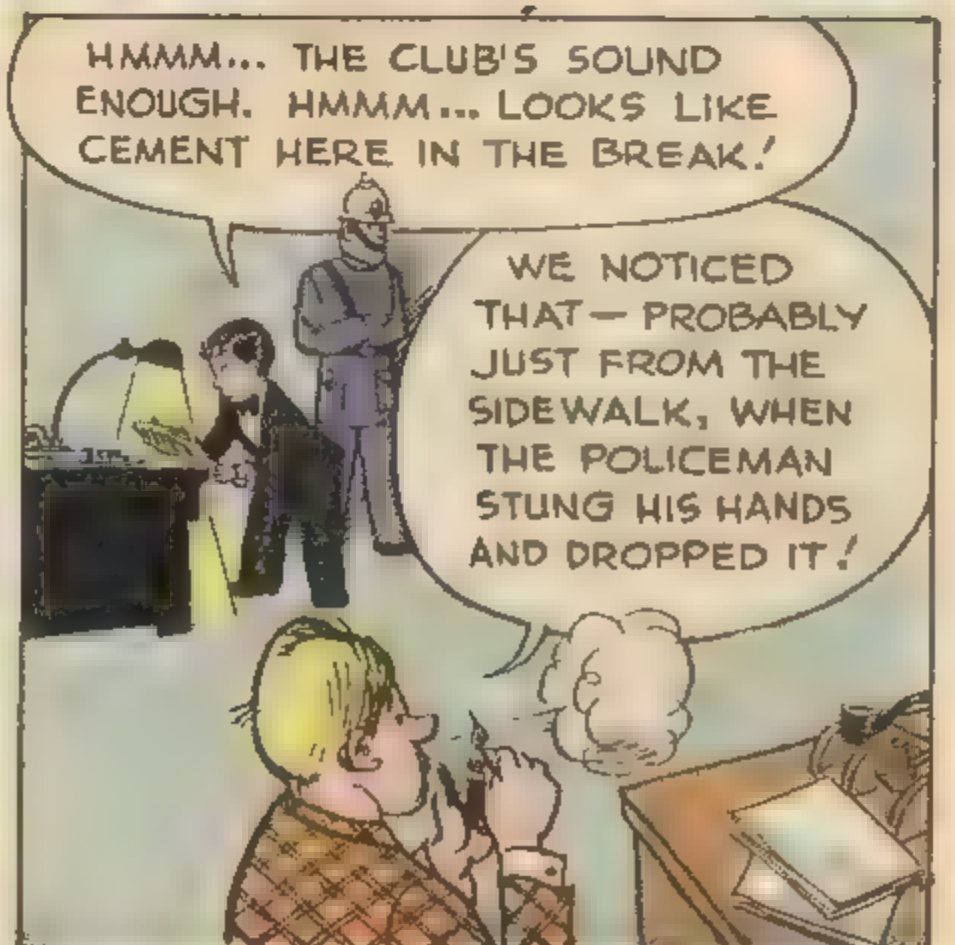
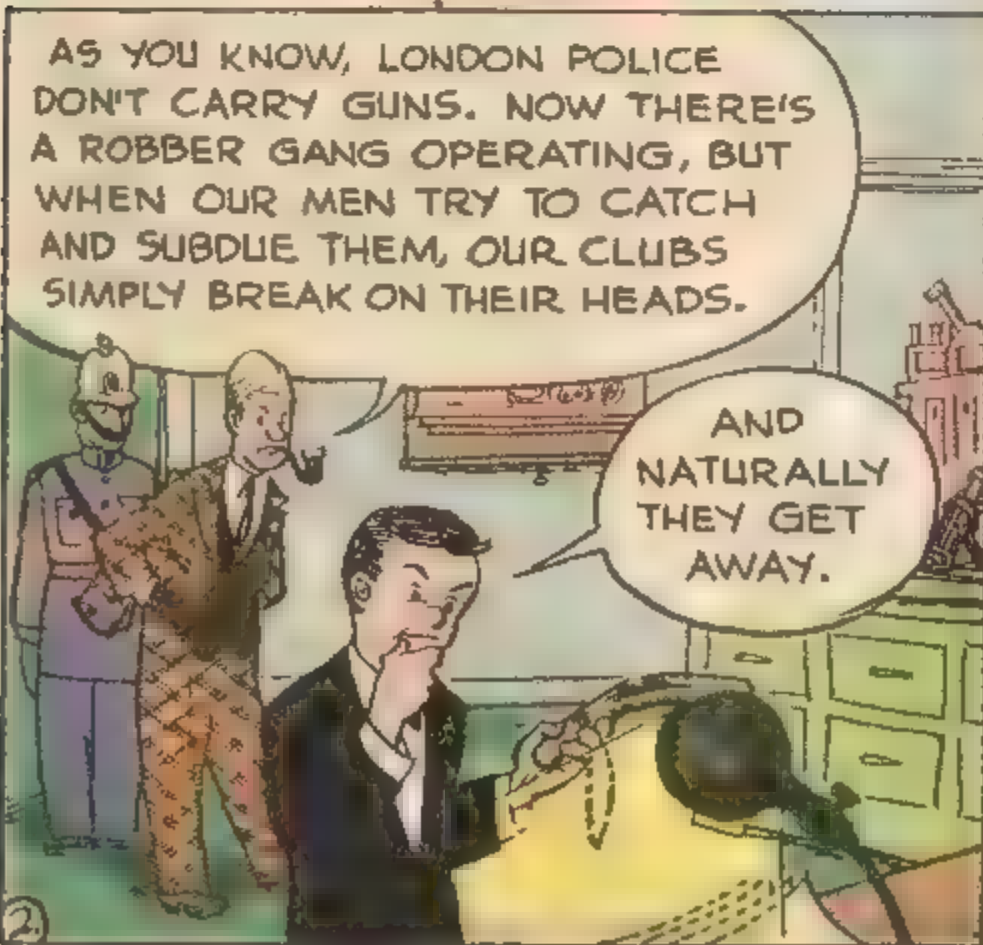
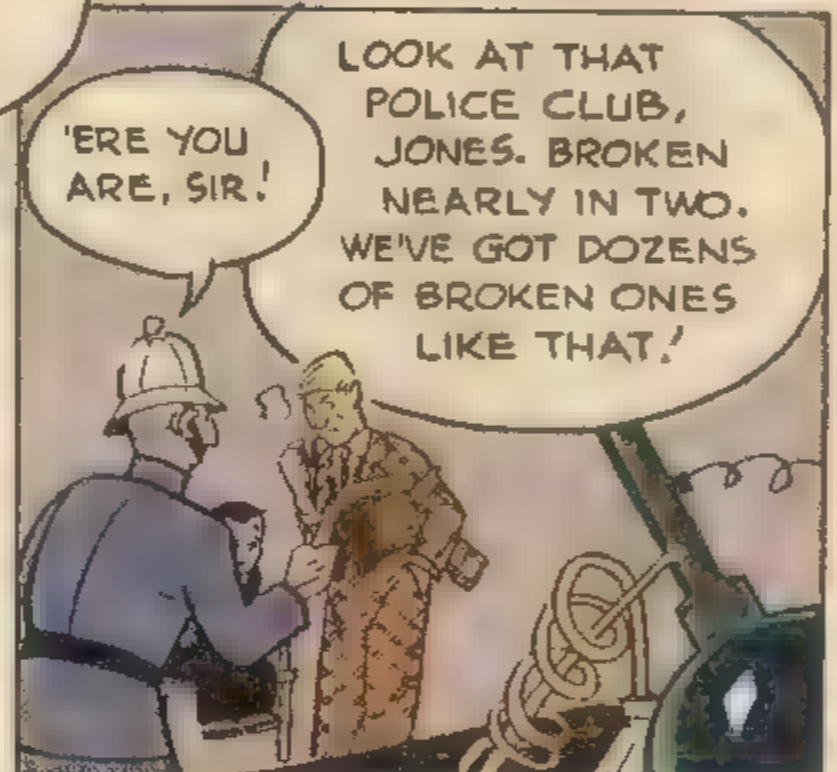
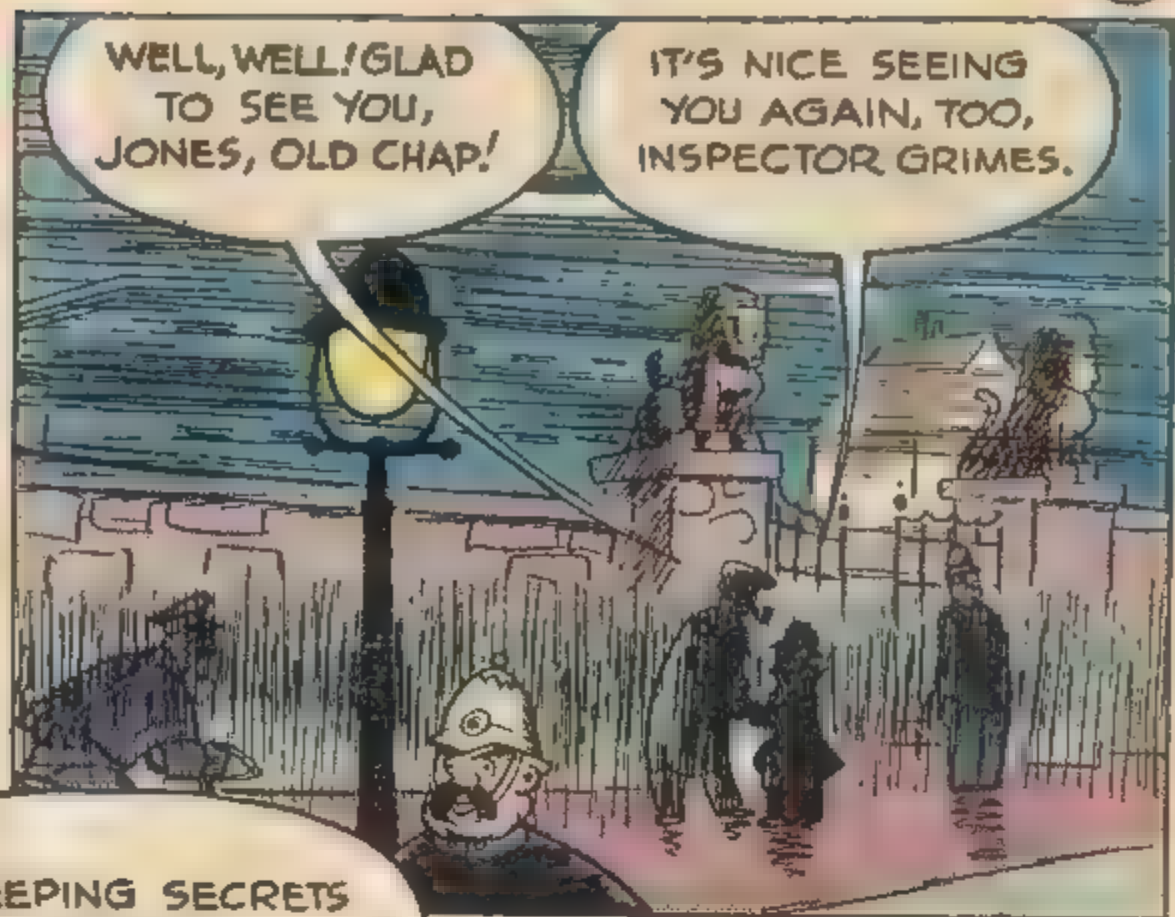
YES. FROM THE LOOK OF ITS TEXTURE, I CAN TELL THAT HE WILL GET 629,476 NORMAL BOUNCES FROM IT— IF HIS ARM HOLDS OUT!

AND NOW FOLKS, THAT ENDS THE PERFORMANCE. GOOD NIGHT

OORAY FOR GENIUS JONES!

MR. JONES GINEMA THE ANSWERMAN

TO-NITE
GENIUS JONES
THE ANSWERMAN
101
QUESTIONS
ANSWERED
FREE



NOW HOW CAN
A GANG OF
CROOKS HAVE
SUCH HARD
HEADS THAT...

INSPECTOR, I HAVE
AN IDEA! GIVE ME
THE NAMES OF
ANY SCULPTORS
WHO'VE HAD
TROUBLE WITH
THE POLICE!

SNAP!

JUST THESE THREE --- FOR FAKING
PRICELESS ANTIQUES
AND THINGS. BUT
WHY YOU WANT
THEM IS MORE
THAN I CAN
SEE!

INSPECTOR,
YOU'LL BE
HEARING FROM
ME

I HOPE
MY HUNCH
IS CORRECT!

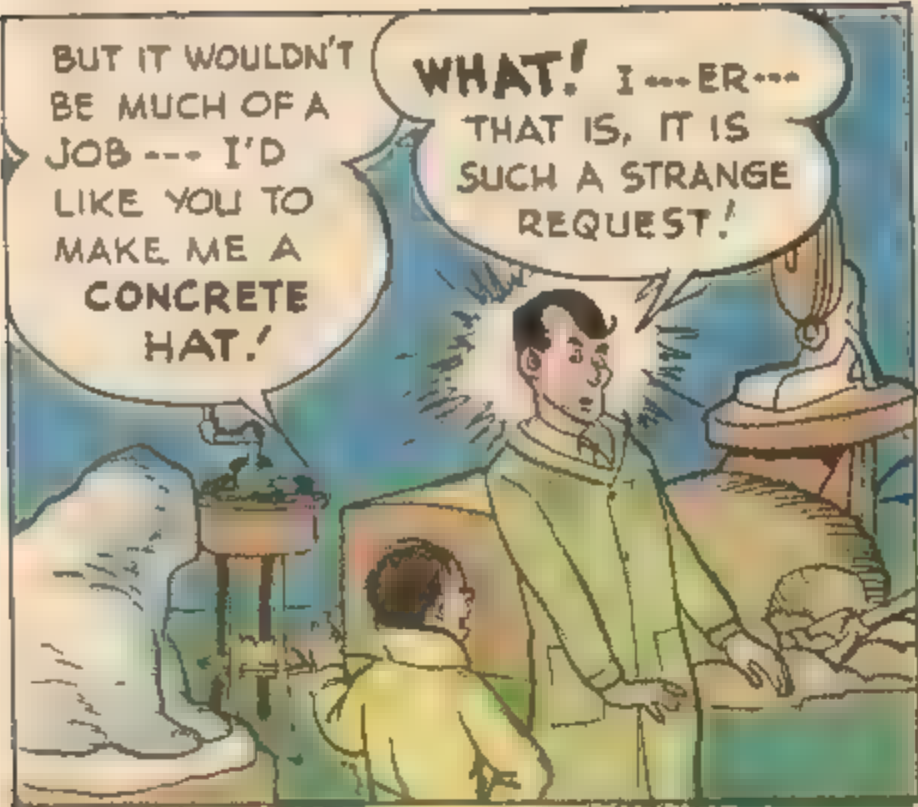
I.M. OLD
SCULPTOR

NOPE. THAT ONE WAS INNOCENT.
HE DIDN'T BETRAY THE FLUTTER
OF AN EYE-LASH AT MY
STRANGE REQUEST!

AH, THERE'S THE ADDRESS
OF THE NEXT ONE, BUT HE
HAS NO SIGN OUT. DOESN'T
SEEM TO WANT GENERAL
TRADE ... HMMM...

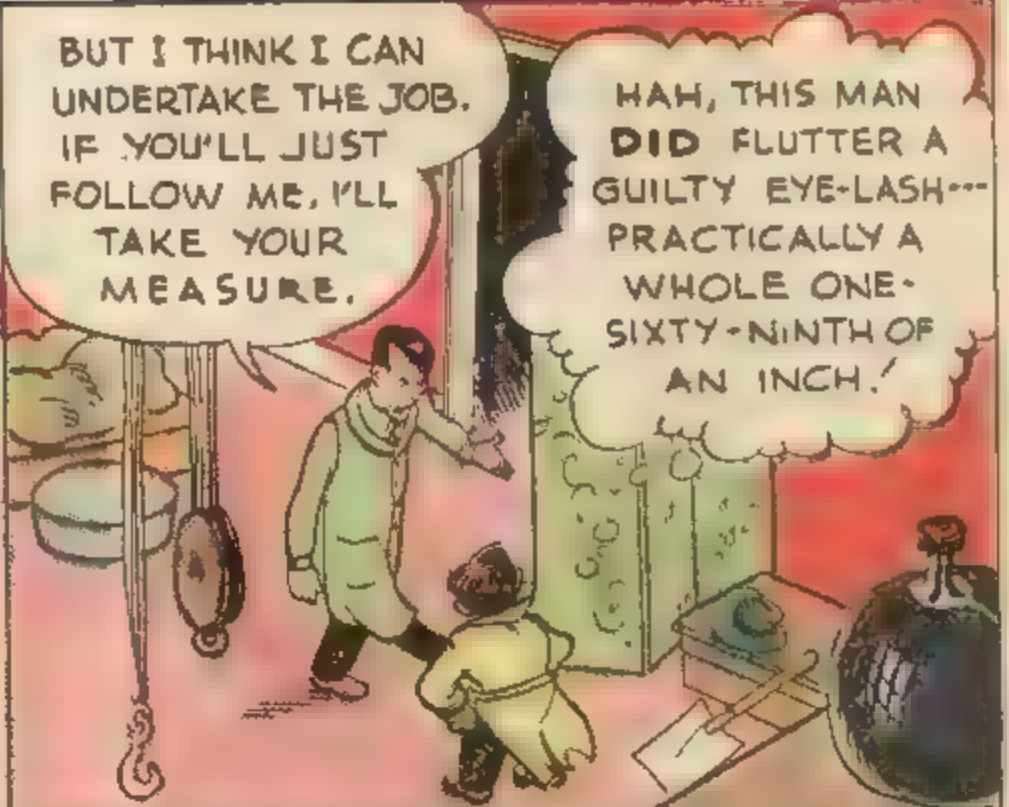
HOW DO YOU DO?
I WONDER IF YOU
WOULD UNDERTAKE
A SCULPTURING
JOB FOR ME.

WELL, TO TELL
THE TRUTH,
I'M PRETTY
BUSY RIGHT
NOW



BUT IT WOULDN'T BE MUCH OF A JOB --- I'D LIKE YOU TO MAKE ME A **CONCRETE HAT!**

WHAT! I --- ER --- THAT IS, IT IS SUCH A STRANGE REQUEST!



BUT I THINK I CAN UNDERTAKE THE JOB. IF YOU'LL JUST FOLLOW ME, I'LL TAKE YOUR MEASURE.

HAH, THIS MAN **DID** FLUTTER A GUILTY EYE-LASH --- PRACTICALLY A WHOLE ONE-SIXTY-NINTH OF AN INCH!

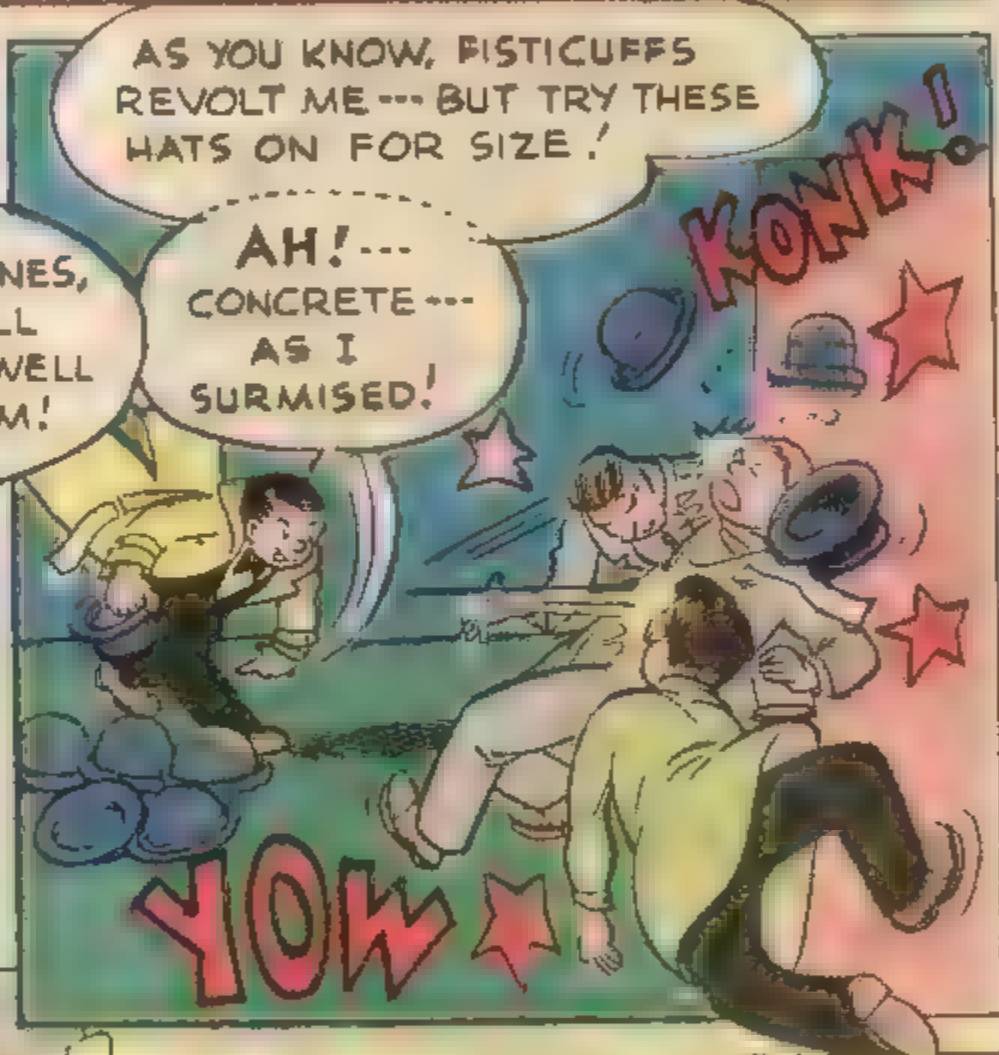


THEN...!

TAKE HIM, MEN! HE'S ON TO US!!

LET US AT THE BLOKE! WE'LL SETTLE HIS FISH AN' CHIPS FER HIM!

GENIUS JONES, EH? WE'LL BLINKIN' WELL BASH HIM!

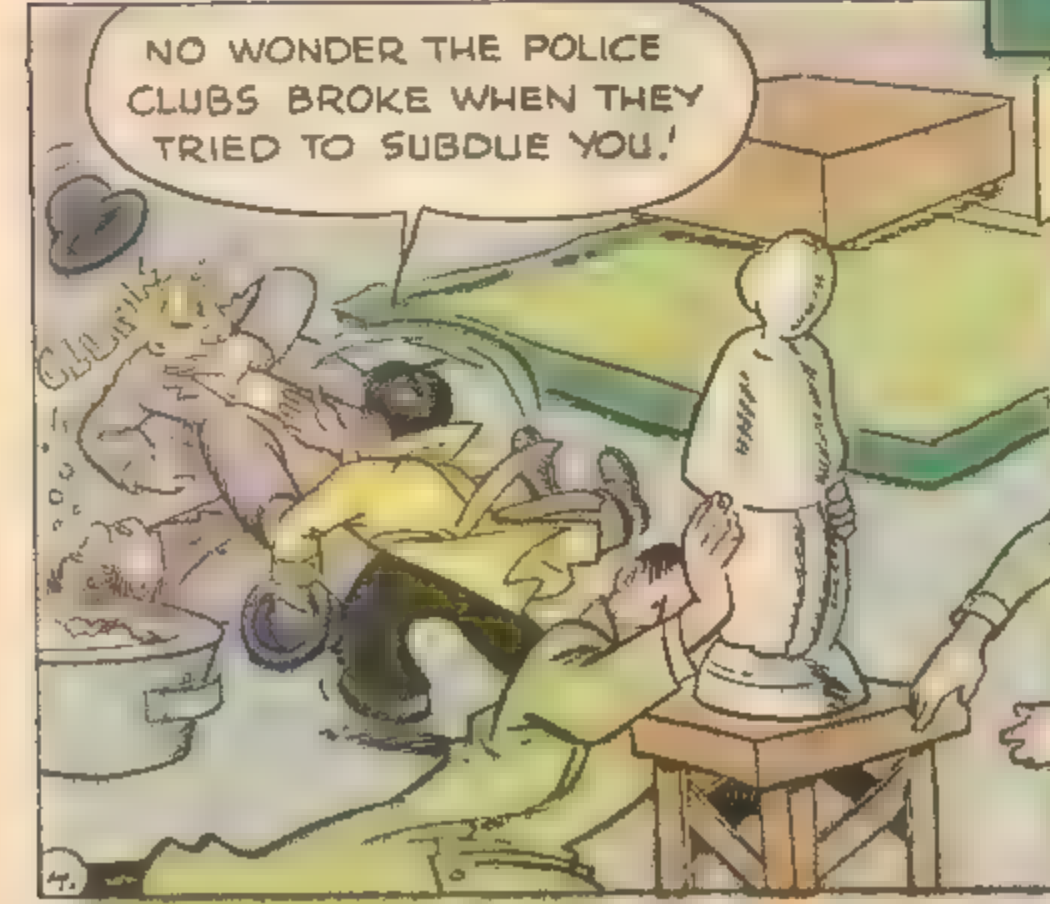


AS YOU KNOW, FISTICUFFS REVOLT ME --- BUT TRY THESE HATS ON FOR SIZE!

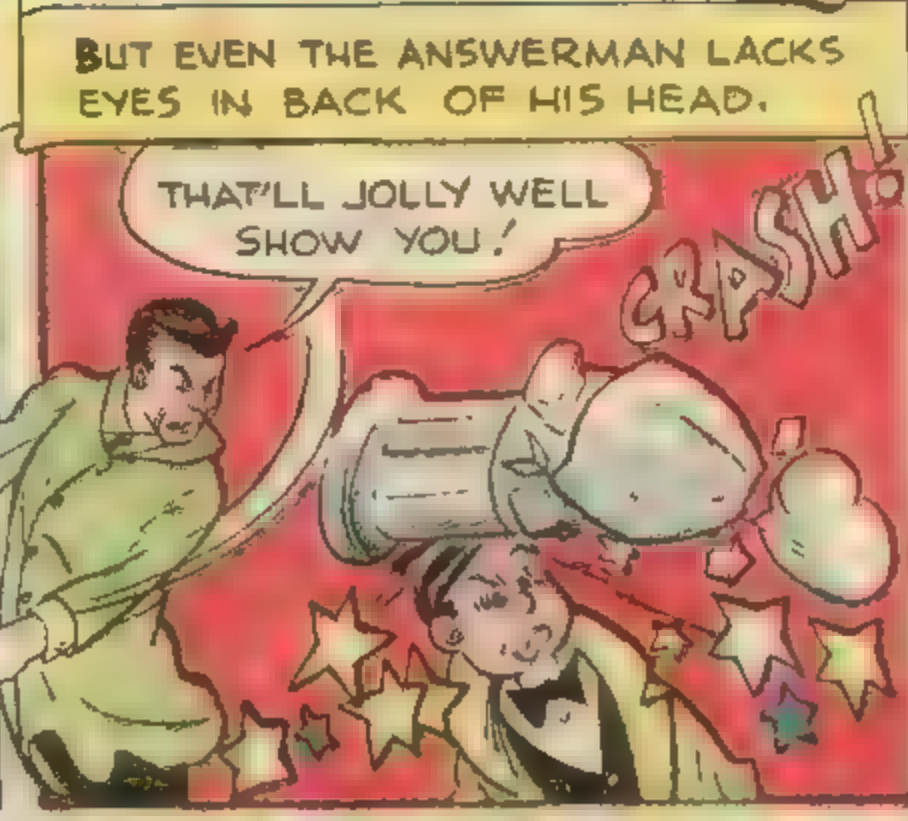
AH!... CONCRETE --- AS I SURMISED!

KONK!

YOW



NO WONDER THE POLICE CLUBS BROKE WHEN THEY TRIED TO SUBDUE YOU!



BUT EVEN THE ANSWERMAN LACKS EYES IN BACK OF HIS HEAD.

THAT'LL JOLLY WELL SHOW YOU!

CRASH!

LEAVE 'IM 'ERE
WHILE WE SPOTS
TONIGHT'S JOB!
THEN WE'LL THUMP
HIM OFF, AS THEY
SAY IN HIS
COUNTRY!

HMMM... THEY'RE
LEAVING THEIR CONCRETE
HATS ---AND ALL THE
MOULDING APPARATUS
IS HERE TOO...
HMMM...!

NICE OF THEM TO LEAVE THIS METAL
STATUE SO HANDY. NOW TO GET BUSY...
AND WHEN THEY RETURN
TONIGHT, I'LL PRETEND TO
BE STILL TIED!



AND THAT NIGHT...

ALL RIGHT, MEN, DON YOUR HATS
SO IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG AT
FORTHWRIGHTS, WE'LL HAVE
NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!

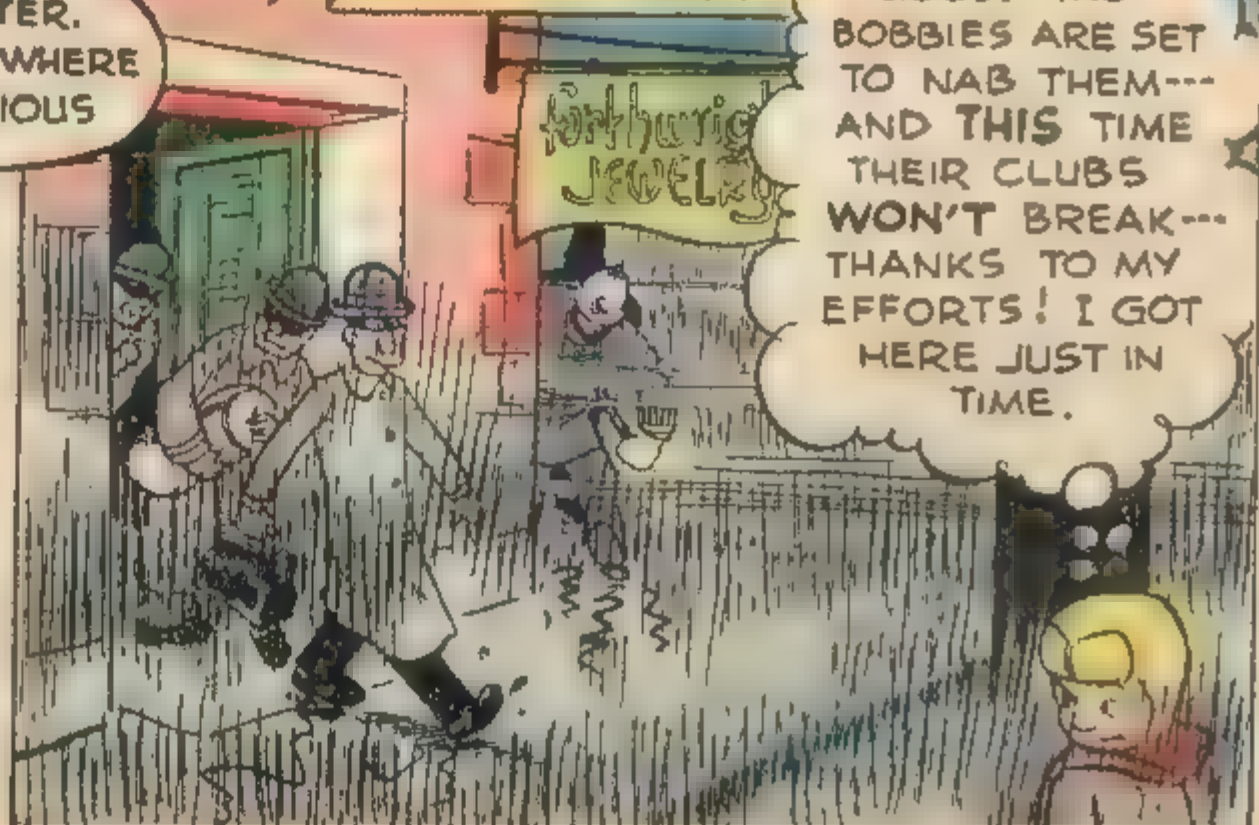
THEN WE'LL COME
BACK AN' DEAL
WITH THIS
SNOOP!

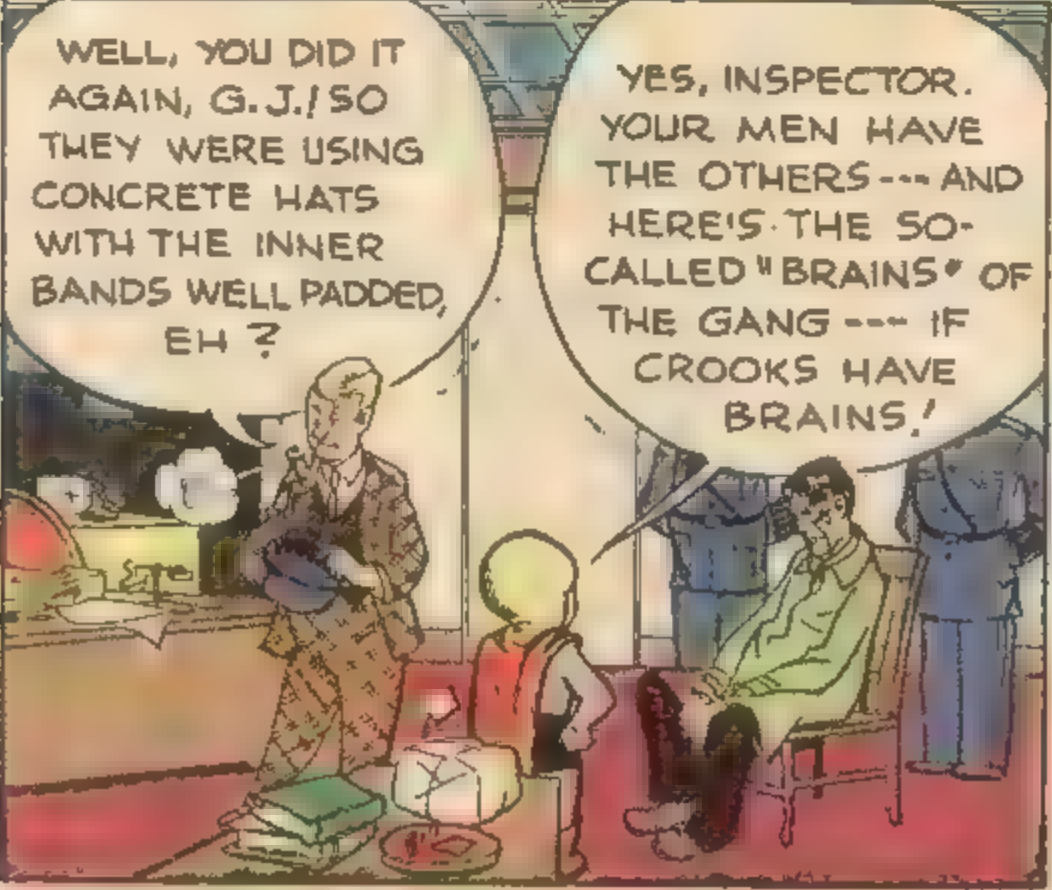
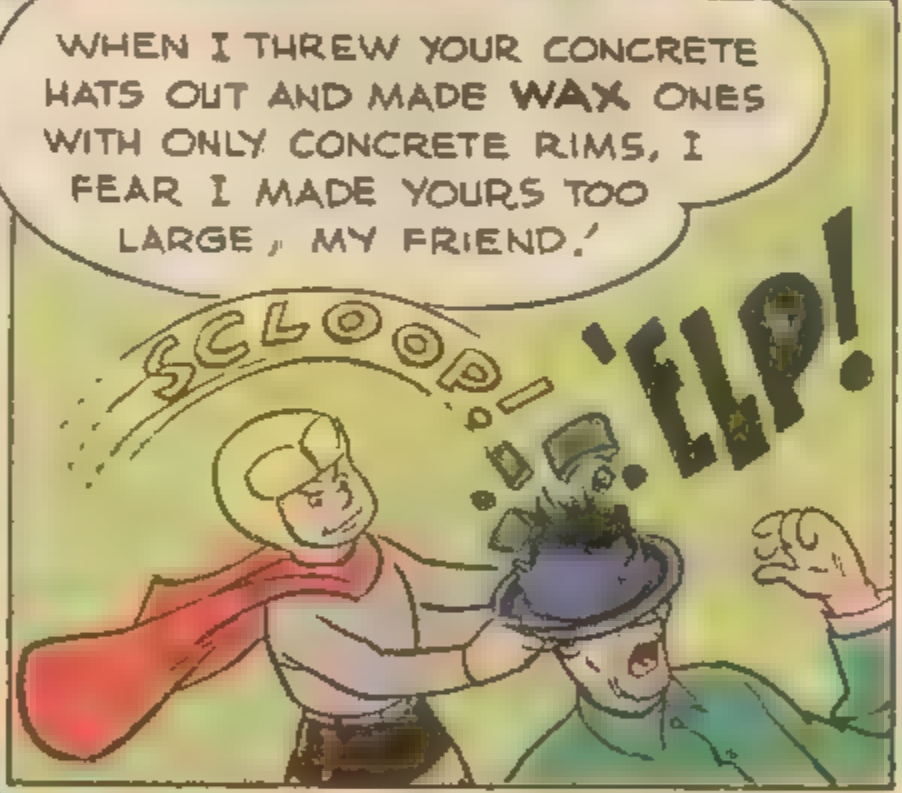
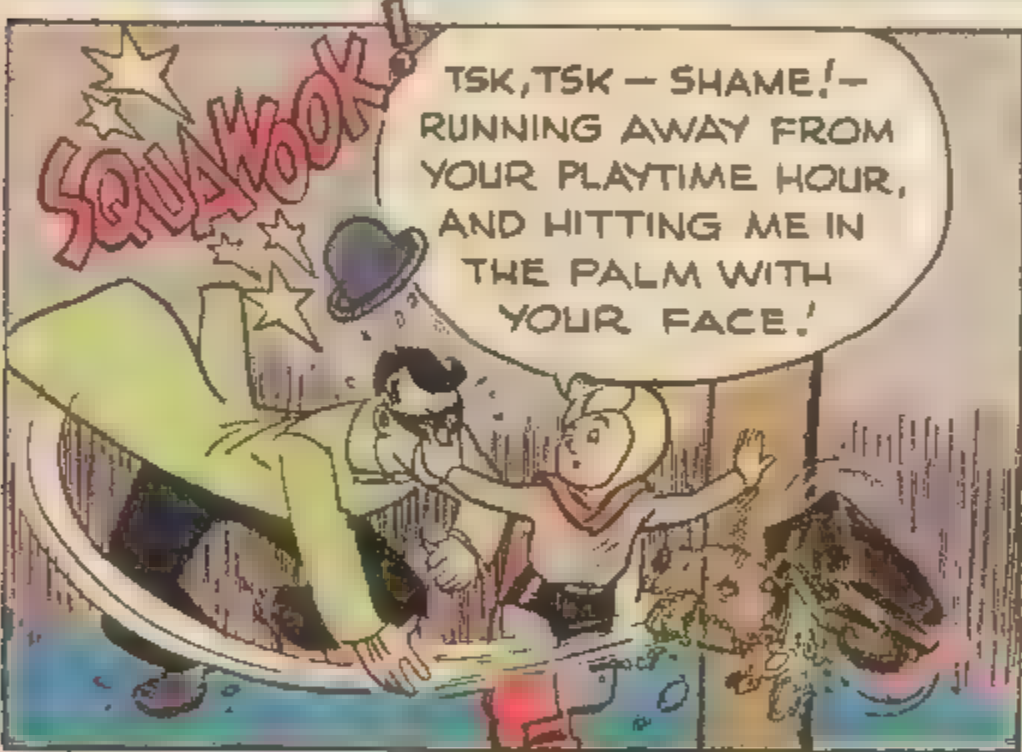
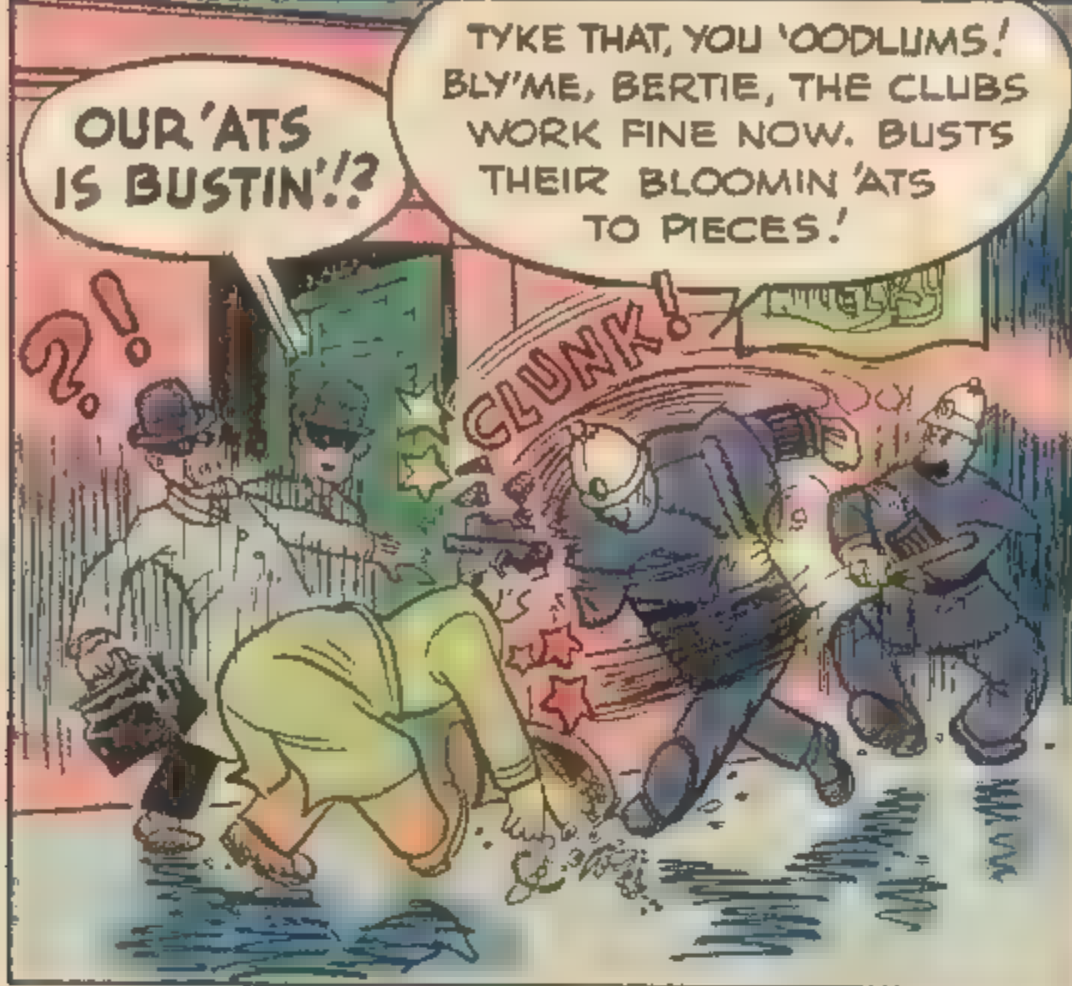


AH, MY WORK PASSED MUSTER.
AND NOW THAT I'VE LEARNED WHERE
THEY WILL PLY THEIR NEFARIOUS
BUSINESS, I CAN CALL
SCOTLAND YARD!

MINUTES LATER...

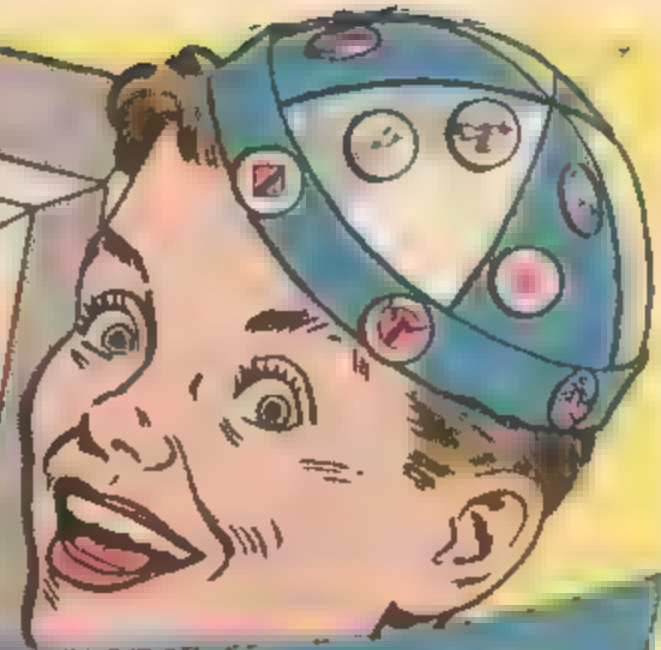
GOOD. THE
BOBBIES ARE SET
TO NAB THEM---
AND THIS TIME
THEIR CLUBS
WON'T BREAK---
THANKS TO MY
EFFORTS! I GOT
HERE JUST IN
TIME.





The End

WIN! GREAT PRIZES!
GREAT PRIZES!



Swell MILITARY

INSIGNIA AND WARPLANE

BUTTONS

ONE IN EVERY
 package of PEP

FELLOWS and gals! Be sure you don't miss up on these authentic, colorful military insignia and warplane buttons! There's one in every package of your favorite, crisp, crunchy cereal—Kellogg's PEP! And are they terrific!

You'll have loads of fun trading them with your gang—just to see who gets a full set of 22 different buttons first! Every button is made of real *metal*, shiny and smart, in actual colors of the regulation army, navy and marine insignia.

It's a *cinch* to get these grand buttons. Nothing to mail or send in. Just tell Mom to get you a package of PEP, open the package — and there's your button, ready to pin on your sweater, jacket or cap!

And tell Mom how mighty good Kellogg's PEP is *for* you. Delicious wheat flakes—chock-full of whole-grain nourishment—with added amounts of vitamin B₁ and vitamin D to help you grow into a fellow "who's got what it takes!" Get your Kellogg's PEP today and get your prize button!

22 DIFFERENT AUTHENTIC
 DESIGNS! Get 'em all!



385th
 Bombardment
 Squadron
 (ACTUAL SIZE)



70th
 Bombardment
 Squadron



25th
 Bombardment
 Squadron



41st
 Bombardment
 Squadron



94th Pursuit
 Squadron



2nd
 Bombardment
 Squadron

96th
 Bombardment
 Squadron

VB-13 VB-3

431st
 Bombardment
 Squadron

17th
 Bombardment
 Squadron

34th
 Bombardment
 Squadron

56th
 Bombardment
 Squadron

99th
 Bombardment
 Squadron

27th
 Fighter
 Squadron

424th
 Bombardment
 Squadron

53rd
 Bombardment
 Squadron

Consolidated
 Vultee B-24
 Liberator

Boeing B-29
 Superfortress

Republic P-47
 Thunderbolt

Lockheed
 Lightning P-38

44th Fighter
 Squadron

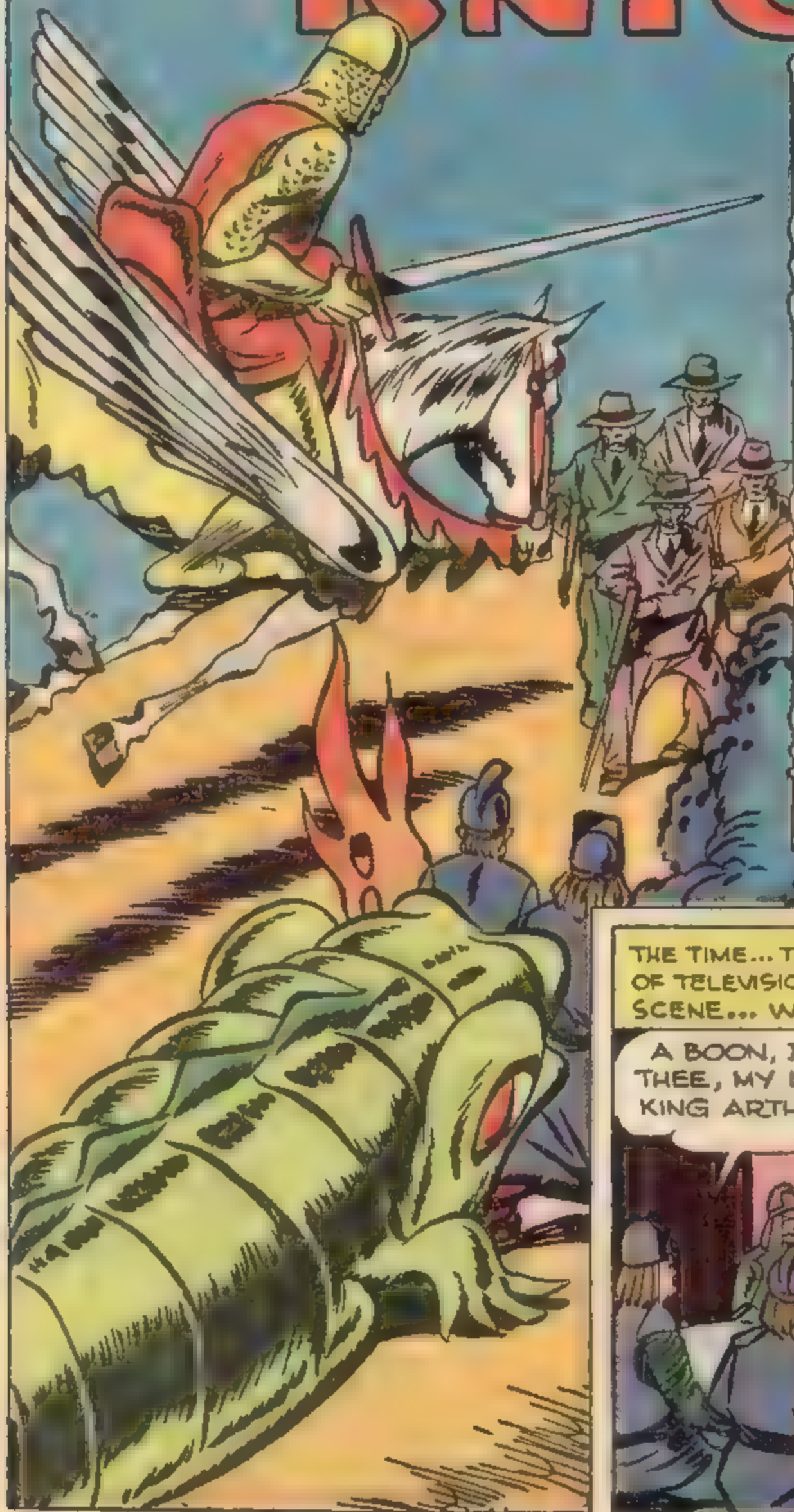
SPECIAL PEP REWARD



LOOK FOR SUPERMAN

on the air—for more exciting details about PEP and these great prizes. See your paper for station and time.

The SHINING KNIGHT



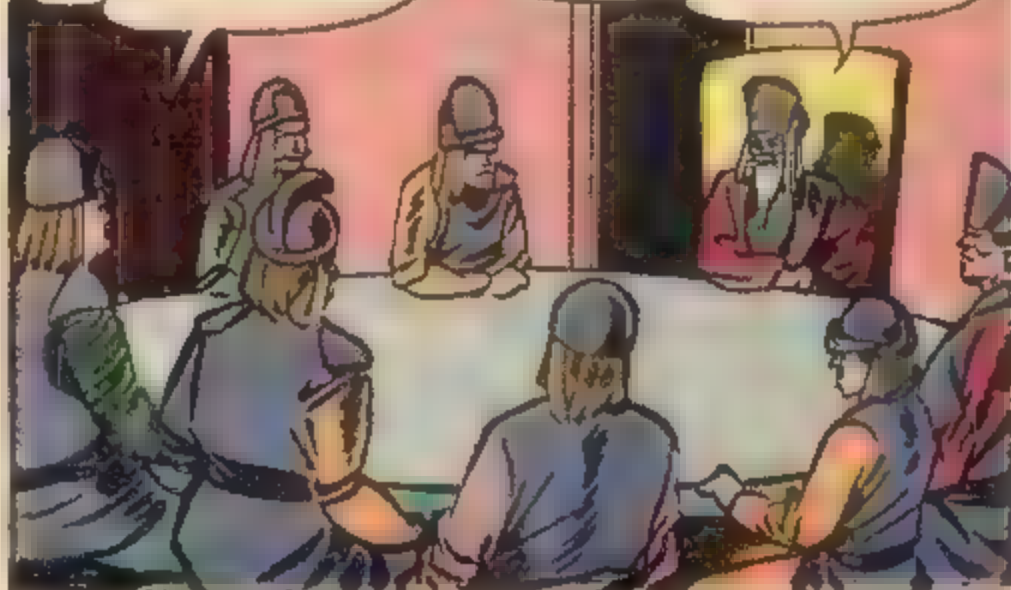
CAN YOU IMAGINE THE ANCIENT SPLENDOR OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS ROUND TABLE COMING TO LIFE IN THIS DAY OF SKYSCRAPERS AND GIANT CITIES? WELL, IT DOES... IF ONLY FOR A BRIEF MOMENT! AND WHEN IT RUNS INTO TROUBLE FROM KNAVES OF THE 20TH CENTURY, THAT CHAMPION OF CHIVALRY, THE SHINING KNIGHT, WITH HIS ENCHANTED MAIL AND HIS IRRESISTIBLE FLASHING SWORD, SLASHES THROUGH ALL DANGERS TO RACE TO THE RESCUE ... ONLY TO CONFRONT DEADLY DANGER HIMSELF, AS HE TRIES TO BRING NEW LIFE TO ...

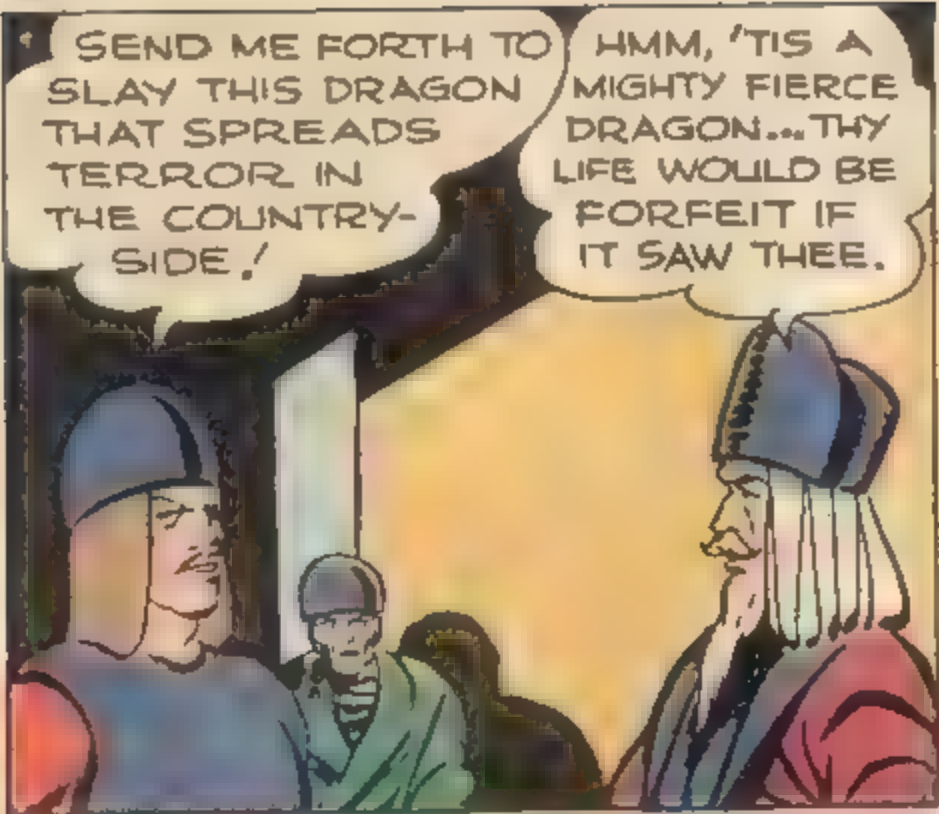
"THE ROYAL REVIVAL!"

THE TIME... THE ERA OF JETPLANES AND ROBOTS, OF TELEVISION AND A SHRINKING WORLD. THE SCENE... WELL, LOOK FOR YOURSELF.

A BOON, I PRAY THEE, MY LIEGE, KING ARTHUR.

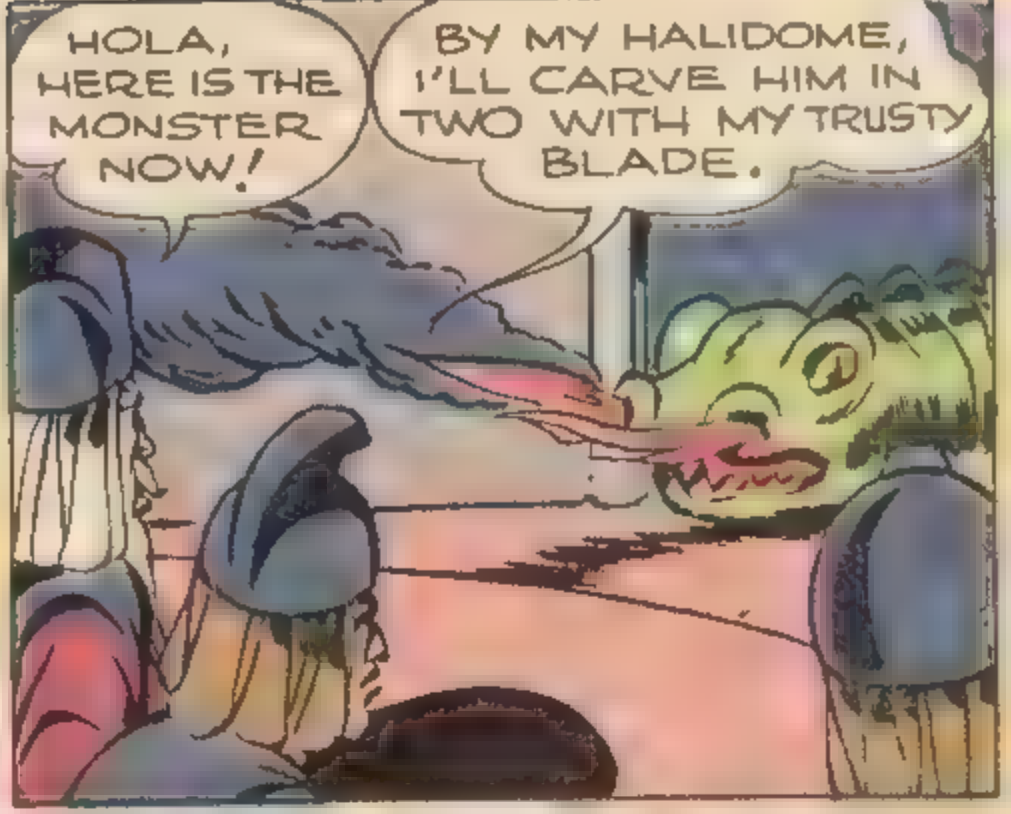
THY BOON IS GRANTED, SIR LANCELOT. SPEAK.





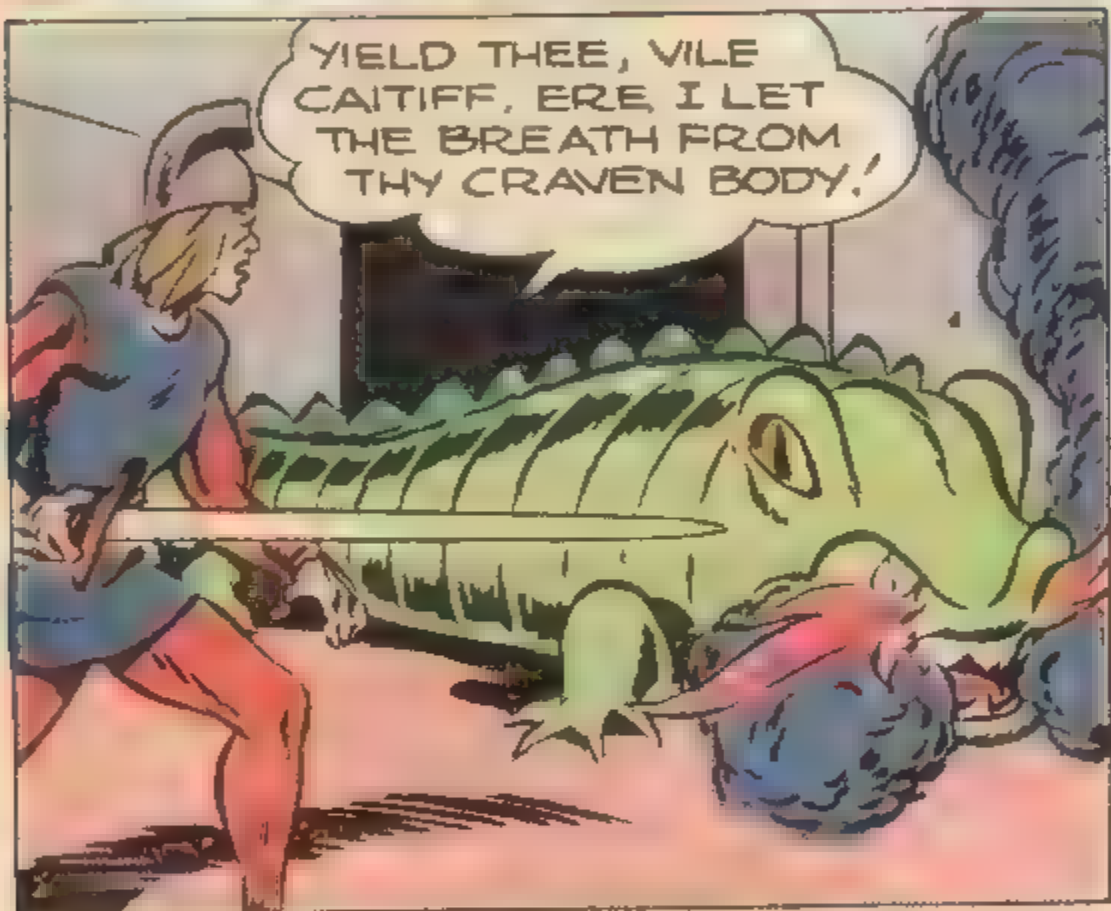
SEND ME FORTH TO
SLAY THIS DRAGON
THAT SPREADS
TERROR IN
THE COUNTRY-
SIDE!

HMM, 'TIS A
MIGHTY FIERCE
DRAGON... THY
LIFE WOULD BE
FORFEIT IF
IT SAW THEE.



HOLA,
HERE IS THE
MONSTER
NOW!

BY MY HALIDOME,
I'LL CARVE HIM IN
TWO WITH MY TRUSTY
BLADE.



YIELD THEE, VILE
CAITIFF, ERE I LET
THE BREATH FROM
THY CRAVEN BODY!



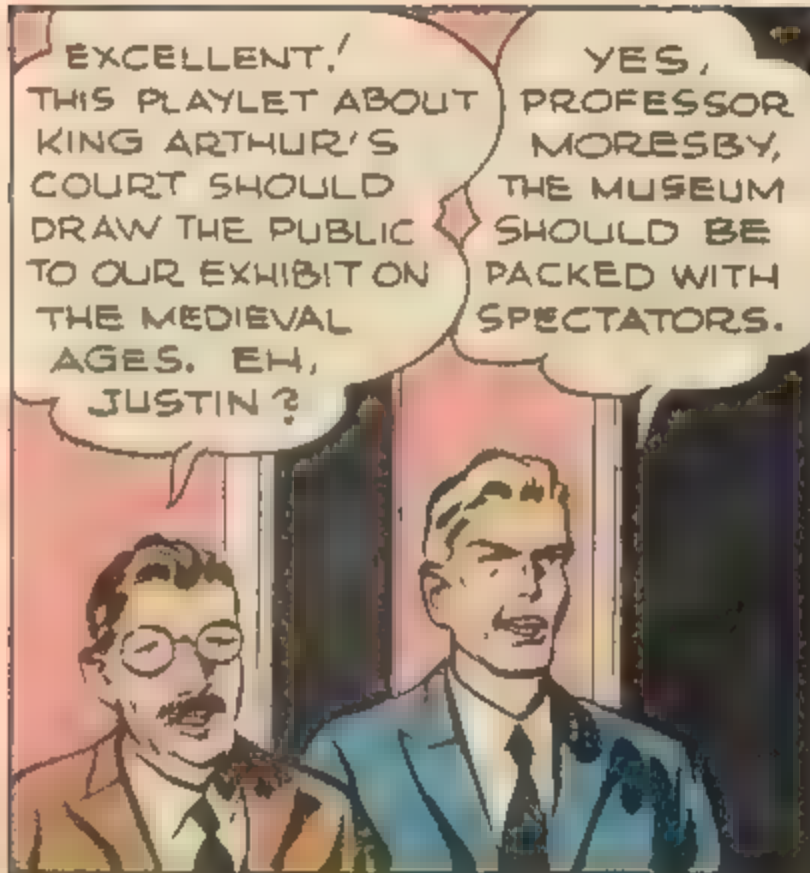
HOLD YOUR HORSES,
PAL, DON'T RUIN IT...
DRAGONS AIN'T EASY TO
FIX UP THESE DAYS.



SINCE WHEN DO DRAGONS
SPEAK? BUT THE EXPLANATION
IS SIMPLE. FOR, THE NEXT
MOMENT...

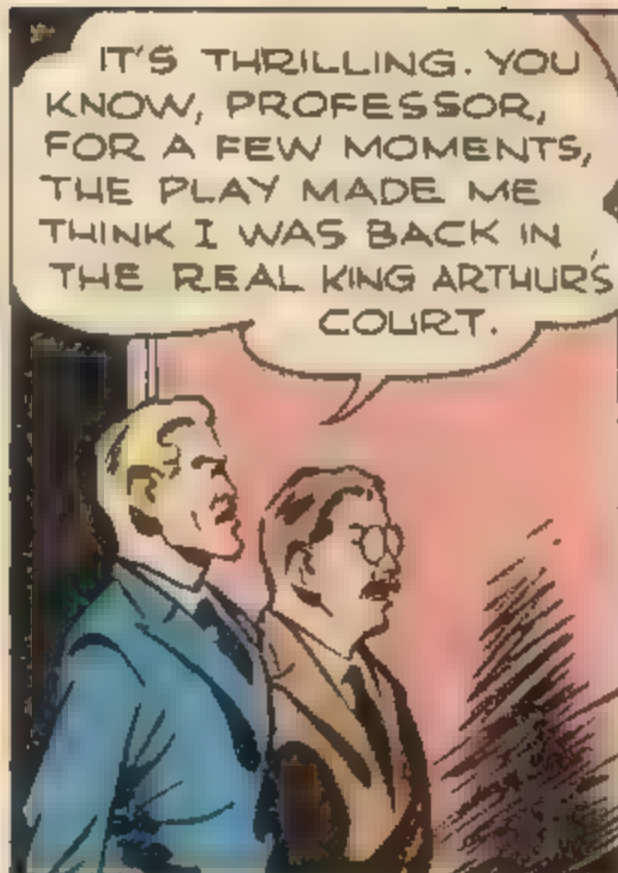
HOW DO YOU LIKE
THE WAY THE FIRE
COMES OUT... NOT
BAD, HUH?

I'LL BET IF YOU
MET IT ALONE OUT
IN A FIELD, YOU'D
THINK IT WAS
REAL!



EXCELLENT! THIS PLAYLET ABOUT KING ARTHUR'S COURT SHOULD DRAW THE PUBLIC TO OUR EXHIBIT ON THE MEDIEVAL AGES. EH, JUSTIN?

YES, PROFESSOR MORESBY, THE MUSEUM SHOULD BE PACKED WITH SPECTATORS.



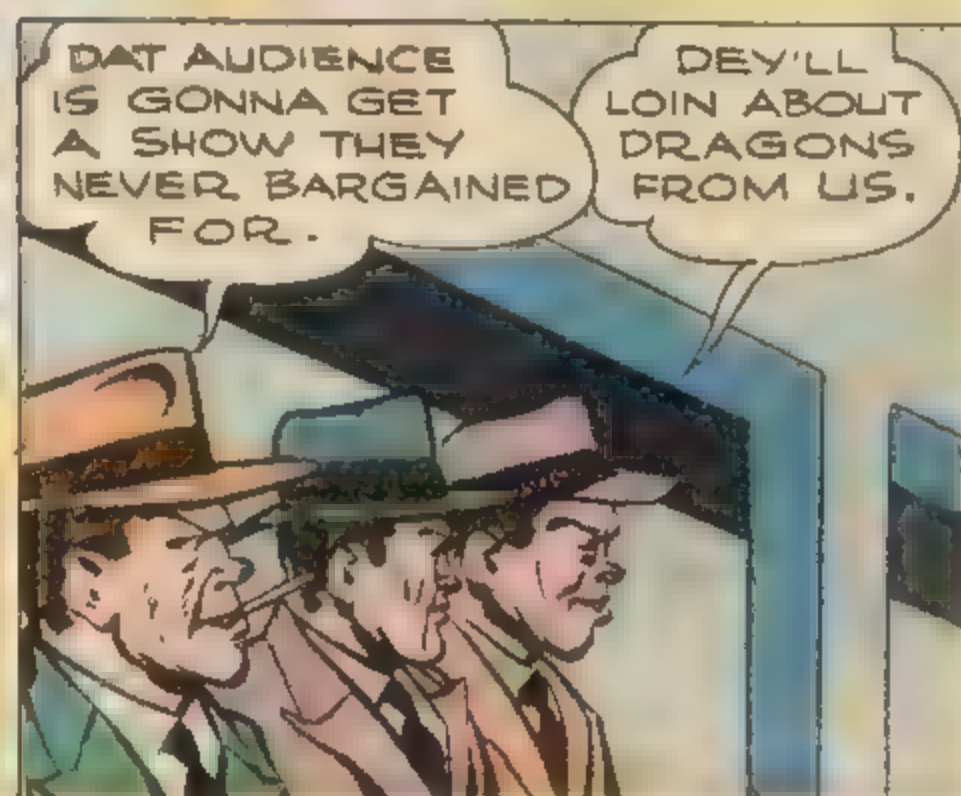
IT'S THRILLING. YOU KNOW, PROFESSOR, FOR A FEW MOMENTS, THE PLAY MADE ME THINK I WAS BACK IN THE REAL KING ARTHUR'S COURT.

YES, READER, ALL THIS IS TAKING PLACE IN THE MUSEUM WHERE JUSTIN, WHOSE SECRET IDENTITY IS THE SHINING KNIGHT, ASSISTS PROFESSOR MORESBY. MEANWHILE, OTHERS ARE ALSO PREPARING FOR THE PLAY... CHARACTERS MORE SINISTER...



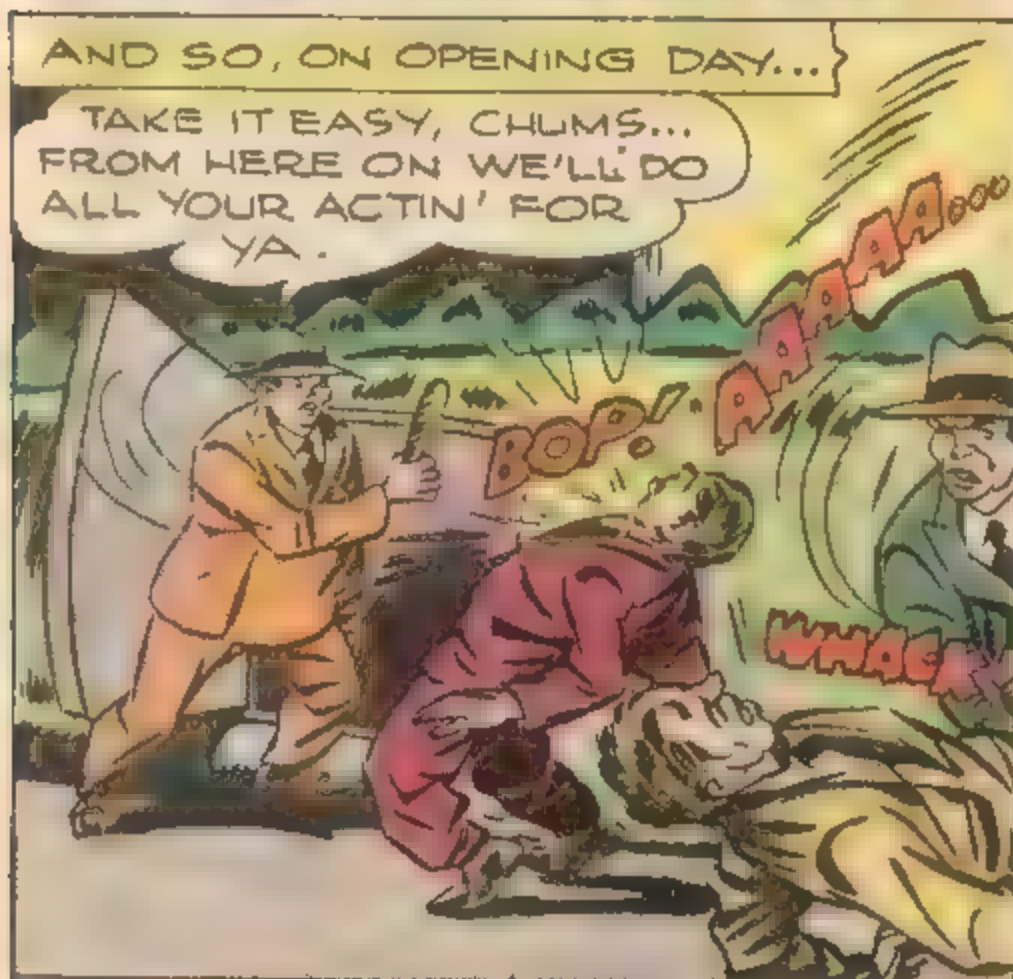
OKAY, BOYS. EVERYBODY KNOW WHAT YOU GOTTA DO?

TRUST US, WEAVIL, WE WON'T MISS A CLUE.



DAT AUDIENCE IS GONNA GET A SHOW THEY NEVER BARGAINED FOR.

DEY'LL LOIN ABOUT DRAGONS FROM US.



AND SO, ON OPENING DAY...

TAKE IT EASY, CHUMS... FROM HERE ON WE'LL DO ALL YOUR ACTIN' FOR YA.



AND PRESENTLY...

WHY, IT LOOKS REAL!

I'M GLAD IT'S ONLY A STAGE DRAGON!

SUDDENLY, THE "DRAGON" GOES BERSERK...

EEEEHHH...
IT'S COMING
AT US!

HELP! LET
ME OUT OF
HERE!

BUT AS PANIC SWEEPS THE VAST
CROWD...

SOMETHING
HAS GONE WRONG WITH
THE DRAGON! AND ONLY
AS THE SHINING KNIGHT
CAN I STILL THE
PEOPLE'S FEAR.

A QUICK DONNING OF ARMOR IN HIS
SECRET RETREAT IN THE MUSEUM,
AND SOON...

FEAR NOT, GOOD
PEOPLE, THIS SCALY
MONSTER CANNOT
HARM THEE!

HEY!

THUS SLEW
I DRAGONS IN
KING ARTHUR'S
DAY!

HEY!

AH, 'T WAS
THESE LARDED
VARLETS DROVE
THE CREATURE
OUT OF HIS
WITS.

DA
SHININ'
KNIGHT!
WE BETTER
GET MOVIN'!

A GOOD
SHOW... THE
ROGUES ROLL
IN THE AISLES.

BOP!

BUT, UNKNOWN TO SIR JUSTIN...

DIS GOLD
ARMOR WID
DA DIAMONDS
ON IT IS WOTH
GOIN' TO SOME
TROUBLE FOR...

YIII...
HELP,
BOSS!

WAIT A
MINUTE,
BOYS... WHAT'S
DAT?

DA SHININ' KNIGHT!
I'LL FIX HIM...



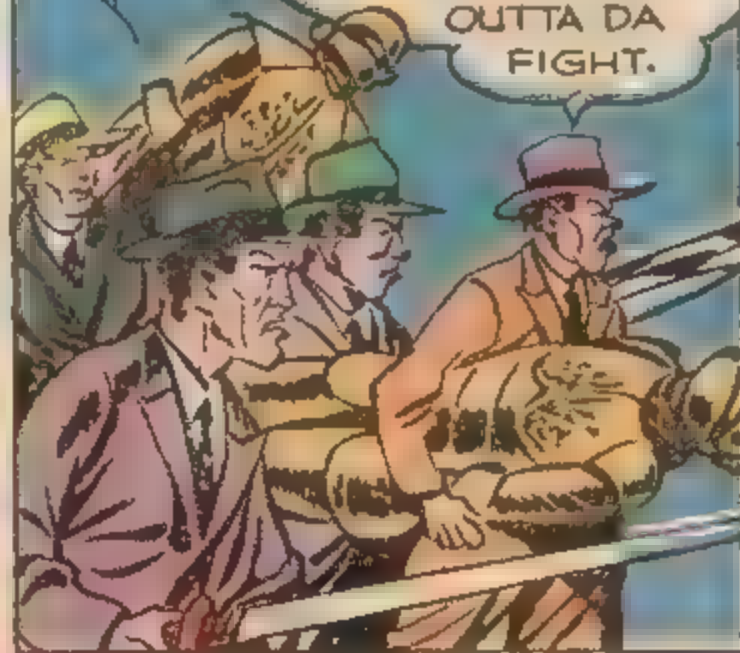
IT DON'T FEEL
SO GOOD WHEN
IT HAPPENS TO
YOU, DOES IT,
CHUM?

ARGH...



NOW FER
DA GETAWAY
CAR...

TOO BAD DA
SWORD COULDN'T
CUT T'ROUGH HIS
HELMET, BOSS...BUT
ANYWAY, IT PUT HIM
OUTTA DA FIGHT.



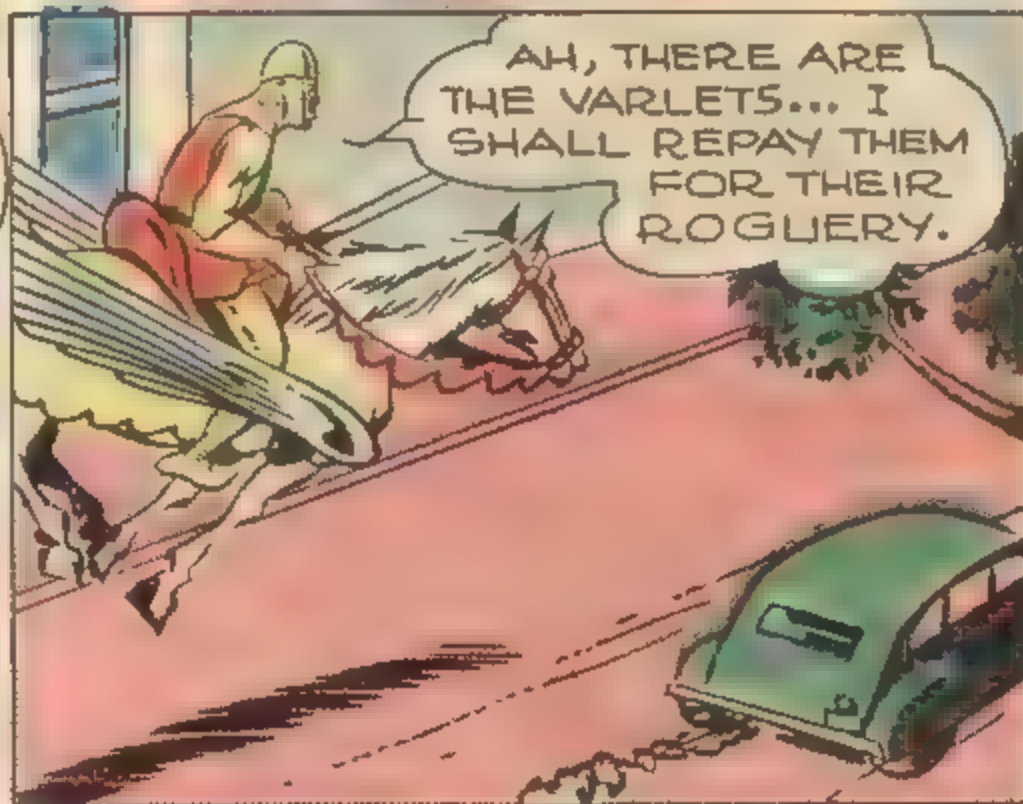
BUT SECONDS LATER...

AWAKE, SIR JUSTIN! THE
THIEVES ARE SPEEDING
AWAY, BUT YOU CAN
CATCH THEM IF YOU
HURRY.

AYE, I
MUST MAKE
HASTE...
HITHER,
VICTORY!

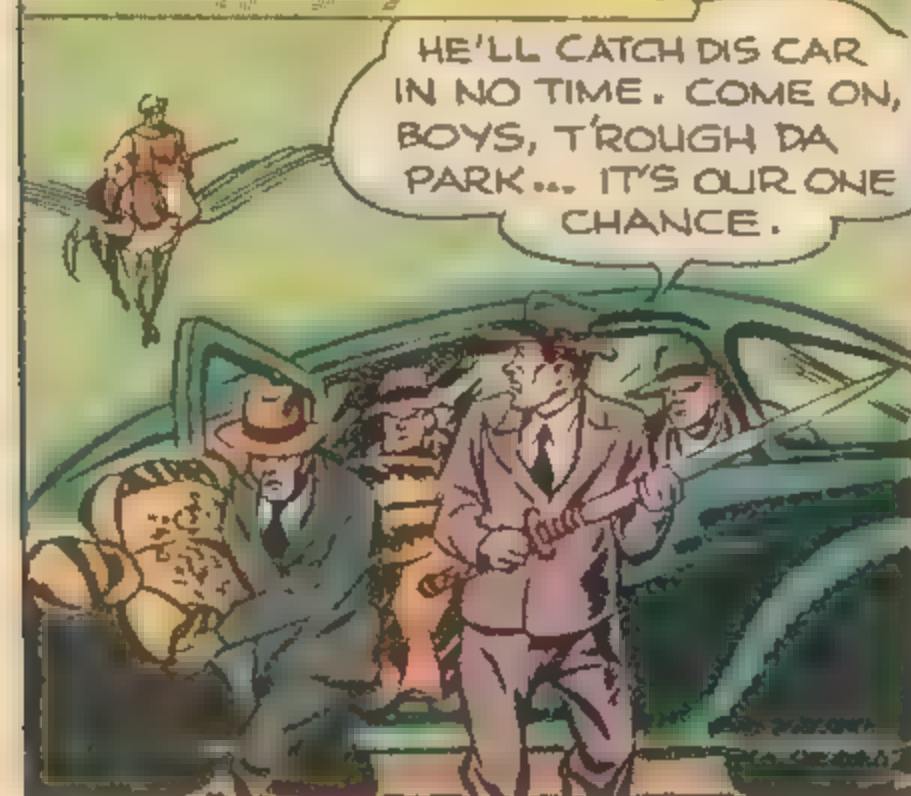


AH, THERE ARE
THE VARLETS... I
SHALL REPAY THEM
FOR THEIR
ROGUEY.

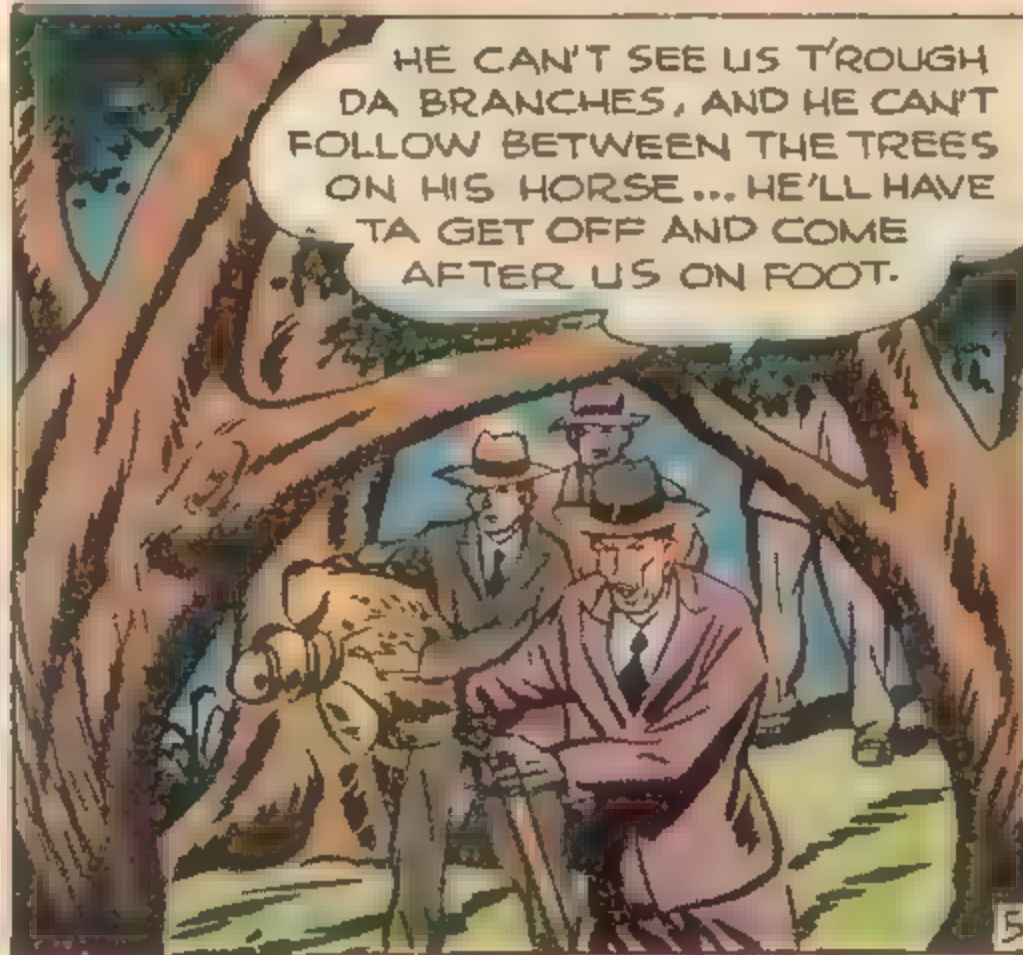


BUT THE CHAMPION OF CHIVALRY'S
PURSUIT HAS BEEN NOTED, AND
WEAVIL ACTS RAPIDLY...

HE'LL CATCH DIS CAR
IN NO TIME. COME ON,
BOYS, T'ROUGH DA
PARK... IT'S OUR ONE
CHANCE.



HE CAN'T SEE US T'ROUGH
DA BRANCHES, AND HE CAN'T
FOLLOW BETWEEN THE TREES
ON HIS HORSE... HE'LL HAVE
TA GET OFF AND COME
AFTER US ON FOOT.



BUT EVEN A FOOT, SIR JUSTIN IS NO LAGGARD. AS HE MOVES ON...

THE BASE CHURLS PILFERED THE VERY ARMOR WE WERE TO HAVE EXHIBITED. I'LL PAY THEM FOR THEIR VILLAINY...



WHA..? THE VILLAINS ARE DISCARDING THEIR LOOT... THEY THINK TO RUN FASTER AND ESCAPE ME THUS.



AND NOW MORE... BUT THEY DO IT PIECEMEAL, THE ROGUES. I MUST TEACH THEM TO TREAT IT MORE GENTLY.



NOW THE CASQUES... AND METHINKS SOME OF THEM ARE BADLY BATTERED.



I CANNOT LEAVE IT HERE TO BE HARMED. I'LL COLLECT IT IN ONE SPOT... AND THEN I'LL BASTE THE VILLAINS TO WITHIN AN INCH OF THEIR WORTHLESS LIVES.



YOU AIN'T TALKIN' ABOUT US, ARE YA, KNIGHT?

AH, HERE ARE THE INSOLENT THIEVES THEMSELVES.



PREPARE TO RECEIVE DUE PUNISHMENT, SCOUNDRELS.

GEE, YOU GOT US SCARED, KNIGHT. I'M ALL SHIVERIN'.

ME TOO, BOSS.





MAYBE
BULLETS
WILL
STOP
YA.

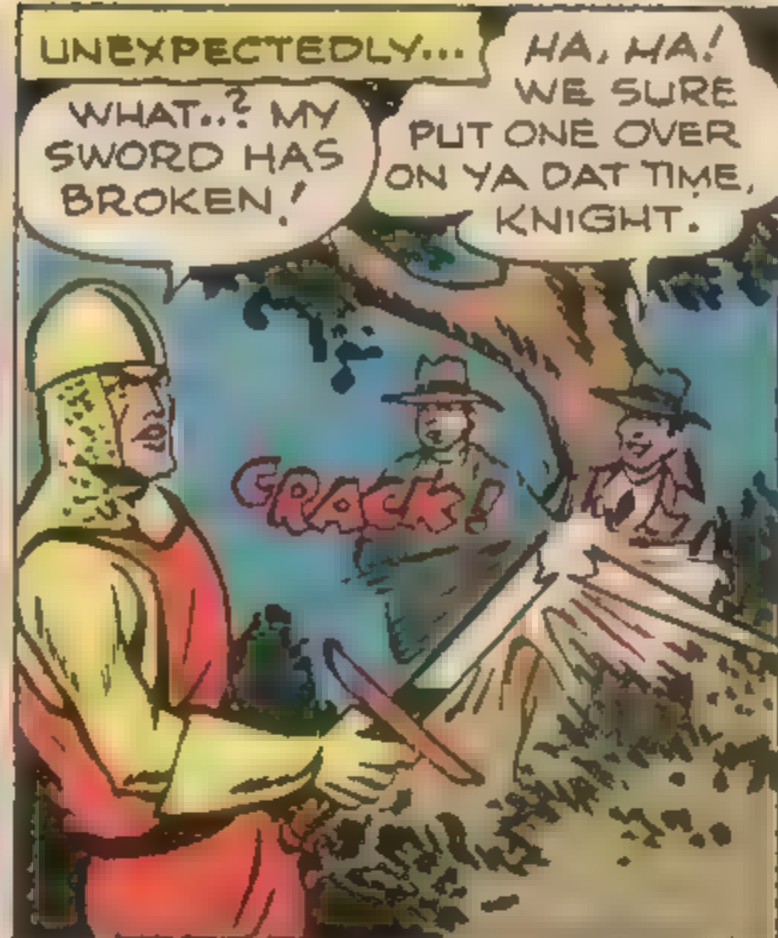
NAY, THY
WEAPONS
PREVAIL
NOT AGAINST
MY ENCHANT-
ED ARMOR.

LET'S
TRY
TA
HIT
HIS
FACE,
BOSS.



'TIS VAIN, VARLETS.
I WHIRL MY EN-
CHANTED BLADE SO
RAPIDLY THAT NO
LEAD PASSES...

RAT
TAT
TAT

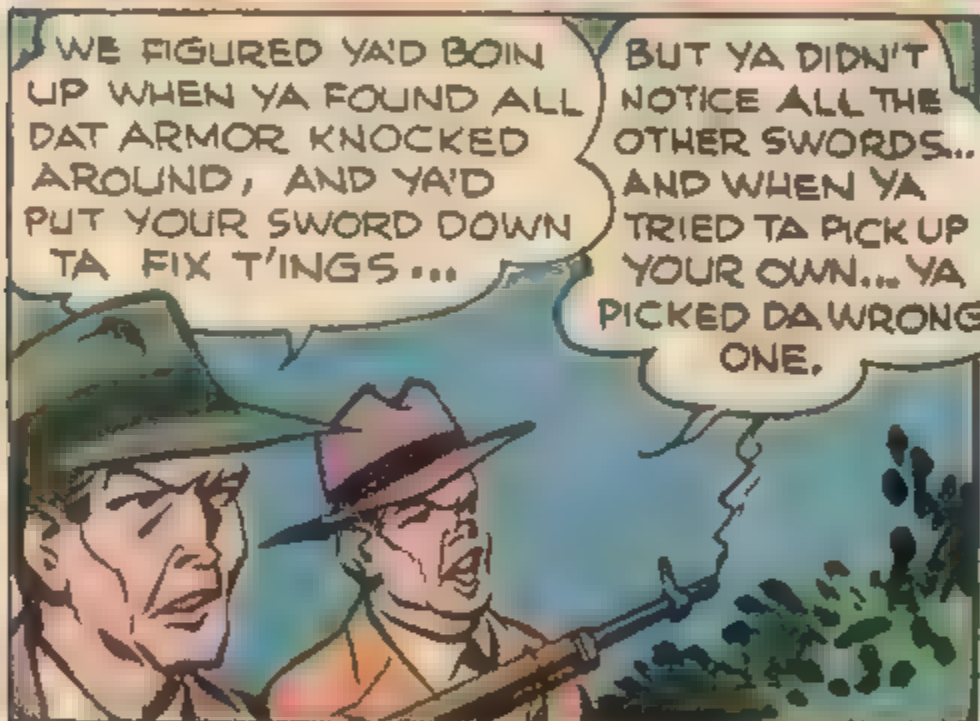


UNEXPECTEDLY...

WHAT..? MY
SWORD HAS
BROKEN!

HA, HA!
WE SURE
PUT ONE OVER
ON YA DAT TIME,
KNIGHT.

CRACK!



WE FIGURED YA'D BOIN
UP WHEN YA FOUND ALL
DAT ARMOR KNOCKED
AROUND, AND YA'D
PUT YOUR SWORD DOWN
TA FIX T'INGS...

BUT YA DIDN'T
NOTICE ALL THE
OTHER SWORDS...
AND WHEN YA
TRIED TA PICK UP
YOUR OWN... YA
PICKED DA WRONG
ONE.



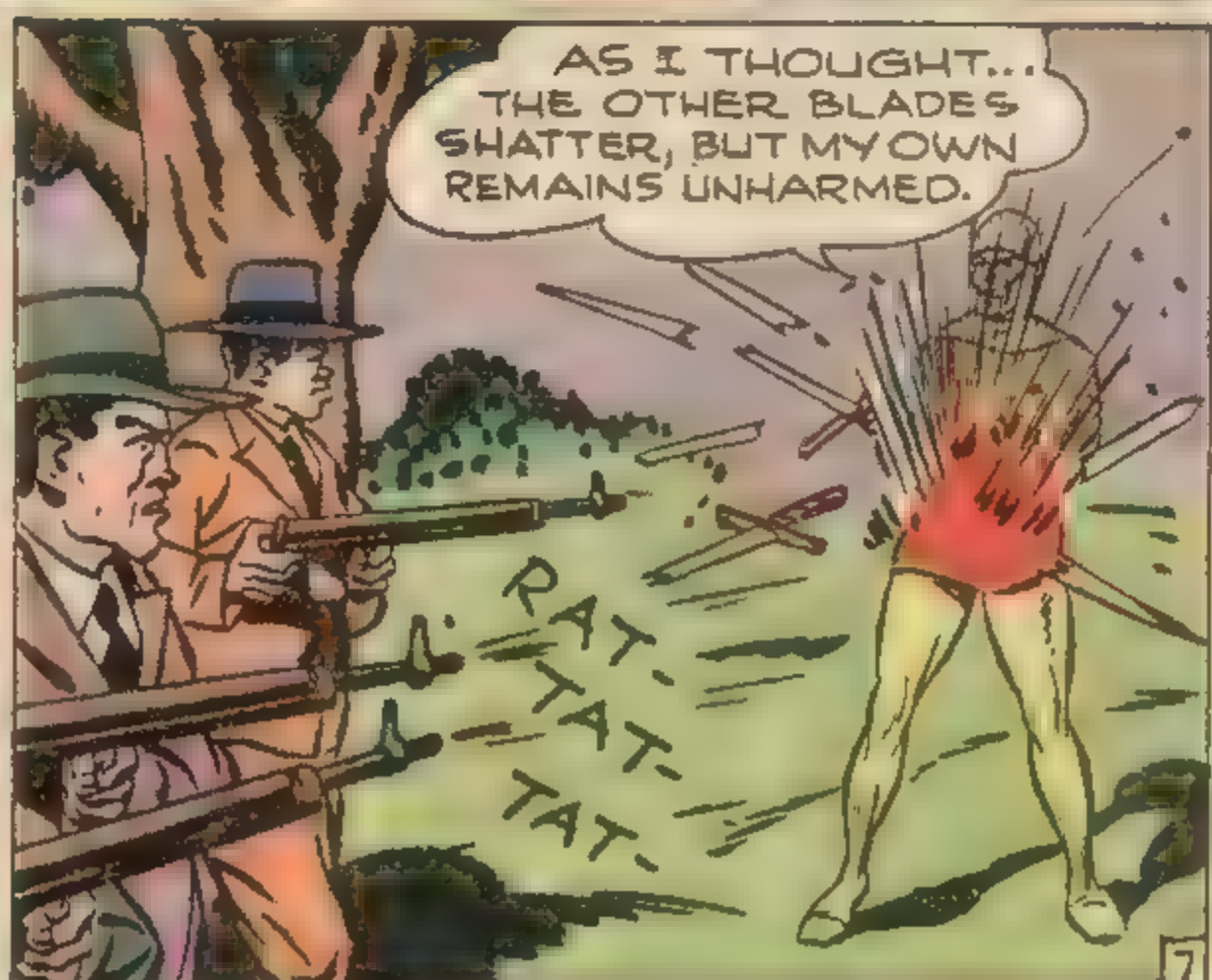
GO AHEAD,
TRY ANOTHER
ONE... WE'LL
BREAK DAT
FOR YA TOO.

YEAH, WE KIN
HAVE SOME
FUN WID DA
GUY BEFORE
WE PUT HIM
AWAY FOR
KEEPS.

SO
THINK
YOU,
VARLETS...

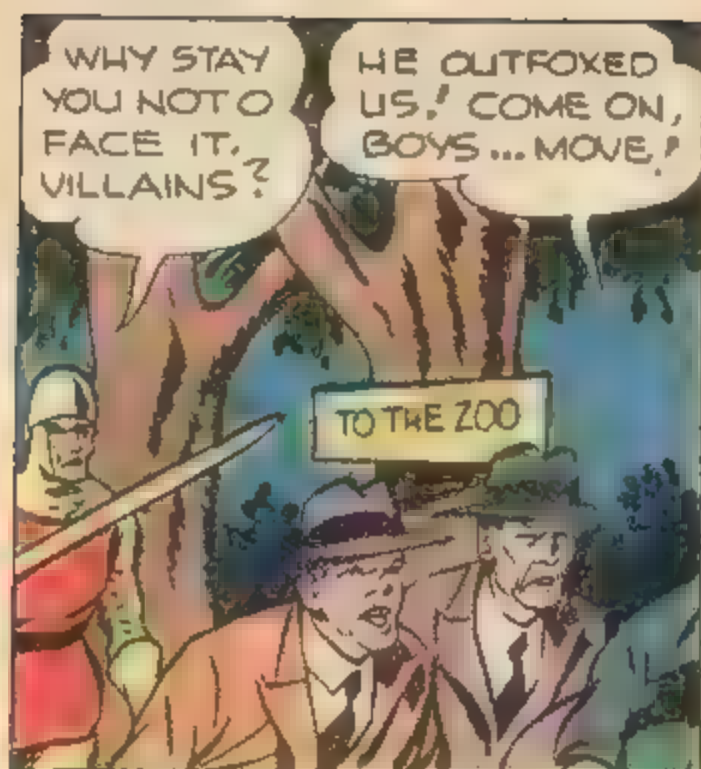


ONE OF THESE BLADES
IS MINE... I CAN TELL
WHICH BY WIELDING
ALL AT ONCE.



AS I THOUGHT...
THE OTHER BLADES
SHATTER, BUT MY OWN
REMAINS UNHARMED.

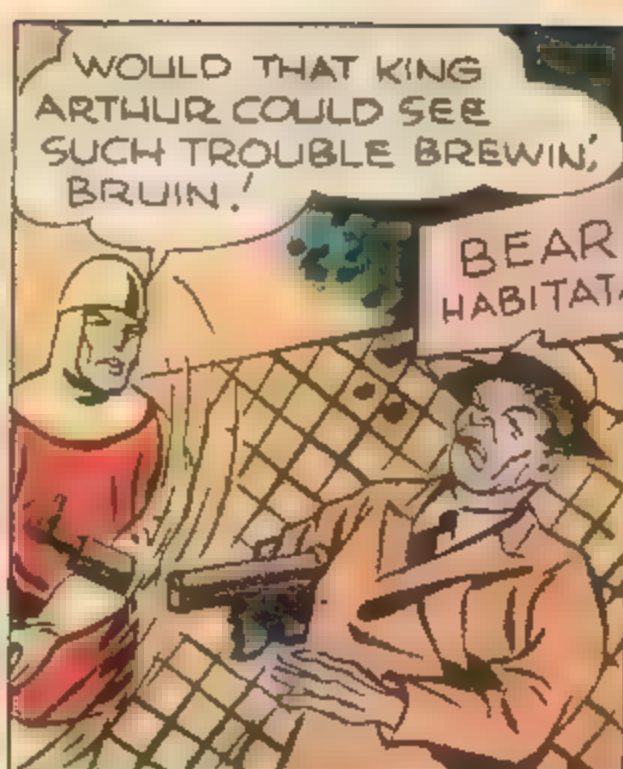
RAT
TAT
TAT



WHY STAY YOU NOT O FACE IT, VILLAINS?

HE OUTFOXED US! COME ON, BOYS... MOVE!

TO THE ZOO



WOULD THAT KING ARTHUR COULD SEE SUCH TROUBLE BREWING, BRUIN!

BEAR HABITAT



HOW HE WOULD ENJOY WATCHING THIS ROGUE SEE SPOTS IN FRONT OF HIS EYES!

GIRAFFE HABITAT

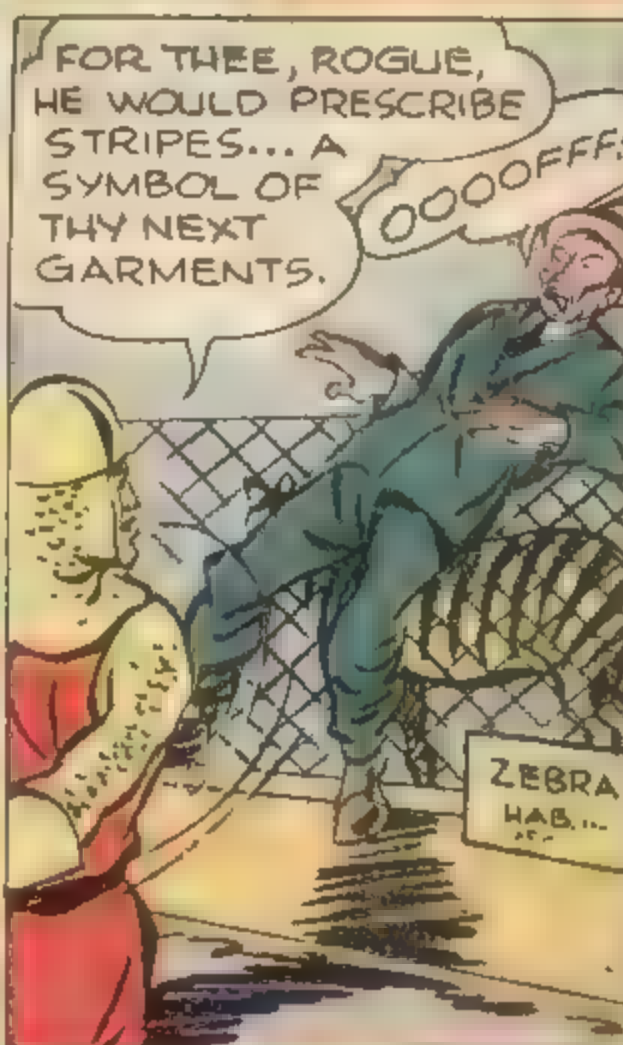


AND THIS ONE END UP IN SUCH BAD ODOR!

DO NOT FEED THE ANIMALS!

SKUNK

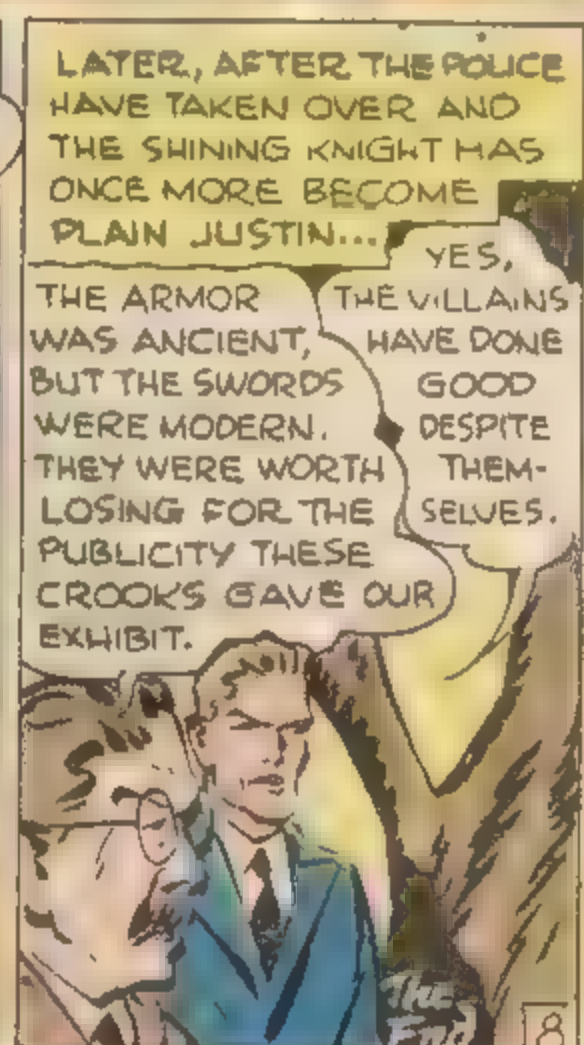
YIII!



FOR THEE, ROGUE, HE WOULD PRESCRIBE STRIPES... A SYMBOL OF THY NEXT GARMENTS.

OOOOFFF!

ZEBRA HABITAT



LATER, AFTER THE POLICE HAVE TAKEN OVER AND THE SHINING KNIGHT HAS ONCE MORE BECOME PLAIN JUSTIN...

YES, THE ARMOR WAS ANCIENT, BUT THE SWORDS WERE MODERN. THEY WERE WORTH LOSING FOR THE PUBLICITY THESE CROOKS GAVE OUR EXHIBIT.

THE VILLAINS HAVE DONE GOOD DESPITE THEMSELVES.

The End

8



COME ON! LET'S HURRY AND GET SOME OF THOSE BIG HINGEES ENVELOPES!

YOU BET! HINGEES BRING THE COMICS TO LIFE!

HINGEES BRING

10¢

BLONDIE

AND HER FAMILY TO LIFE

PLAY WITH BLONDIE AND HER FAMILY TO LIFE

LOOK - THEY STAND AND MOVE! THEY HOLD THEIR BREATH!

3 DIMENSIONAL ACTION WITH CHANGING TONES IN FULL COLOR THAT REALLY BRING THEM TO LIFE!

HINGEES BRING

10¢

POPEYE

AND HIS FAMILY TO LIFE

PLAY WITH POPEYE AND HIS FAMILY TO LIFE

LOOK - THEY STAND AND MOVE! THEY HOLD THEIR BREATH!

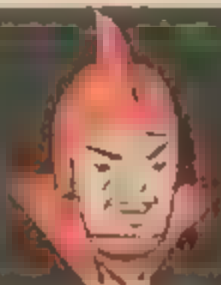
3 DIMENSIONAL ACTION WITH CHANGING TONES IN FULL COLOR THAT REALLY BRING THEM TO LIFE!

THEY'RE COLORFUL! THEY MOVE! THEY'RE TERRIFIC! GROWNUPS GET A KICK OUT OF THEM, TOO!

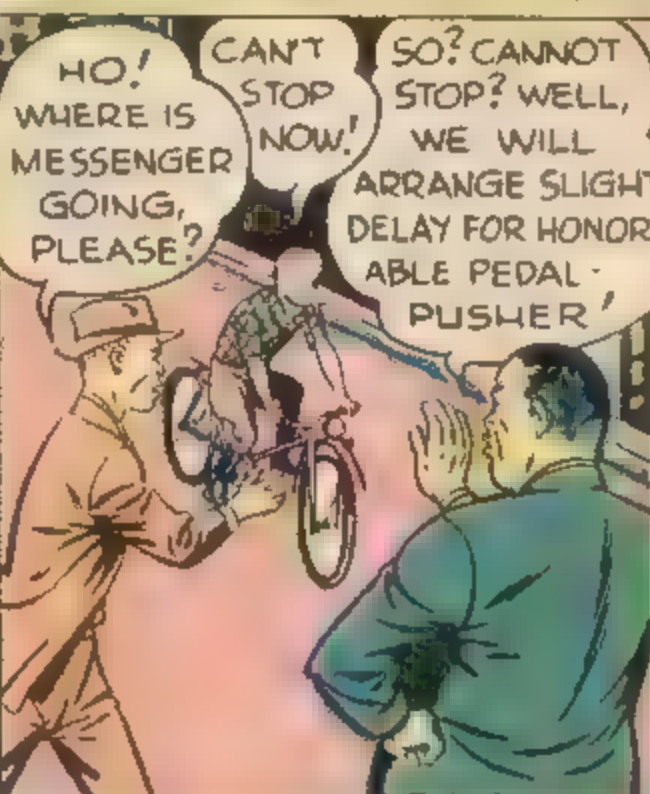
ON SALE EVERYWHERE **10¢**

VOLTO FROM MARS

VOLTO UNLEASHES HIS MAGNETIC POWERS TO HELP JIMMY AND INTELLIGENCE AGENTS CAPTURE A DASTARDLY SPY RING..



JIMMY, VOLUNTEER VACATION-TIME MESSENGER, PEDALS "RUSH" TELEGRAM TO MUNITIONS PLANT..



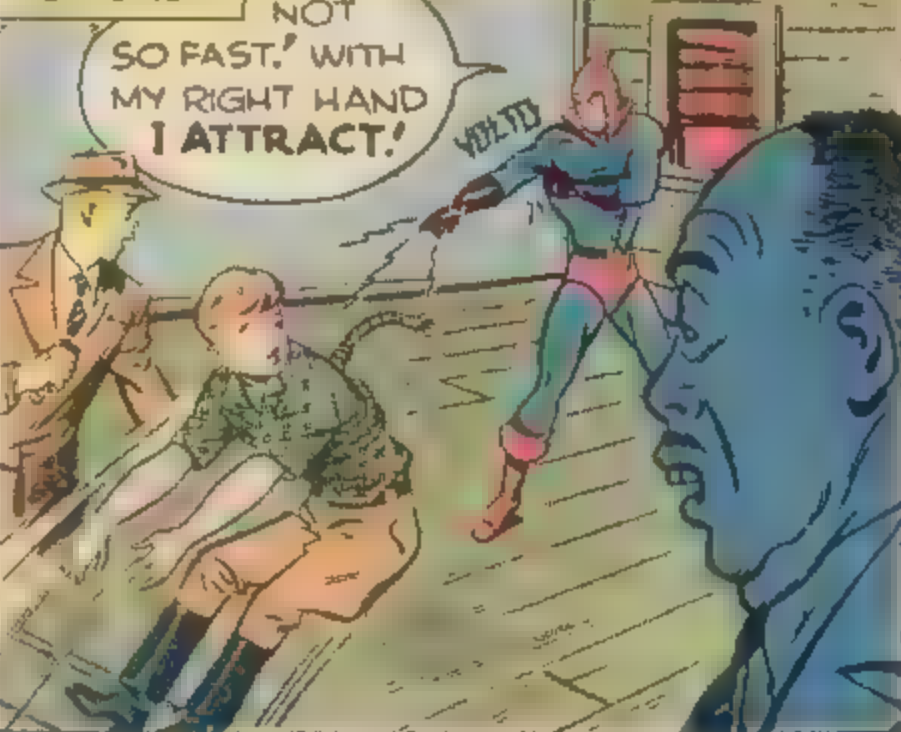
AND SOON, NEARBY IN A DESERTED BUILDING...

YI! WE HAVE DECODED INFORMATION OUR EMPEROR WAITS FOR!

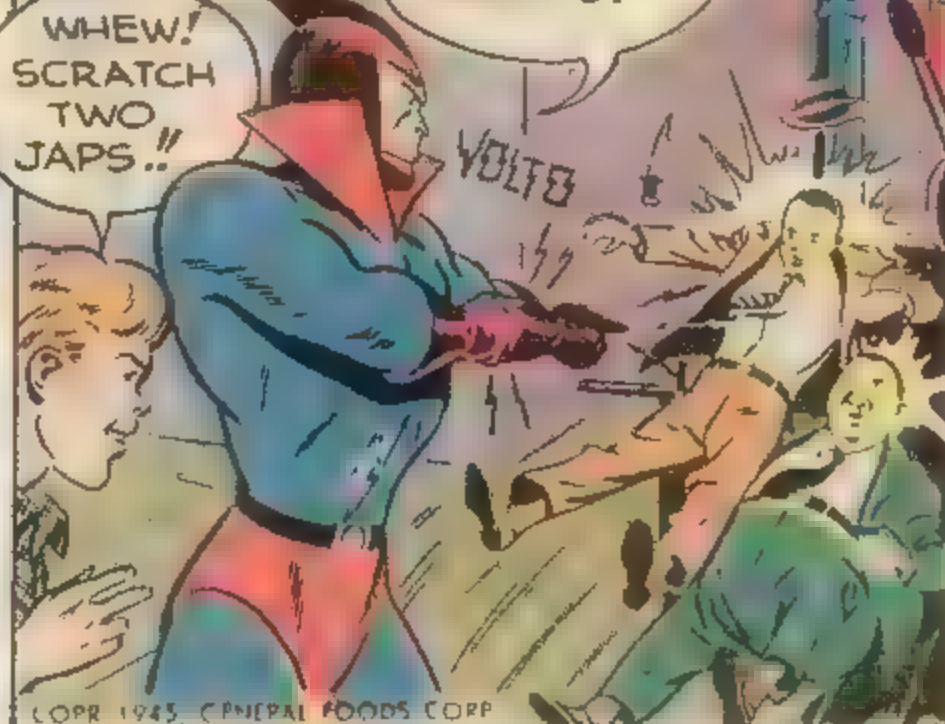
OKAY! WE LEAVE! BUT FIRST, LET US CUT ROPE-SEND MESSENGER TO JOIN HIS ANCESTORS!



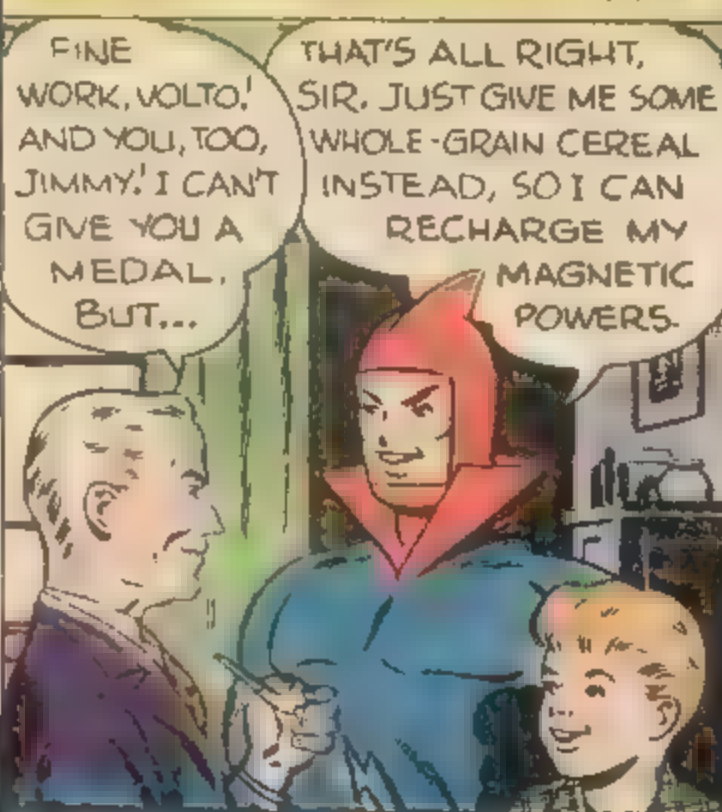
SUDDENLY... BEHIND THE TREACHEROUS JAPS, VOLTO APPEARS... CALLS UPON HIS MAGNETIC POWERS...



AND NOW FOR YOU TWO BUMS! MY LEFT HAND REPELS!



WHEN THE G-MEN TAKE OVER, VOLTO AND JIMMY PROCEED TO THE PLANT...

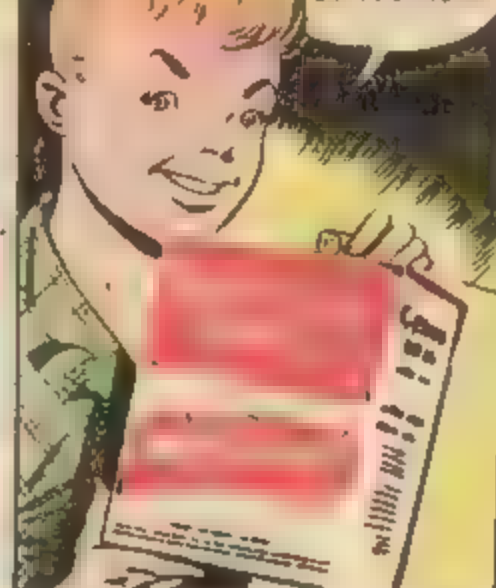


THAT'S EASY! WE KEEP THE WORLD'S BEST-TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL RIGHT HERE AT THE PLANT... **GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!**

MAN! THAT'S THE FINEST WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ON EARTH!



NOT JUST ON EARTH VOLTO- **GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES** IS THE SWELLEST-TASTING WHOLE GRAIN CEREAL IN THE WHOLE GOSH-DARN UNIVERSE!



STARMAN



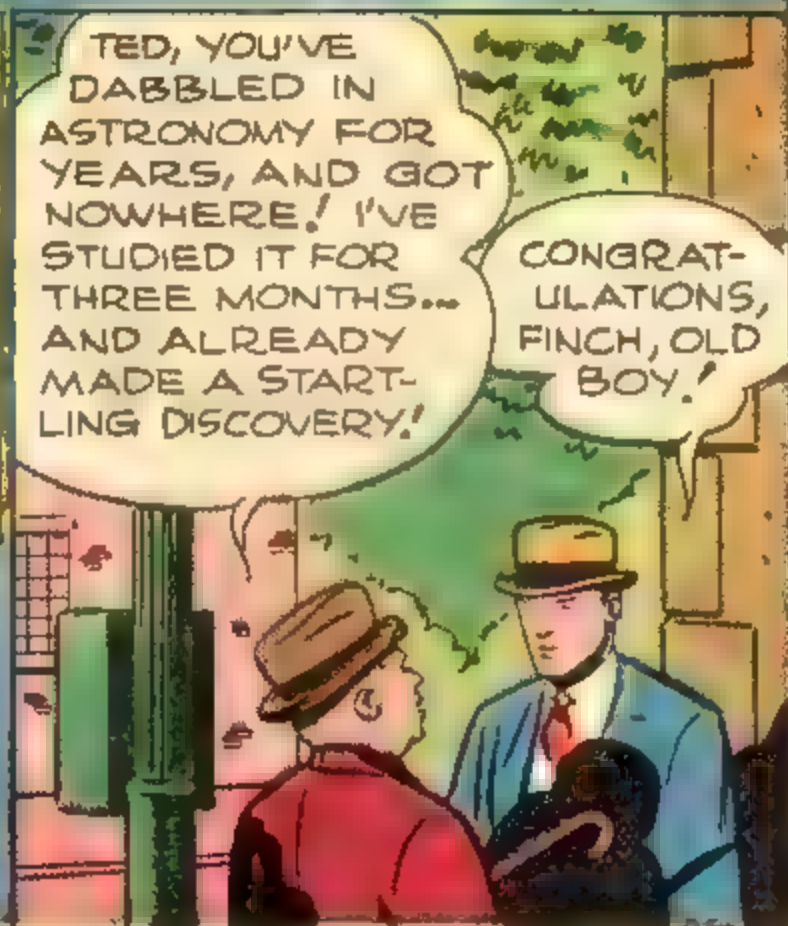
SOMETIMES, SO MANY MILLIONS OF MILES AWAY FROM EARTH AS TO STAGGER THE MIND OF MAN, A STAR IS BORN! BUT THE MEN WHO SCAN THE HEAVENS KEEP A SHARP LOOK-OUT FOR SUCH MOMENTOUS EVENTS! AND WHEN THEY MISS AN APPARENT NEWCOMER TO THE CELESTIAL SCENE, ONLY TO HAVE A RANK AMATEUR MAKE THE DISCOVERY, STARMAN SUSPECTS SKULLDUGGERY... (AND DANGEROUS SKULLDUGGERY IT TURNS OUT TO BE!)... BEHIND THE...

"LIFE AND DEATH OF A STAR!"

TED KNIGHT, AMATEUR ASTRONOMER, LISTENS MEEKLY TO HIS FRIEND, FINCH... AND LEARNS!

TED, YOU'VE DABBLED IN ASTRONOMY FOR YEARS, AND GOT NOWHERE! I'VE STUDIED IT FOR THREE MONTHS... AND ALREADY MADE A STARTLING DISCOVERY!

CONGRATULATIONS, FINCH, OLD BOY!



AH, GLAD TO SEE
YOU AREN'T
JEALOUS! FRANKLY,
TED, YOU MAY
NOT BELIEVE
THIS BUT IT'S
TRUE...

I HAVE DISCOVERED
A NEW STAR OF THE
FIRST MAGNITUDE!

HUH..? WHY, THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE! ASTRON-
OMERS LONG AGO
DISCOVERED ALL THE
STARS AS BRIGHT
AS THAT!

THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK!
BUT THIS STAR ISN'T LISTED
IN ANY OF THEIR CATALOGUES!
IT'S ABSOLUTELY NEW...
NEVER NOTICED BY
ANYONE BEFORE

GREAT SCOTT,
YOU'RE RIGHT!
I NEVER DID
SEE IT
BEFORE!

I KNOW IT'S
A STAR AND NOT
A PLANET BECAUSE
IT TWINKLES... AS
YOU REALIZE, THE
TWINKLING IS DUE
TO THE REFRACTION
OF THE
AIR...
(ETC., ETC.)

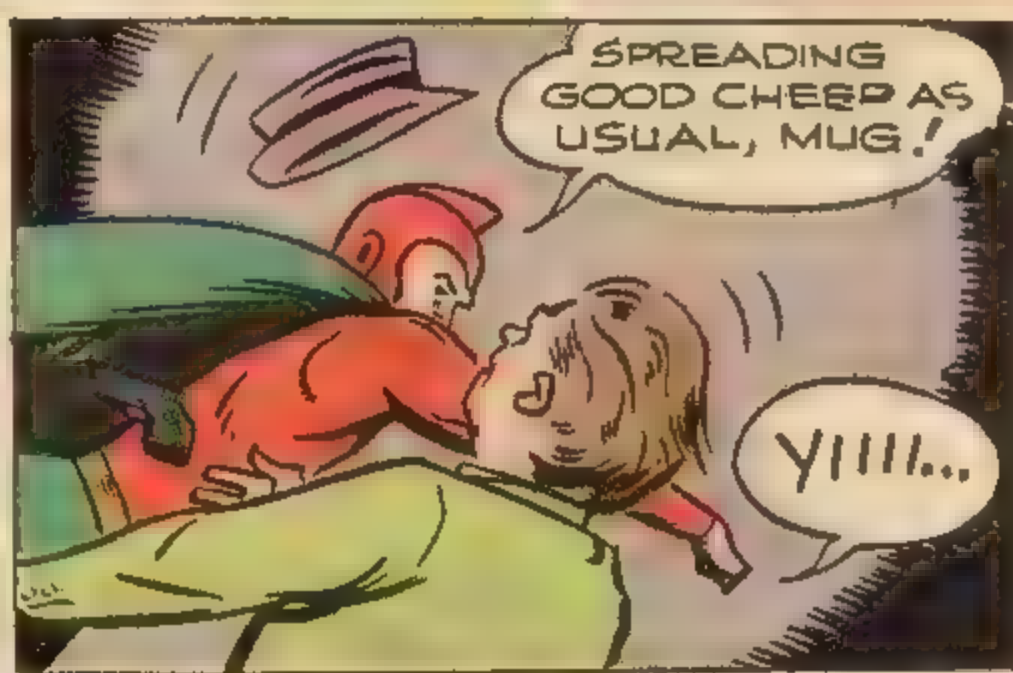
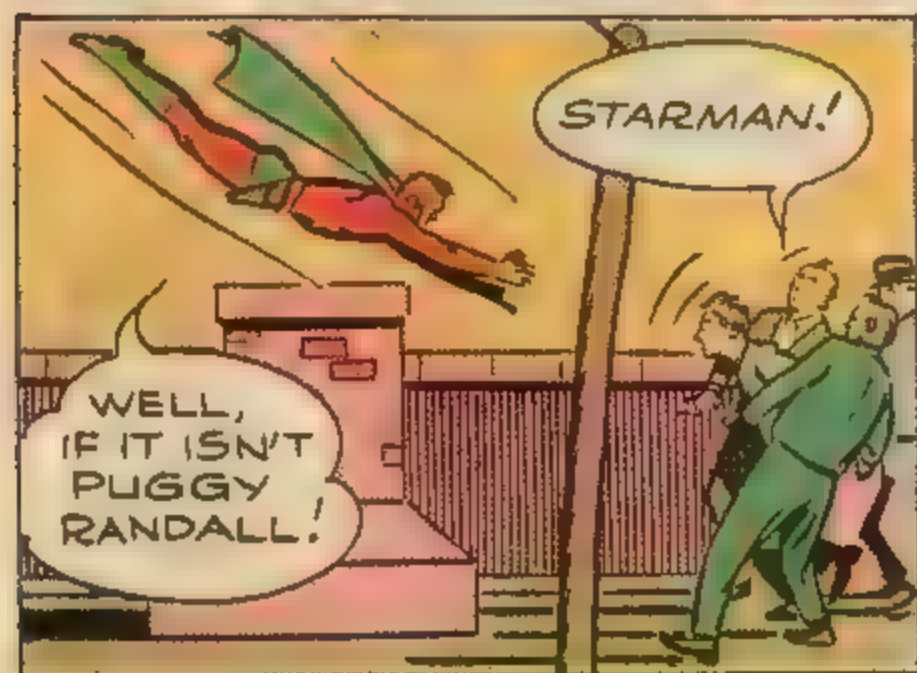
I AGREE, IT
ISN'T A PLANET!

BUT IT ISN'T A STAR,
EITHER! THAT LIGHT
UP THERE ISN'T
TWINKLING... IT'S
MERELY GOING ON
AND OFF! THIS
CALLS FOR
INVESTIGATION!

TED AND HIS COMPANION PART...AND THEN
A QUICK CHANGE OF COSTUME
REVEALS STARMAN!

AH, IT'S BRIGHTER ALREADY!
IT ISN'T AS HIGH ABOVE
THE CITY AS I THOUGHT!

AN ORDINARY
ELECTRIC BULB,
SUPPORTED IN
THE AIR BY A
BALLOON FILLED
WITH LIGHT
GAS!



A ROOF IS NO RACE TRACK! TAKE IT EASY!

ARGH...

BOP!

I'LL TIE THEM UP AND BRING THEM TO, SO THAT I'LL BE ABLE TO QUESTION THEM! BUT ONE OF THEM IS MISSING...

NO, I AIN'T, STARMAN! I'M ALL HERE... WHICH IS MORE DAN YOU ARE!

SOCK!

PRESENTLY...

HOW SHOULD WE BUMP DA SAP OFF, BOYS?

WHAT'S WRONG WID SHOOTIN' HIM?

DAT SOOT IN DA CHIMNEY BLACKED ME ALL UP LIKE A COMMANDO... TOO BAD YOU COULDN'T SEE ME!

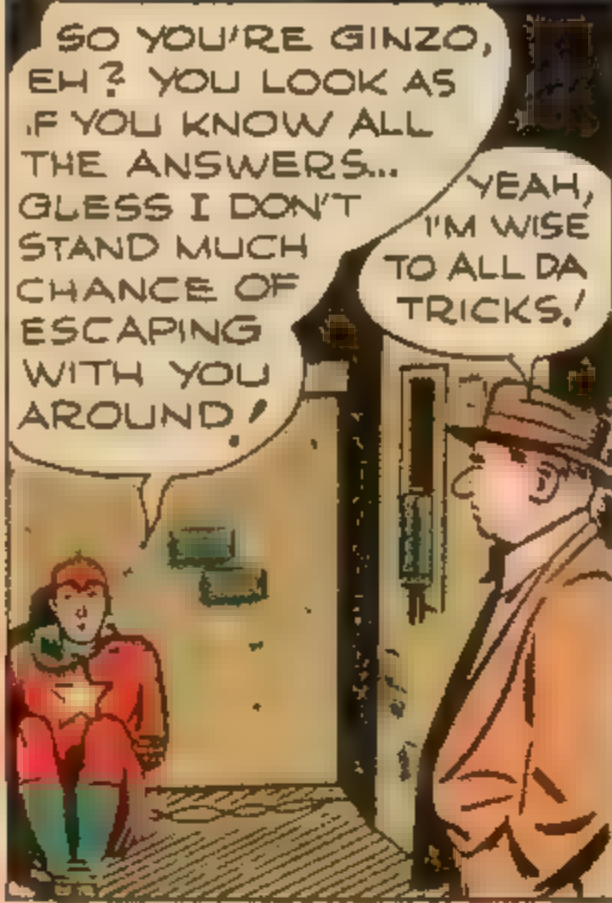
NOTHING, EXCEPT THAT THE POLICE WILL HEAR THE SHOT! THEY KNOW I'VE COME TO INVESTIGATE!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT... DIS MUST BE JUST A STALL! BUT WE CAN'T BE SURE NOW...

HEY, IF DEY'RE WISE...

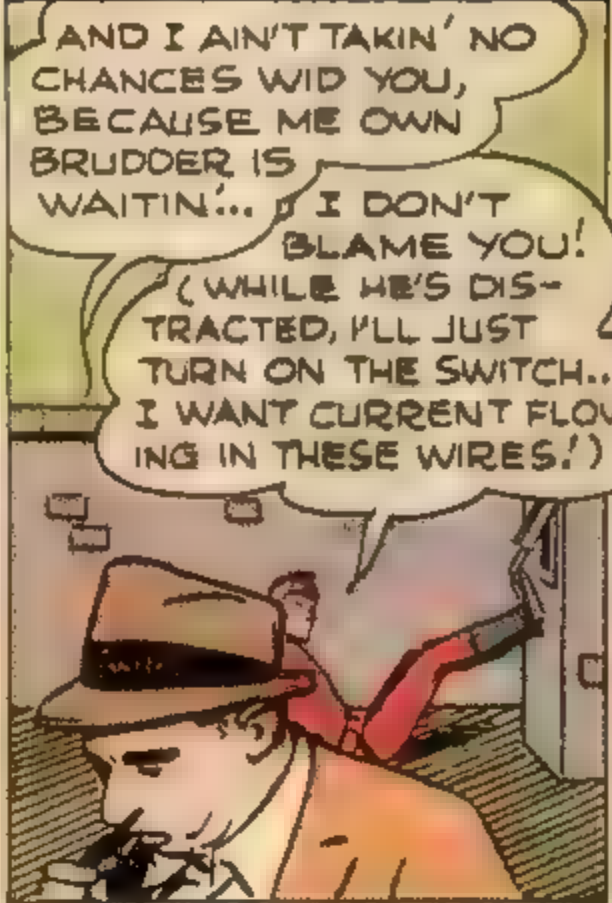
SO WE'LL LEAVE GINZO TA GUARD STARMAN NOW, AND FIGGER OUT WHAT TA DO WID HIM LATER!

YOU'RE RIGHT, PUGGY! DA BOYS'RE WAITIN' FER US! IT'LL BE TOO BAD IF WE'RE EVEN A MINUTE LATE!

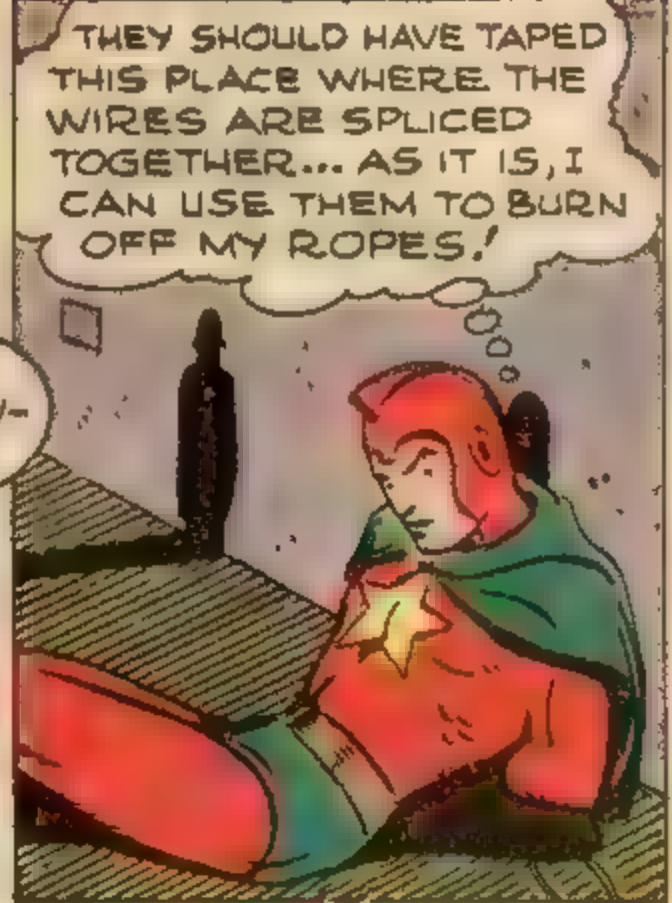


SO YOU'RE GINZO, EH? YOU LOOK AS IF YOU KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS... GLESS I DON'T STAND MUCH CHANCE OF ESCAPING WITH YOU AROUND!

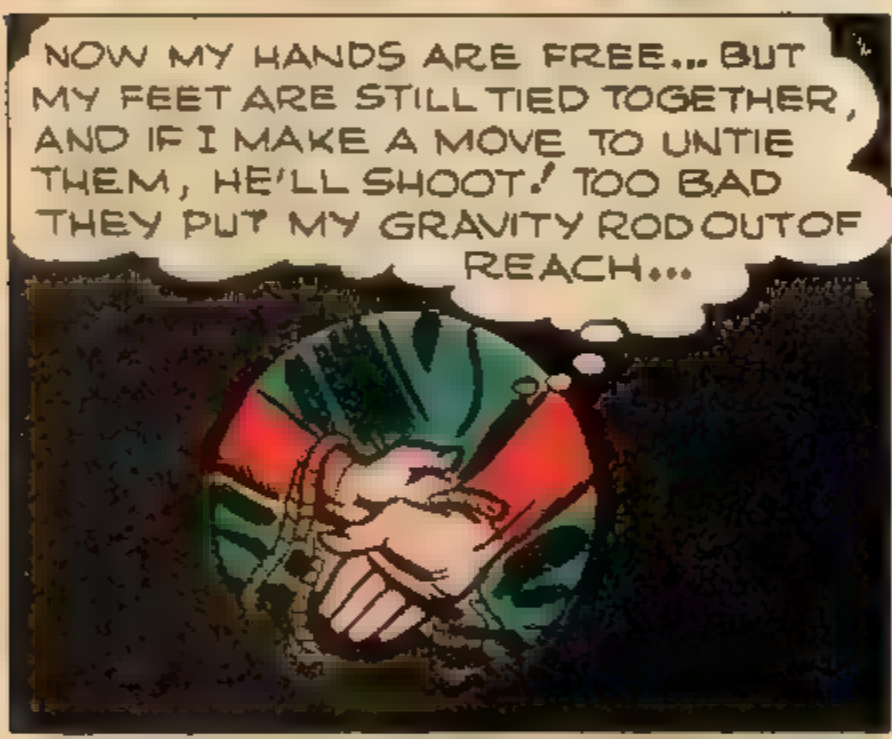
YEAH, I'M WISE TO ALL DA TRICKS!



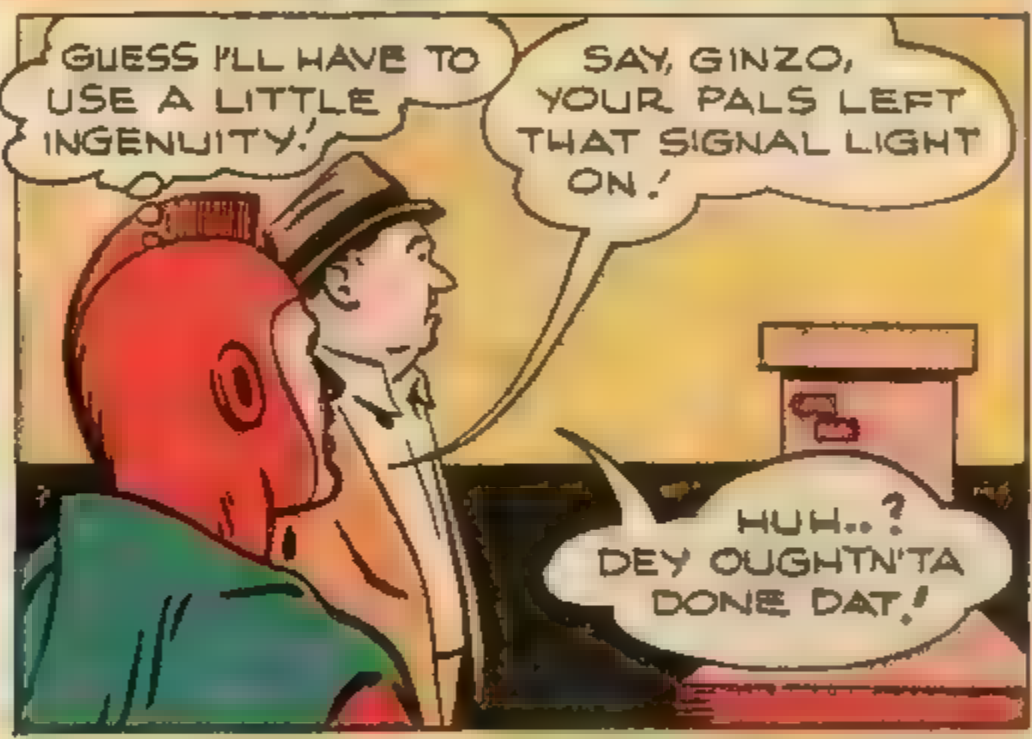
AND I AIN'T TAKIN' NO CHANCES WID YOU, BECAUSE ME OWN BRUDDER IS WAITIN'... I DON'T BLAME YOU! (WHILE HE'S DISTRACTED, I'LL JUST TURN ON THE SWITCH... I WANT CURRENT FLOWING IN THESE WIRES!)



THEY SHOULD HAVE TAPED THIS PLACE WHERE THE WIRES ARE SPICED TOGETHER... AS IT IS, I CAN USE THEM TO BURN OFF MY ROPES!



NOW MY HANDS ARE FREE... BUT MY FEET ARE STILL TIED TOGETHER, AND IF I MAKE A MOVE TO UNTIE THEM, HE'LL SHOOT! TOO BAD THEY PUT MY GRAVITY ROD OUT OF REACH...



GUESS I'LL HAVE TO USE A LITTLE INGENUITY!

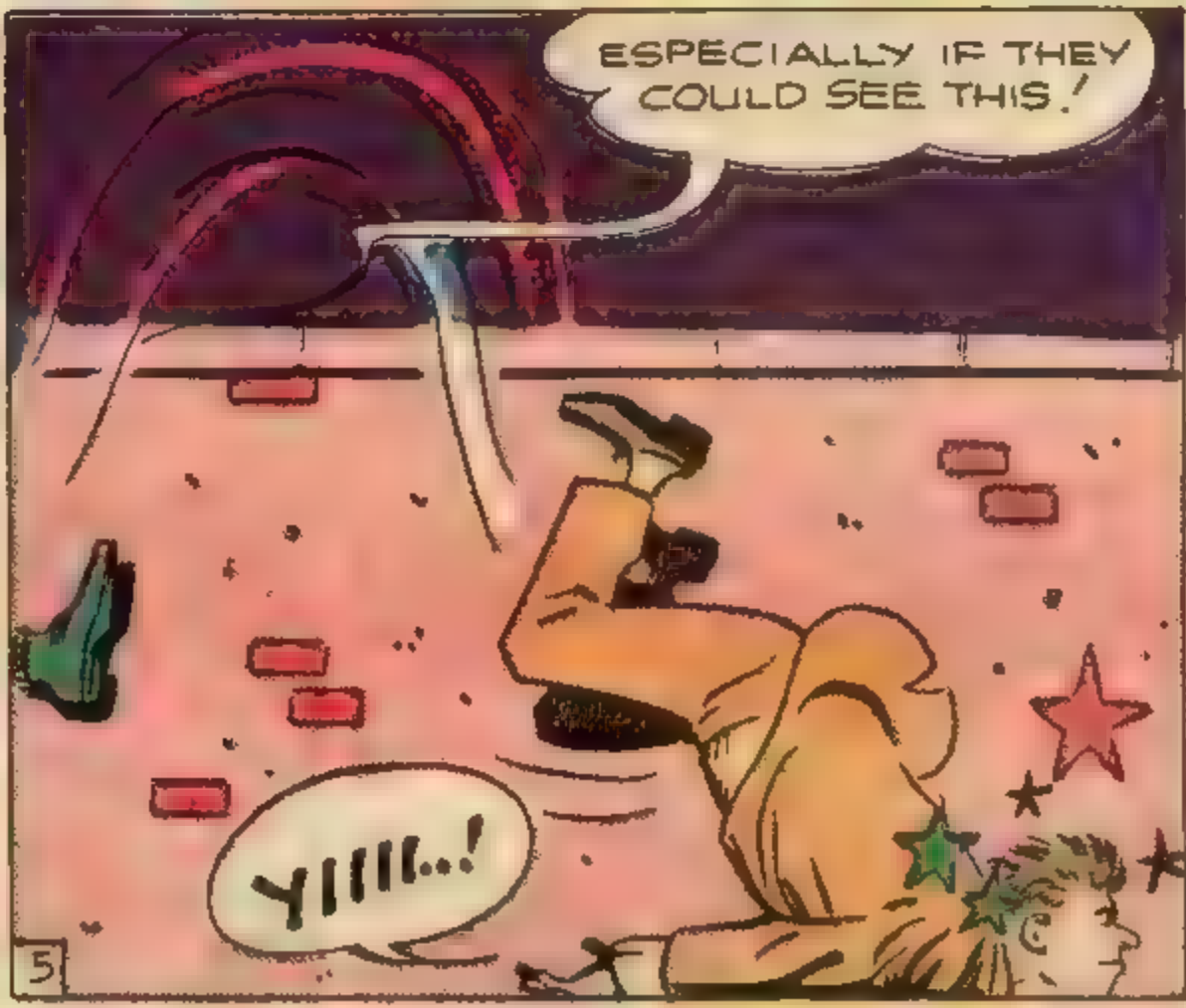
SAY, GINZO, YOUR PALS LEFT THAT SIGNAL LIGHT ON!

HUH..? DEY OUGHTN'TA DONE DAT!



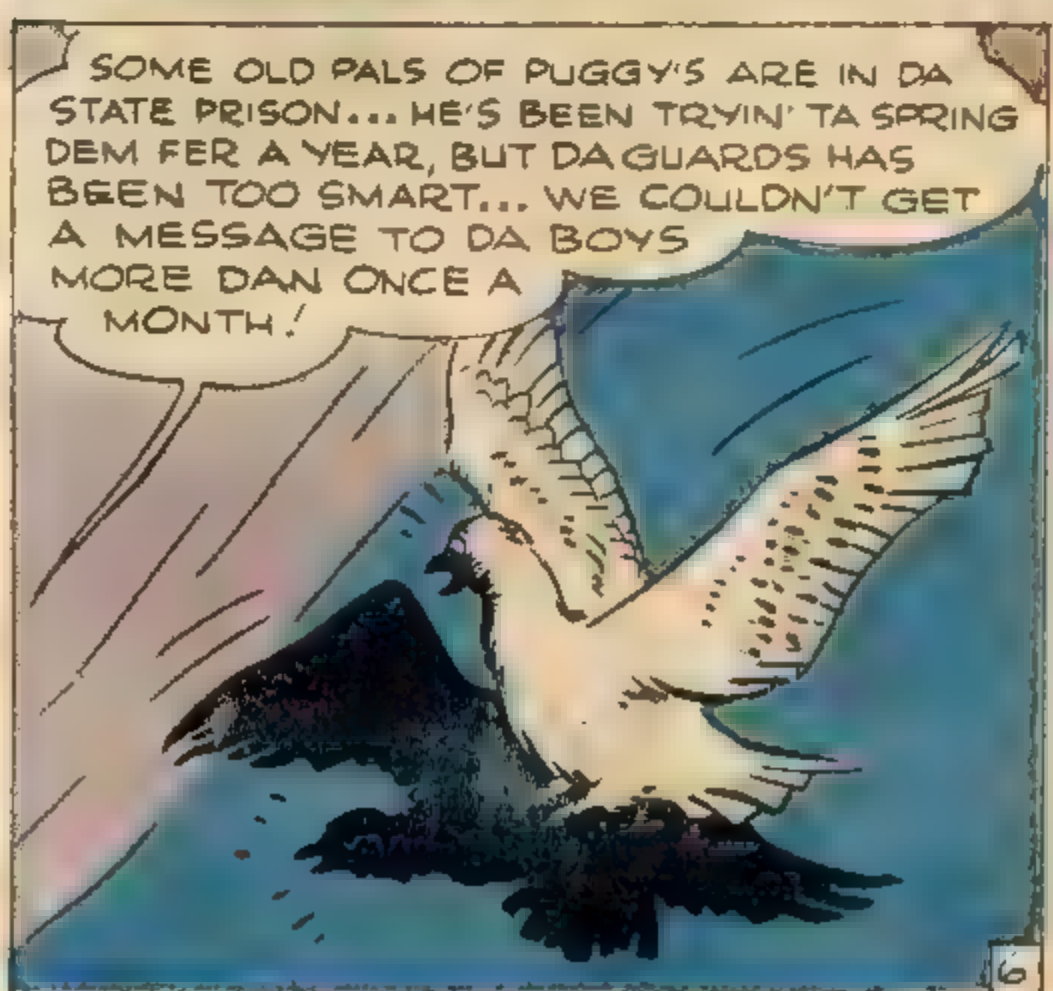
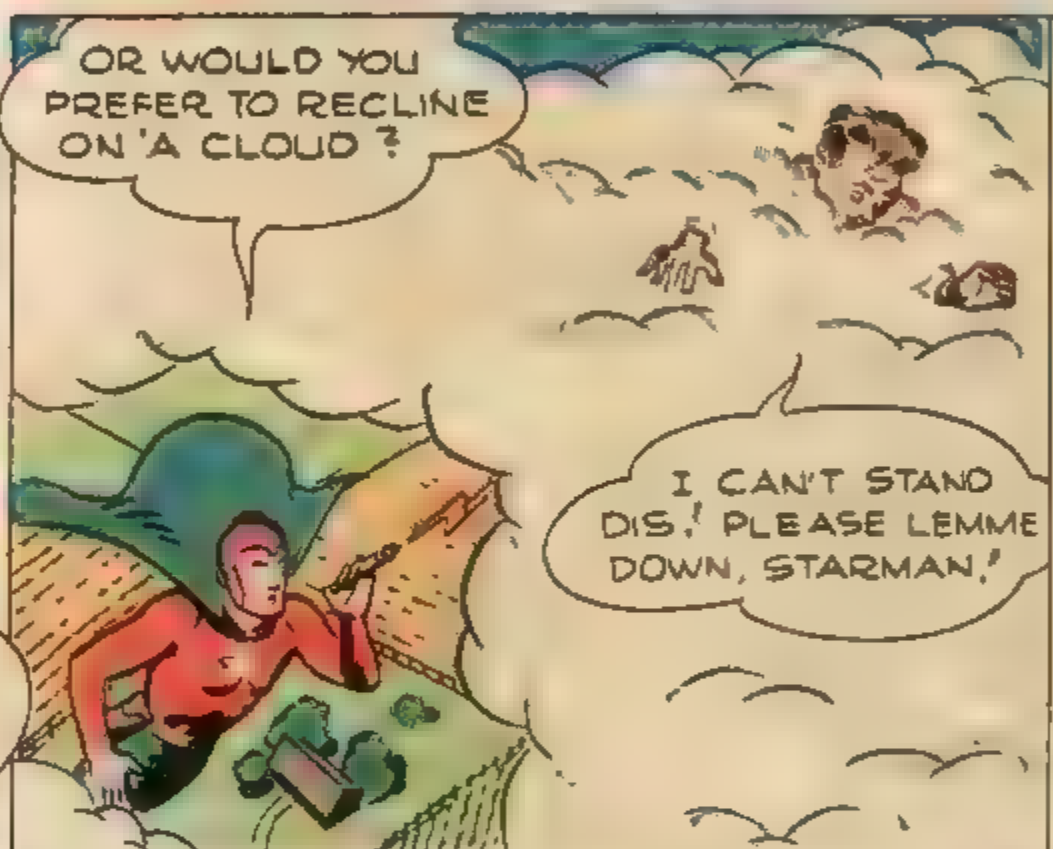
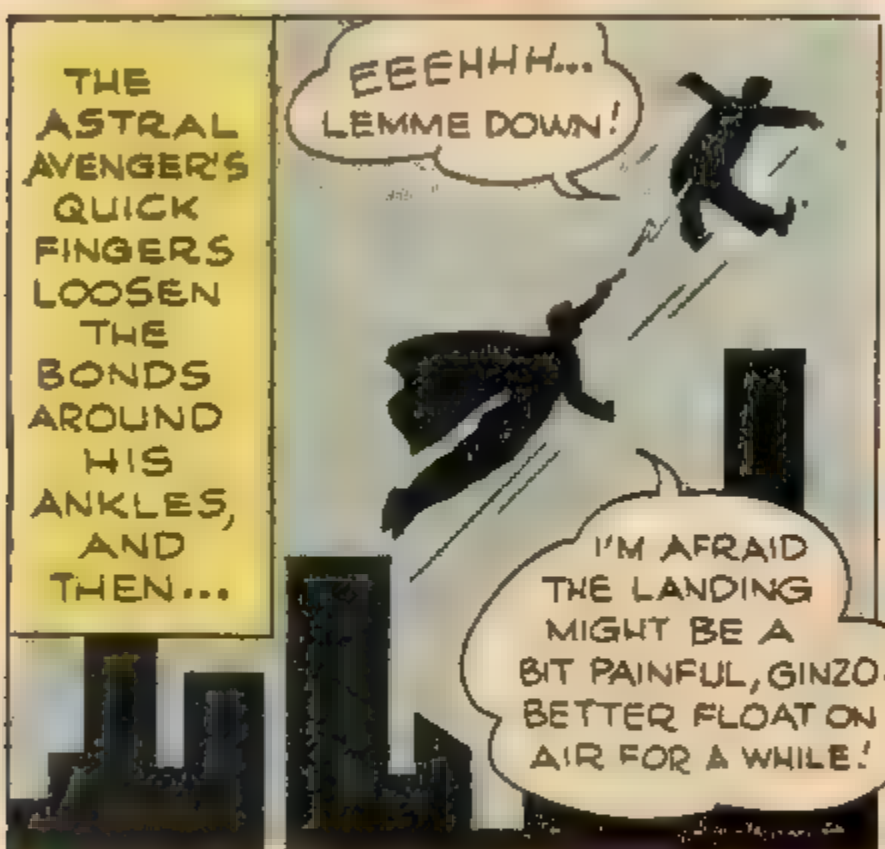
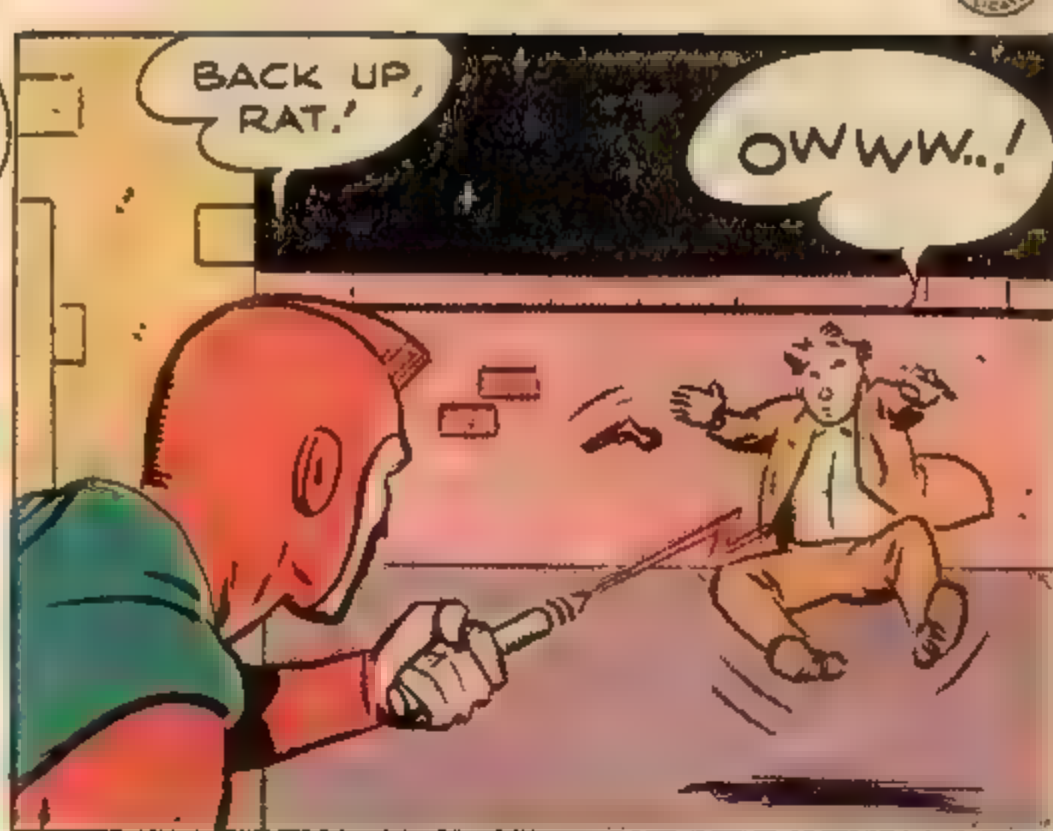
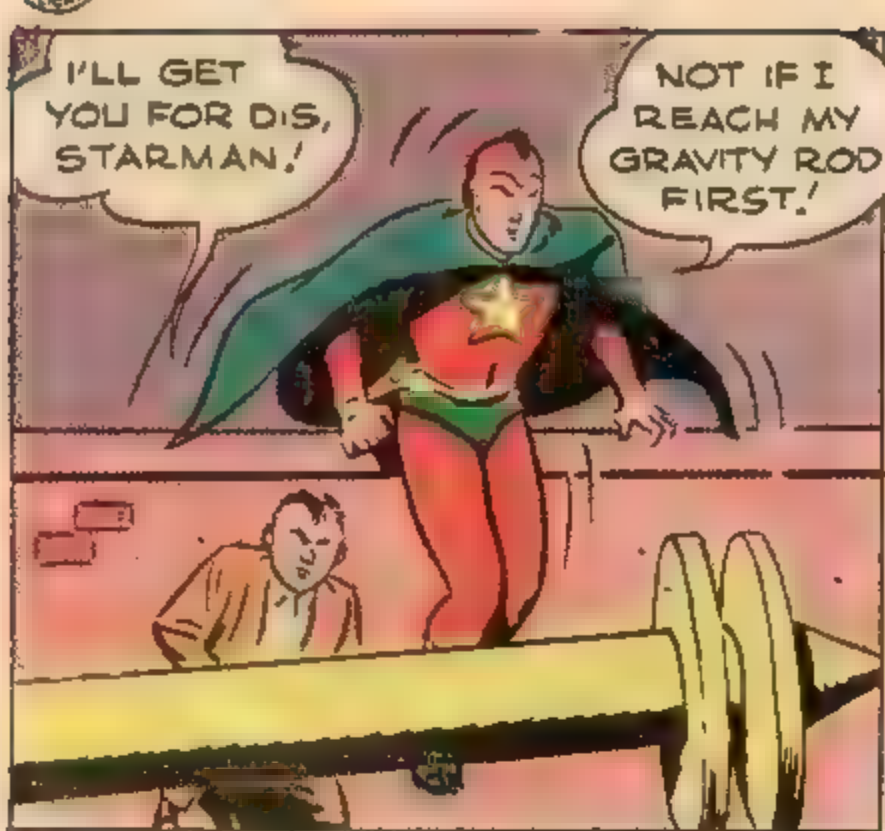
DA BOYS MIGHT FIGURE SOMETHIN'S WRONG!

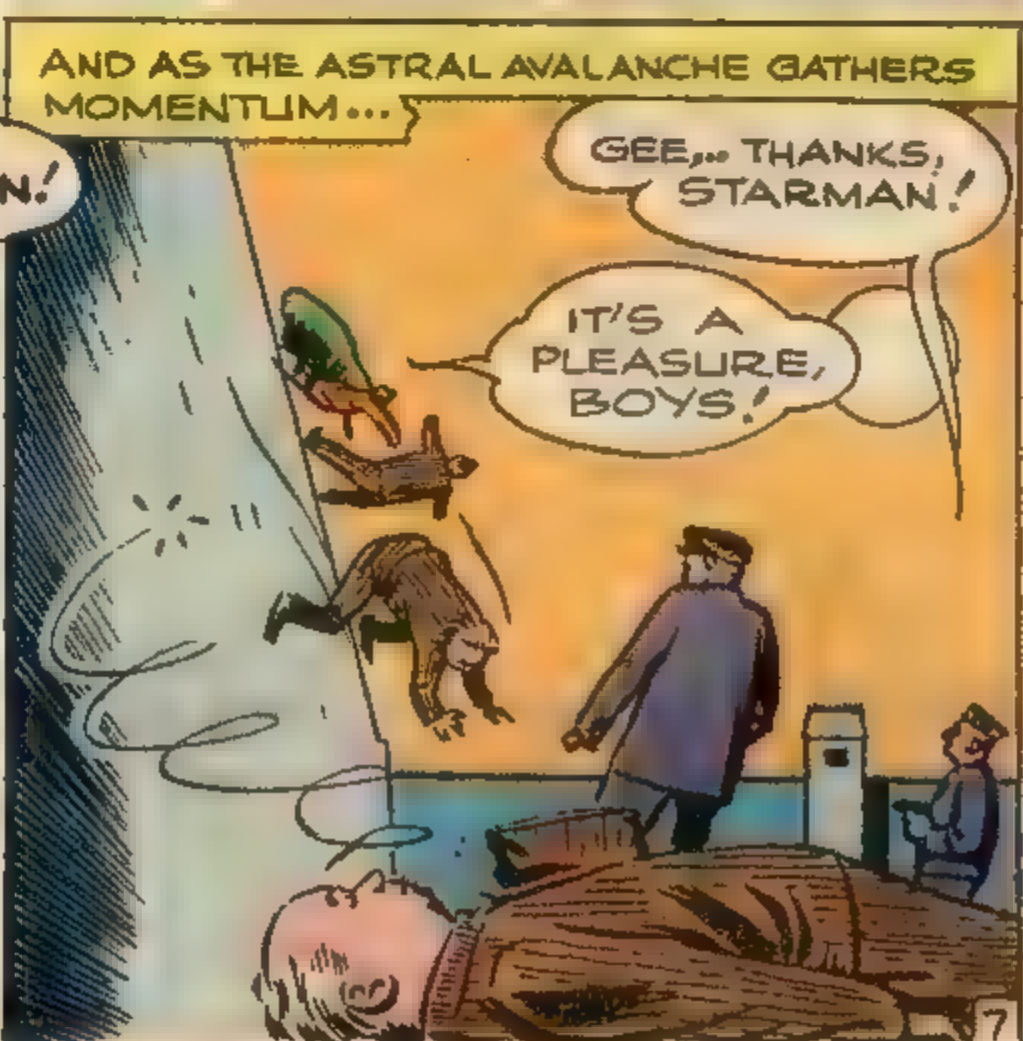
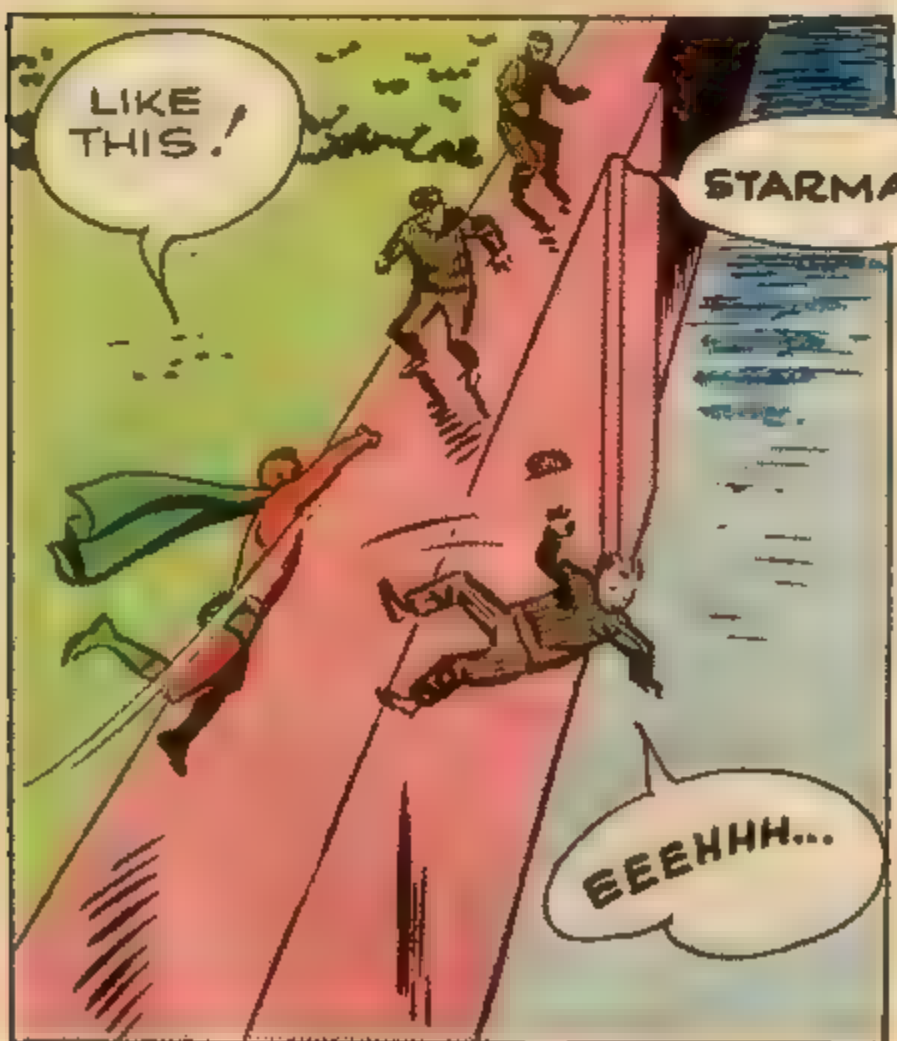
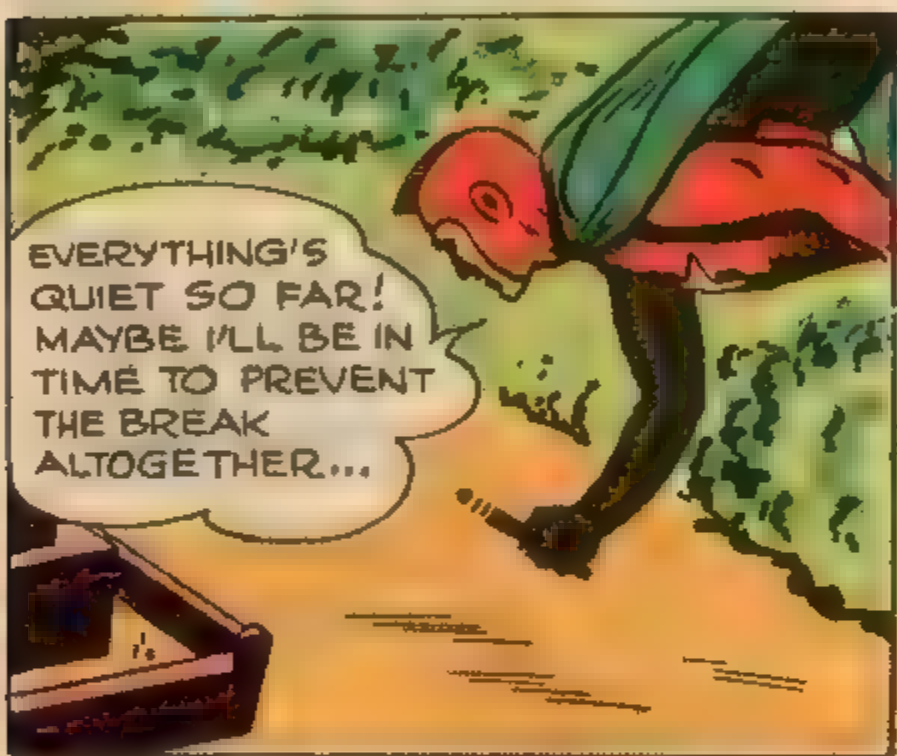
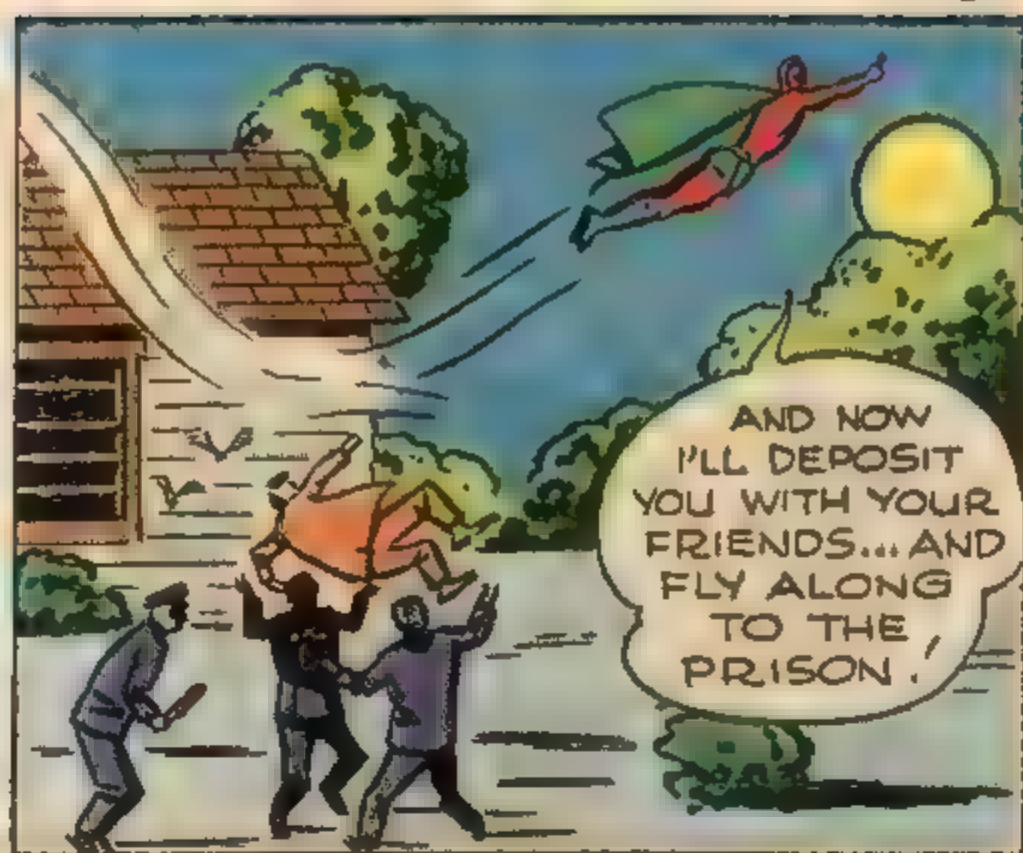
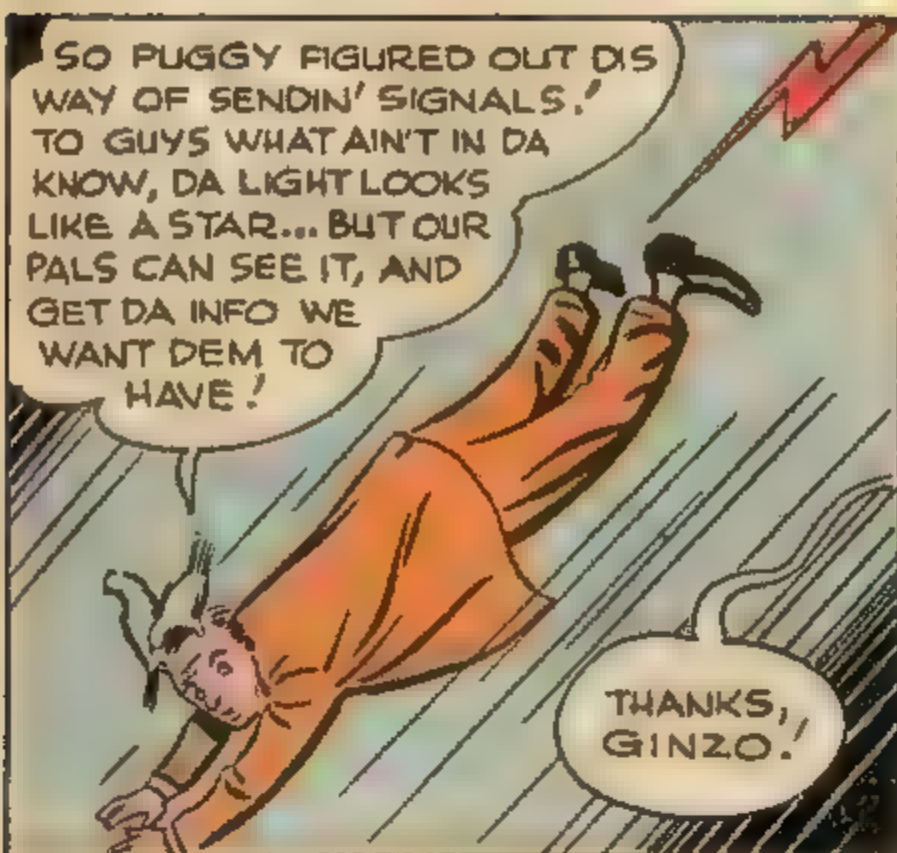
YES, THEY MIGHT...

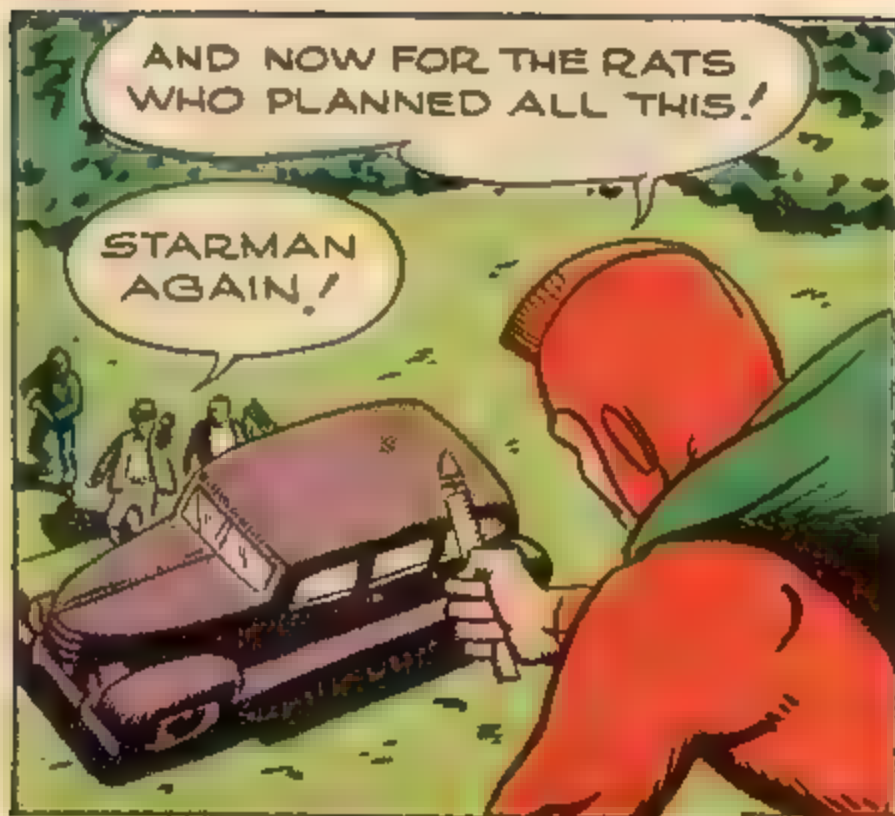


YIIII...!

ESPECIALLY IF THEY COULD SEE THIS!

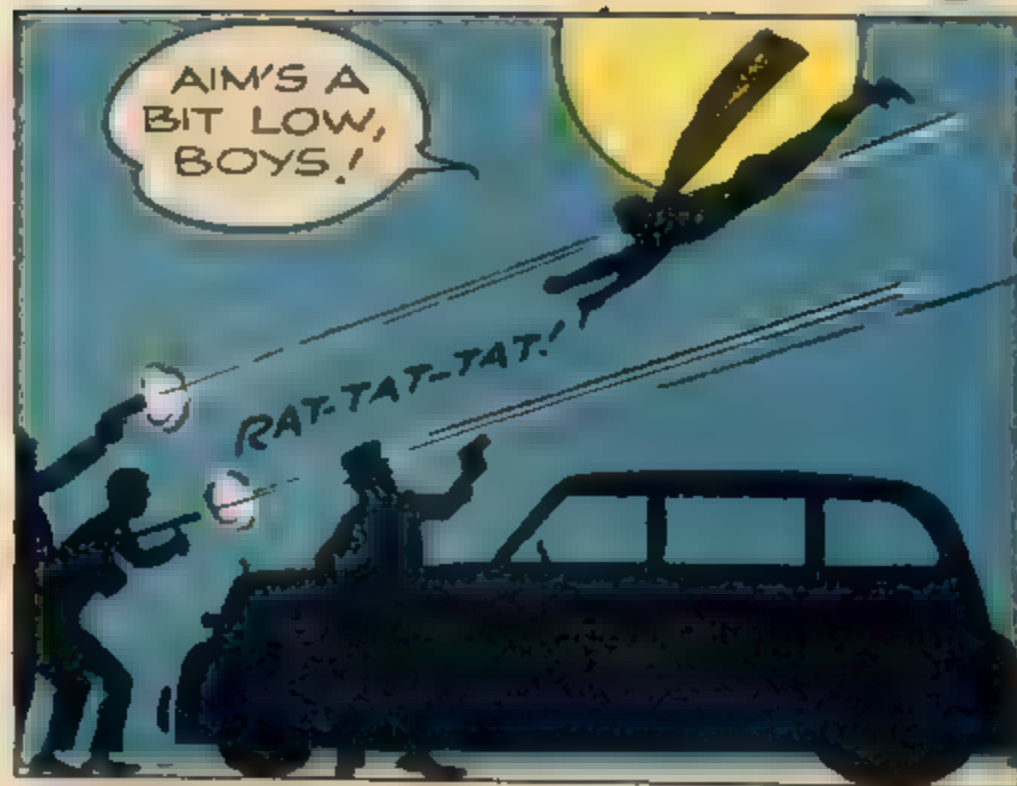






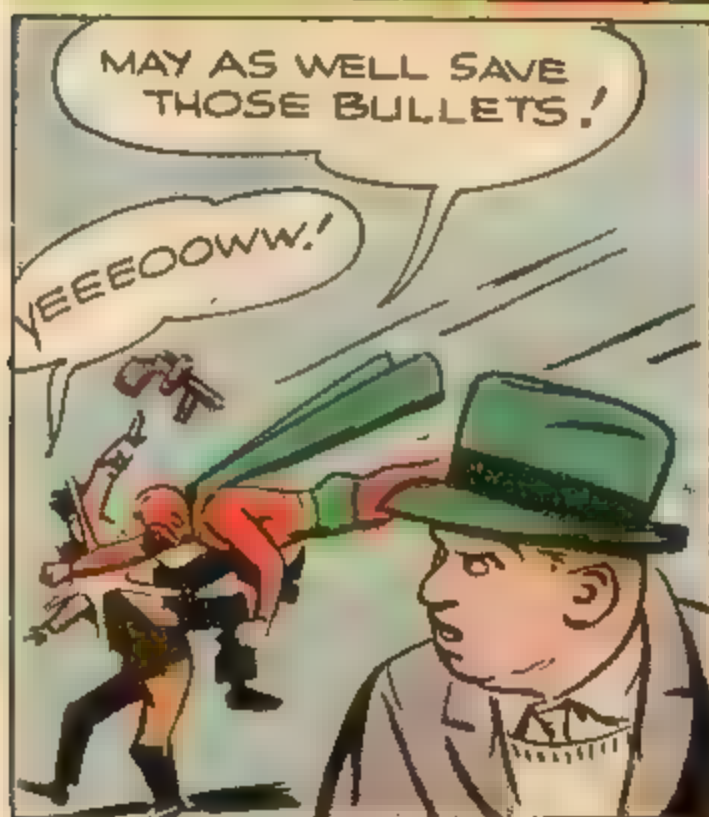
AND NOW FOR THE RATS WHO PLANNED ALL THIS!

STARMAN AGAIN!



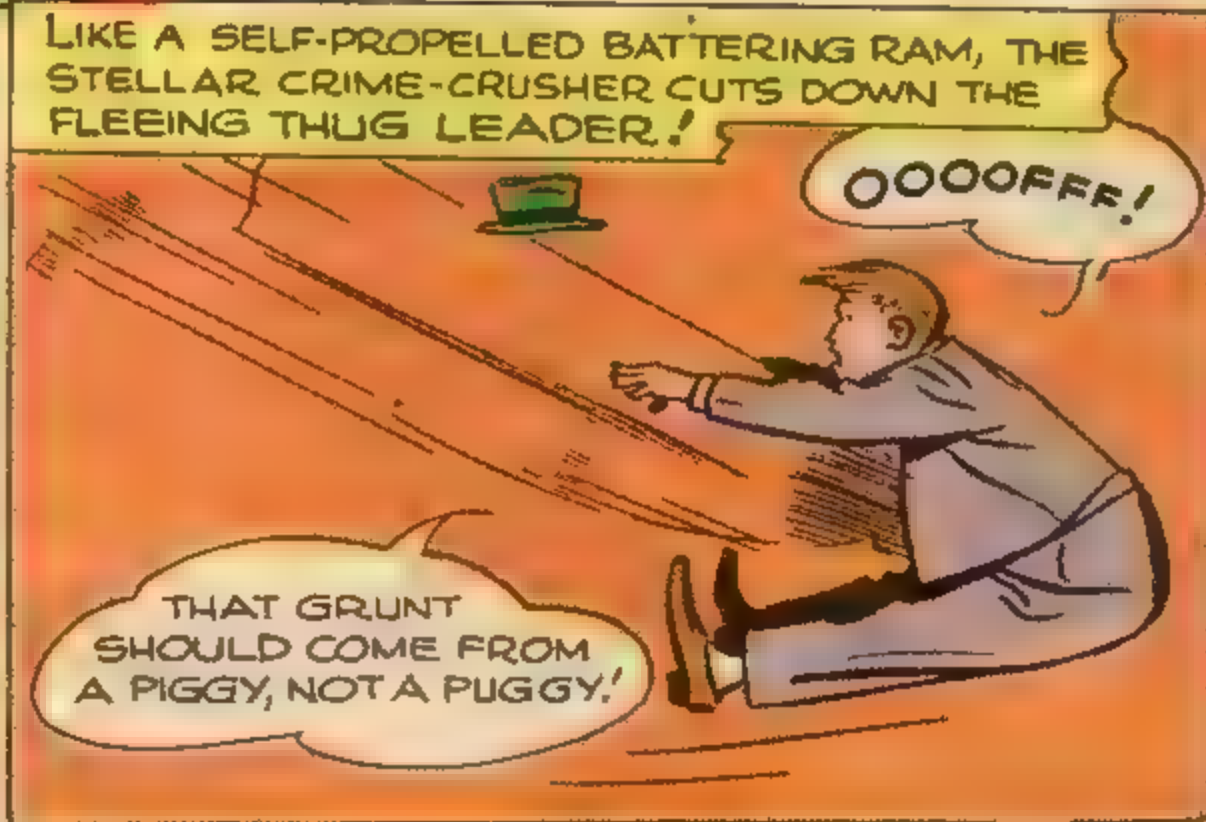
AIM'S A BIT LOW, BOYS!

RAT-TAT-TAT!



MAY AS WELL SAVE THOSE BULLETS!

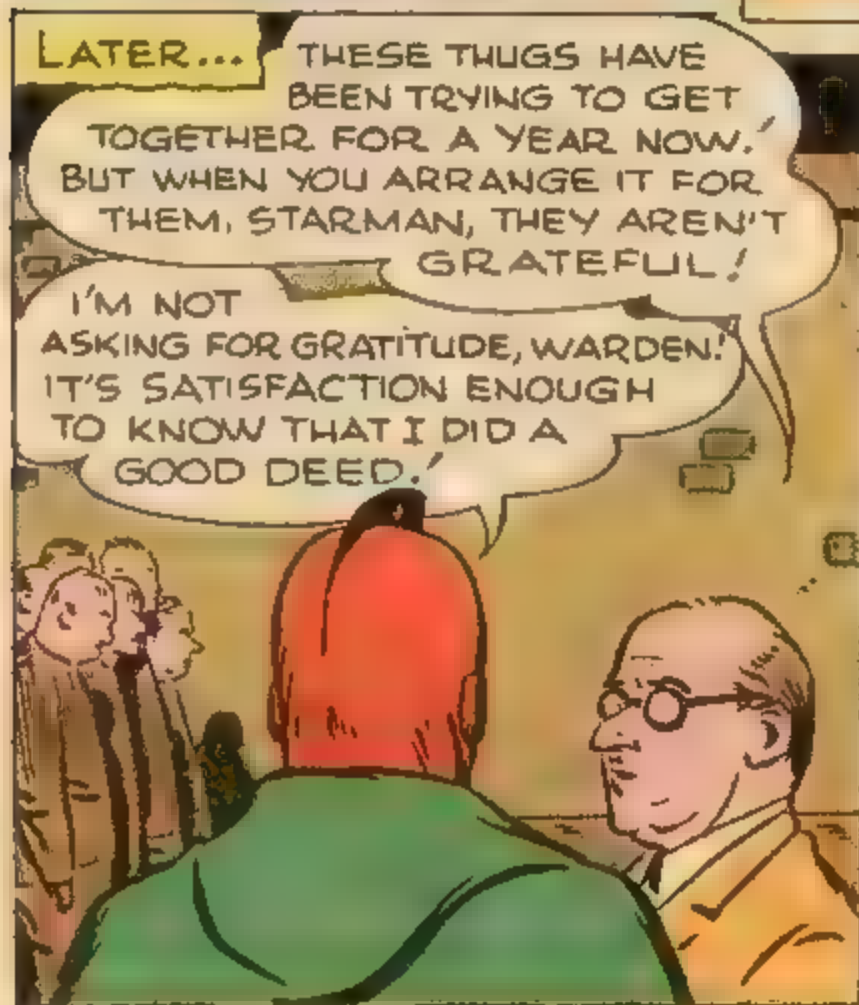
YEEEEOWWW!



LIKE A SELF-PROPELLED BATTERING RAM, THE STELLAR CRIME-CRUSHER CUTS DOWN THE FLEEING THUG LEADER!

OOOOFFF!

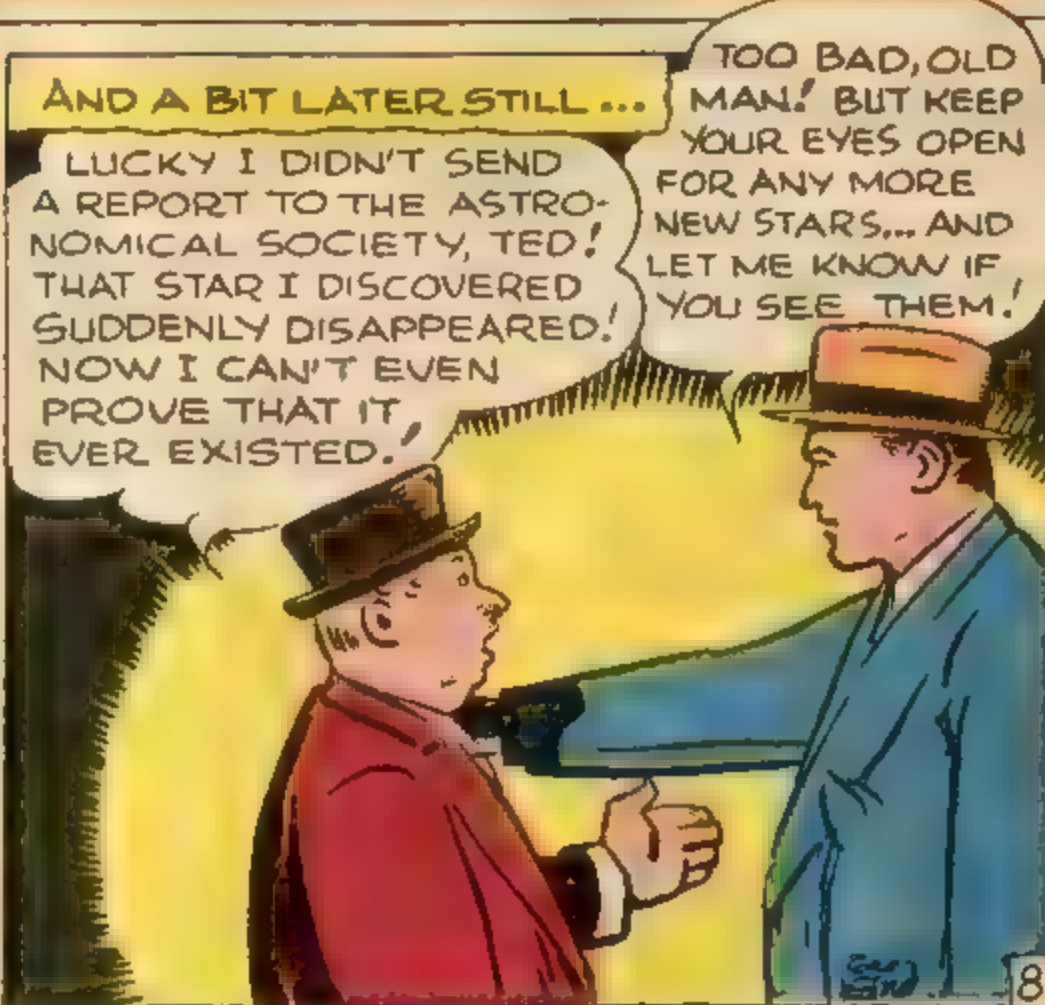
THAT GRUNT SHOULD COME FROM A PIGGY, NOT A PUGGY!



LATER...

THESE THUGS HAVE BEEN TRYING TO GET TOGETHER FOR A YEAR NOW. BUT WHEN YOU ARRANGE IT FOR THEM, STARMAN, THEY AREN'T GRATEFUL!

I'M NOT ASKING FOR GRATITUDE, WARDEN! IT'S SATISFACTION ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT I DID A GOOD DEED!



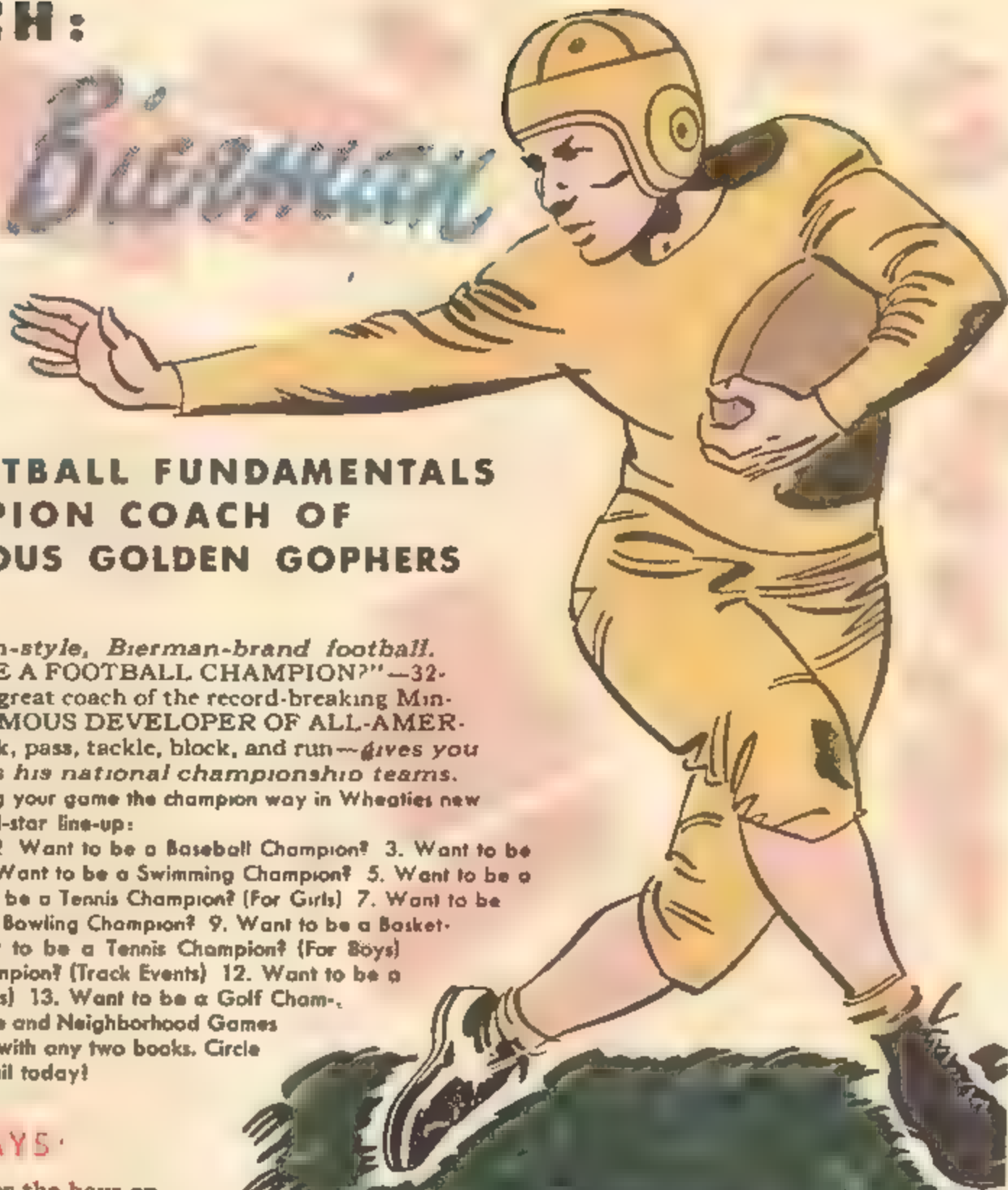
AND A BIT LATER STILL...

LUCKY I DIDN'T SEND A REPORT TO THE ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY, TED! THAT STAR I DISCOVERED SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED! NOW I CAN'T EVEN PROVE THAT IT EVER EXISTED!

TOO BAD, OLD MAN! BUT KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR ANY MORE NEW STARS... AND LET ME KNOW IF YOU SEE THEM!

YOUR COACH:

Bernie Bierman



LEARN YOUR FOOTBALL FUNDAMENTALS FROM THE CHAMPION COACH OF MINNESOTA'S FAMOUS GOLDEN GOPHERS

START NOW to play champion-style, Bierman-brand football. GET your copy of "WANT TO BE A FOOTBALL CHAMPION?"—32-page, picture-packed, book by the great coach of the record-breaking Minnesota teams Bernie Bierman, FAMOUS DEVELOPER OF ALL-AMERICANS, shows you just how to kick, pass, tackle, block, and run—gives you many of the same tips he gives his national championship teams. Yes! There's real inside dope on playing your game the champion way in Wheaties new Library of Sports books. Here's the all-star line-up:

1. Want to be a Football Champion? 2. Want to be a Baseball Champion? 3. Want to be a Basketball Champion? (For Boys) 4. Want to be a Swimming Champion? 5. Want to be a Golf Champion? (For Boys) 6. Want to be a Tennis Champion? (For Girls) 7. Want to be a Softball Champion? 8. Want to be a Bowling Champion? 9. Want to be a Basketball Champion? (For Girls) 10. Want to be a Tennis Champion? (For Boys) 11. Want to be a Track and Field Champion? (Track Events) 12. Want to be a Track and Field Champion? (Field Events) 13. Want to be a Golf Champion? (For Girls) 14. Want to be a Home and Neighborhood Games Champion? **START YOUR COLLECTION** with any two books. Circle title numbers in coupon below—and mail today!

BERNIE BIERMAN SAYS:

"I'm in favor of a big breakfast for the boys on my teams—one that includes lots of food-energy and other important nourishment, like you get in that well-known 'Breakfast of Champions.' Those toasted whole wheat flakes called Wheaties, with plenty of milk and fruit, make a mighty fine training dish. And I notice Wheaties have a keen flavor that rates ace high with hungry football players."



"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

Wheaties, Library of Sports, Dept. 109
Minneapolis 15, Minnesota

Please send me the champion books I have circled below. I enclose ONE star from top of Wheaties package and 10c for each set of TWO books.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
		10	11	12	13	14		

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

LIGHTS OUT

by Eddie Bell

THERE were two furrows on Sergeant Mulray's forehead, and time hadn't put them there. Two other factors, both of them very much human, were responsible. They followed him sheepishly into the office of Captain Cartridge.

When the Sarge saluted, Dillon and Dibble did likewise. Then they stood at ease. Ill at ease. The reason for this was the sudden cloud which swooped across Cartridge's face when he saw his visitors. Inwardly, Cartridge groaned.

"What have they been doing now, Sergeant?"

"It's the bridge, Sir," Mulray said, "the one we took about a week ago. These two here took it over again."

Cartridge blinked, disbelief chased the black cloud from his reddened visage. "You mean we've lost the bridge. And these two men, singlehandedly, took it over?" He got to his feet, reached for his pistol which was hanging by its belt on a hook. "Why didn't someone tell me we were in an action?"

Mulray, embarrassed, said: "It wasn't a military action, Sir." He glowered at Dillon and Dibble. "But it'll be cause for military action."

The Captain sat down.

Mulray explained: "They took over the bridge, all right, Sir. They were charging the natives a toll to cross it!"

"That isn't so, Sir," Dillon cut in. He was small and dapper.

"No, Sir. We were only trying to save their pennies for them to buy bonds with. If you'll just ask them . . ."

Captain Cartridge stared stonily at the pair for a long, ominous moment. Then, when

he spoke, it was to Sergeant Mulray:

"Like yourself, Sergeant, I have put up with the antics of these two super-salesmen from Fort Belvoir long enough. I have seen them trying to sell stoves to people in tropical countries, I have seen them selling things no one could believe they'd sell. This is the last straw. . . ."

Cartridge's big fist thumped the desk. "You men had better have an explanation ready for the courts-martial board tomorrow. Dismissed."

"Just a moment, Captain."

No one had noticed the Major standing in the door, watching. As a matter of fact, he had been watching Dillon and Dibble longer than they knew. Captain Cartridge had thought maybe psychiatry could cure his super-salesmen and, as a result, had communicated this desire to Major Windham.

Both Dillon and Dibble grinned when they saw the Major. A warning glower from Mulray wiped the grin away. Mulray had no patience with this new-fangled stuff. They hadn't had any psychiatrists around in his day—some thirty years ago.

The Major strode easily to the desk. "I'm sure these men didn't mean any harm, Captain," he said. "And I'm quite sure they are being honest about their intentions." His keen blue eyes studied the men. "You really were trying a War Bond Drive of your own, weren't you?"

Without hesitation and as one man came the answer.

"Yes, Sir." It was loud and clear.

"You men just didn't understand, did you?"

"No, Sir."

"And you won't let it happen again?"

"No, Sir," said Dibble. "I won't sell another thing."

"Me, neither," added Dillon. "Sir."

The Major looked at the Captain, who shrugged his shoulders resignedly, and looked at the Sergeant. Mulray just glowered. "Okay, Sergeant, do what you will with them," the Captain said.

When the men had retired, Cartridge turned to Major Windham. "Jeff, I can't figure you out." He held up a hand. "I would certainly have laid it on those two. If ever I saw a racket worked, it was by them. Imagine charging the natives a toll." He fumed a moment. "And then blandly telling the Sergeant they were teaching the natives to put pennies away to buy bonds."

Windham smiled. "Ted, you got them all wrong. They are really on the way to being cured."

"Cured!" It was like a trench mortar exploding. "You'll never cure them unless they go into a jail for a while. And they'd surely have gone had you not stepped in. I'm telling you."

"No," Windham said patiently. "Let me tell you. I've noticed a change in those boys. They're not selling anymore. They are in a stage we might describe as honest enterprise. As soon as they get out of that stage, your worries are over. They'll be as sane as the rest of them." Blue eyes twinkled.

"Look, Captain, they're good soldiers. You know that. They have been in a lot of fighting and come through just like the rest."

(Continued on inside back cover)

MIKE GIBBS

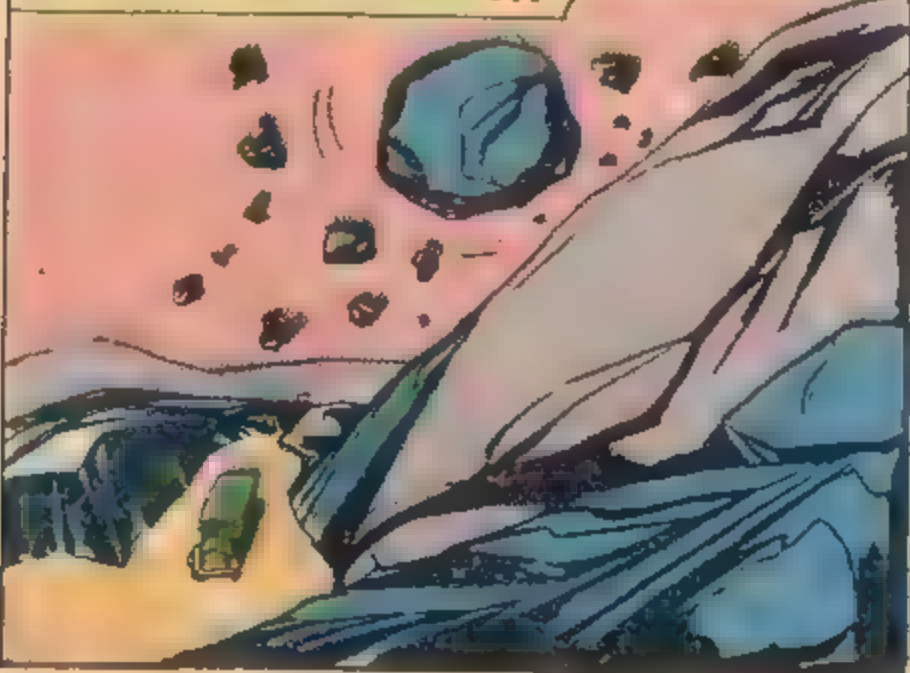
GUERRILLA



YEAR AFTER YEAR
THE MIKADOMEN HAVE
CONDUCTED A SYMPHONY
OF SORROW AMONG THE UN-
HAPPY CHINESE. BUT THE
TUNE IS CHANGING. AS
AMERICANS AND CHINESE
LEARN TO FIGHT IN UNISON, A
NEW NOTE OF HOPE ARISES...
AND WE HEAR NOW A CHEER-
FUL OBLIGATO PLAYED BY
GUERRILLA AND CALLED...

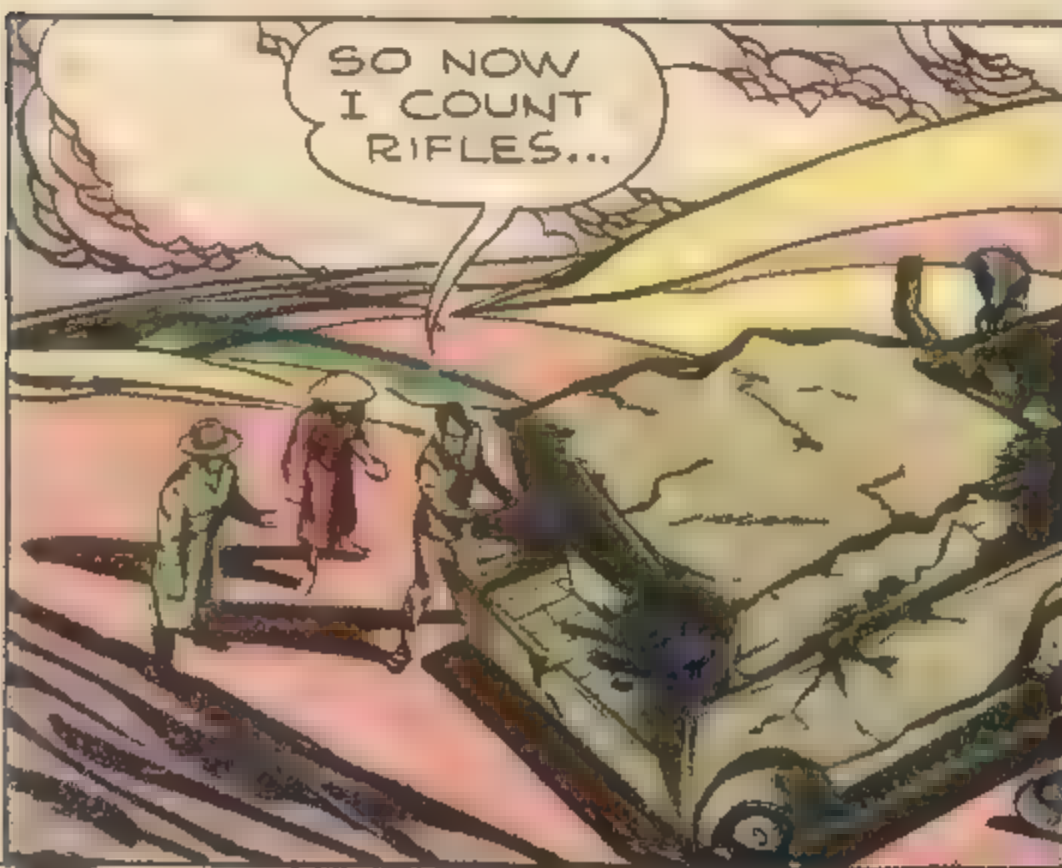
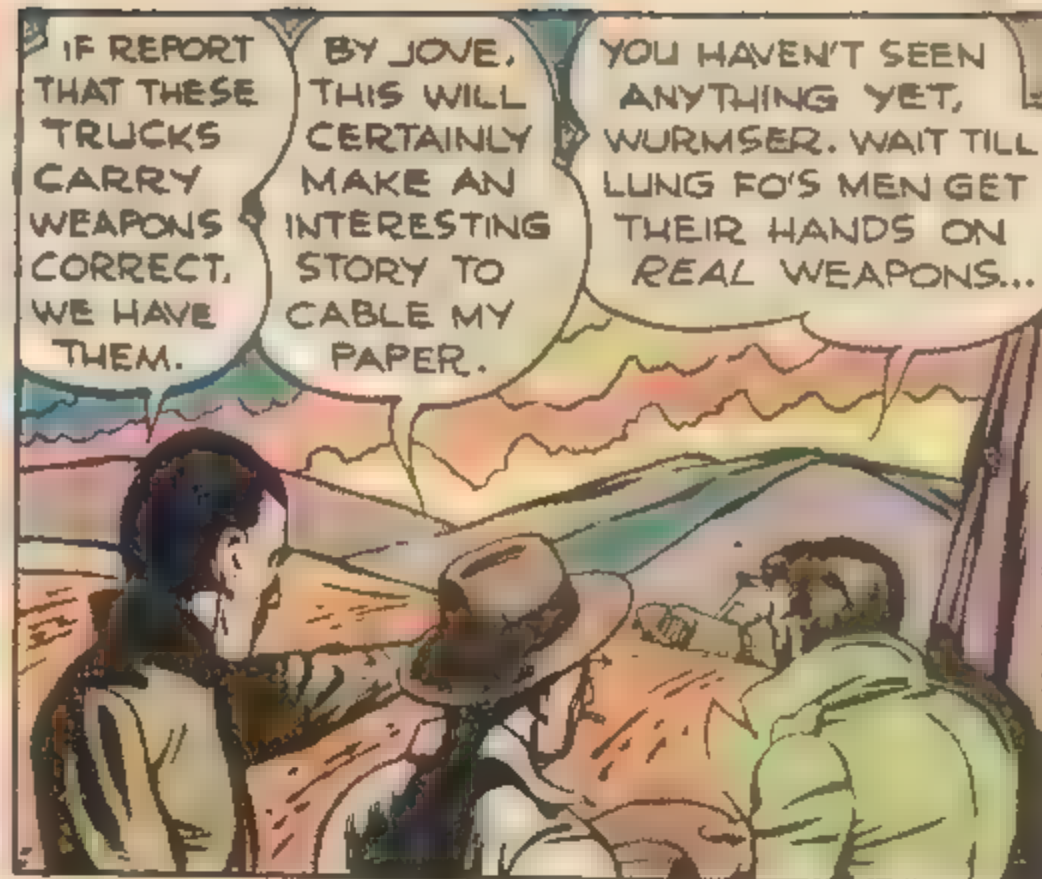
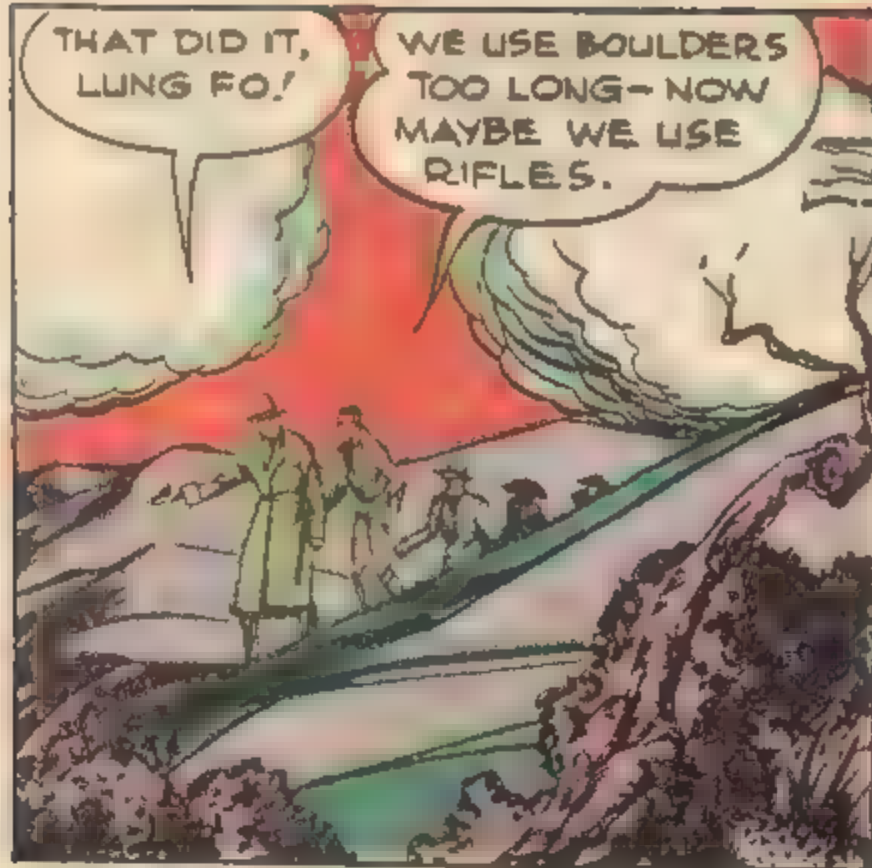
“LULLABY!”

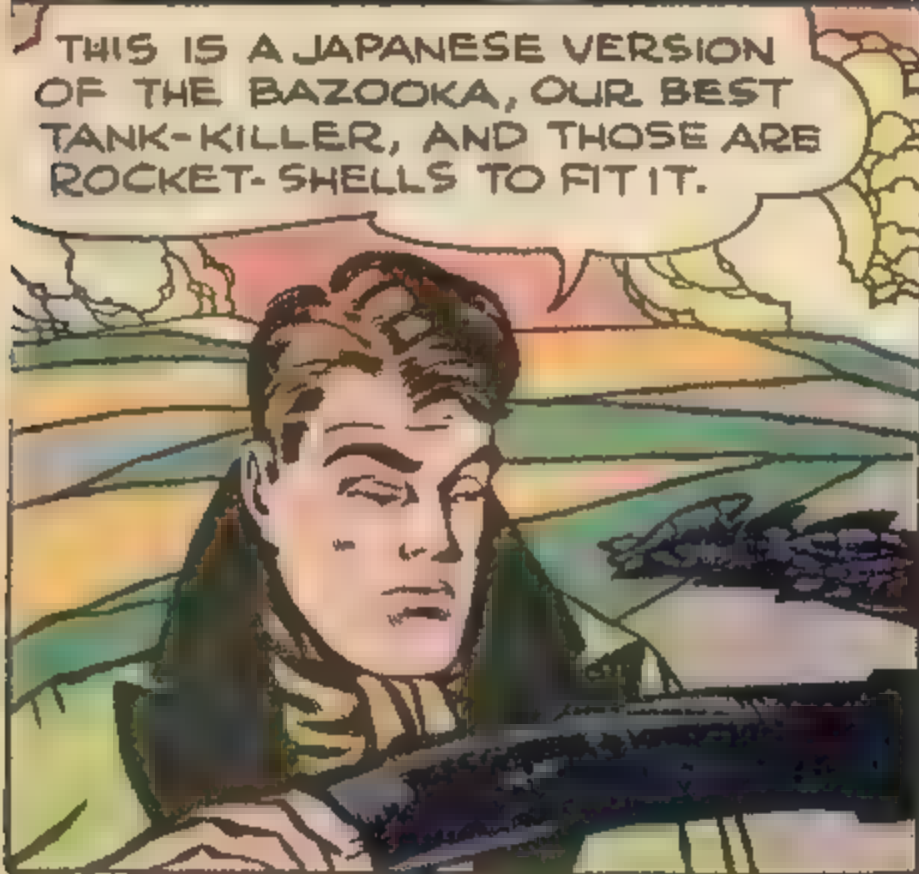
IN THE RUGGED CHINESE COUNTRYSIDE, NOT
FAR FROM THE COAST, A SUDDEN AVALANCHE
SWEEPS DOWNWARD...



AIIII...
GUERRILLAS!







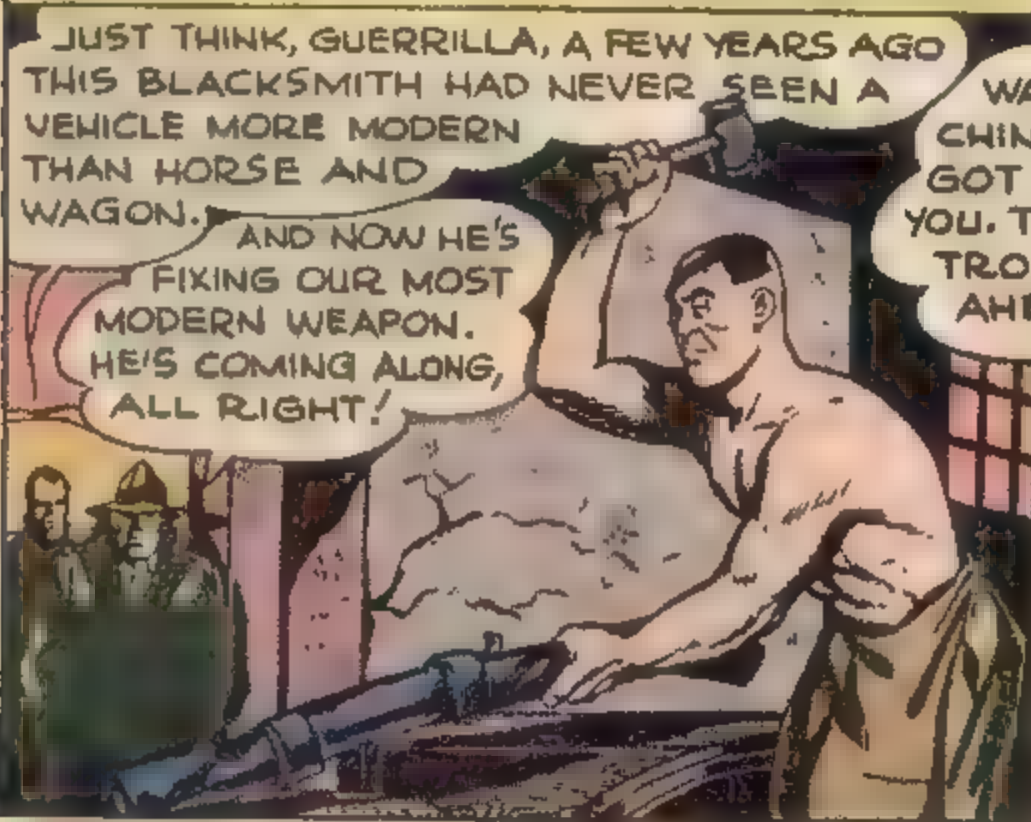
THIS IS A JAPANESE VERSION OF THE BAZOOKA, OUR BEST TANK-KILLER, AND THOSE ARE ROCKET-SHELLS TO FIT IT.



IF WE CAN PATCH UP THESE BAZOOKAS, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET PLENTY OF USE OUT OF THEM.

MY WORD! QUITE INGENIOUS!

SOON, AS A BLACKSMITH BEGINS REPAIRS...

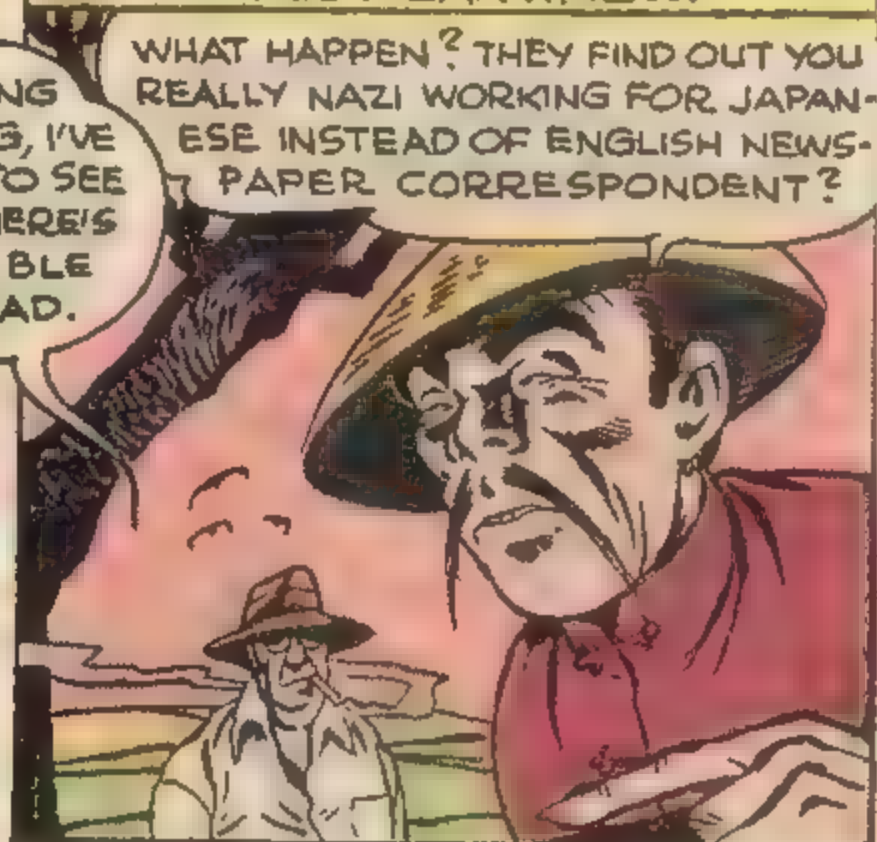


JUST THINK, GUERRILLA, A FEW YEARS AGO THIS BLACKSMITH HAD NEVER SEEN A VEHICLE MORE MODERN THAN HORSE AND WAGON.

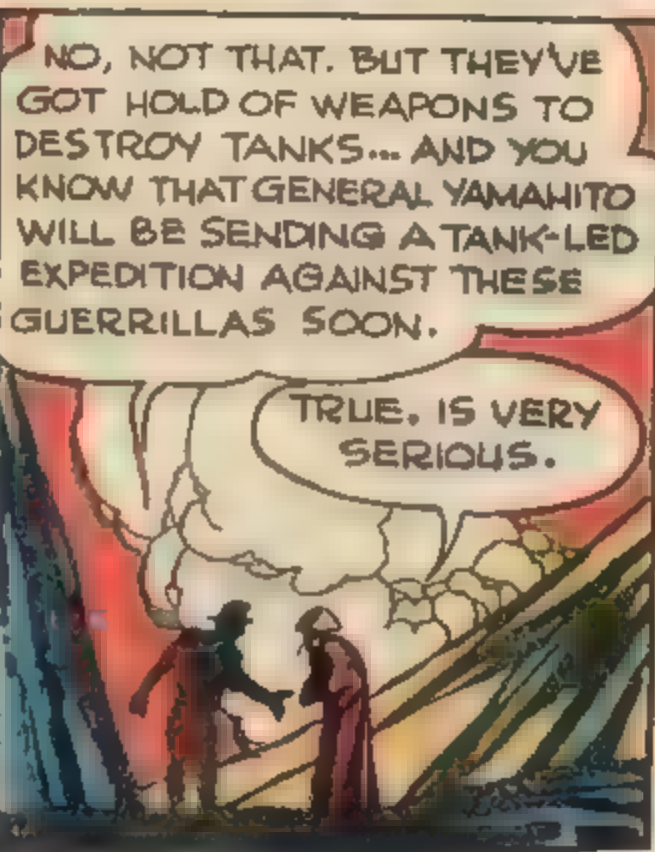
AND NOW HE'S FIXING OUR MOST MODERN WEAPON. HE'S COMING ALONG, ALL RIGHT!

WANG CHING, I'VE GOT TO SEE YOU. THERE'S TROUBLE AHEAD.

BUT IN THE MEANTIME...



WHAT HAPPEN? THEY FIND OUT YOU REALLY NAZI WORKING FOR JAPANESE INSTEAD OF ENGLISH NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT?



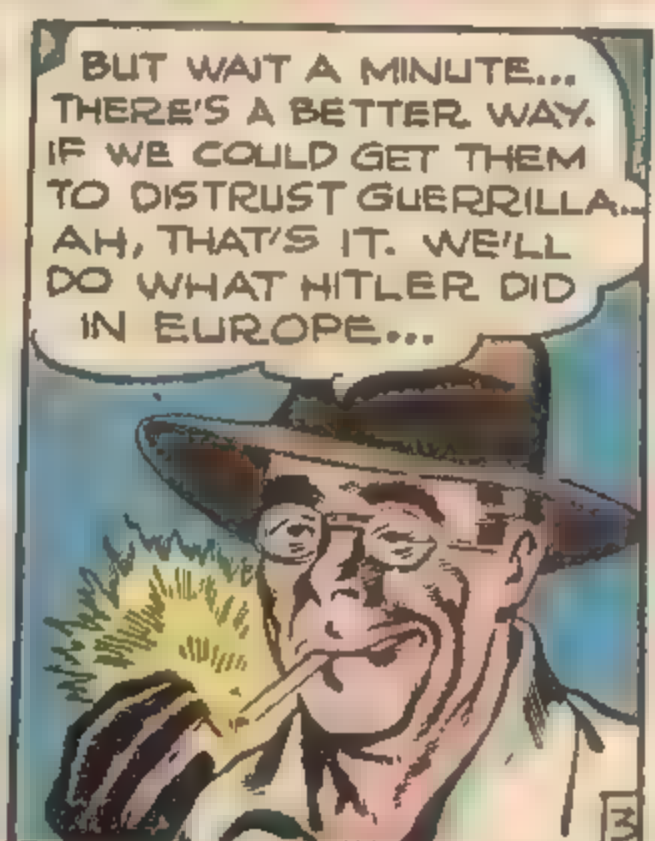
NO, NOT THAT. BUT THEY'VE GOT HOLD OF WEAPONS TO DESTROY TANKS... AND YOU KNOW THAT GENERAL YAMAHITO WILL BE SENDING A TANK-LED EXPEDITION AGAINST THESE GUERRILLAS SOON.

TRUE. IS VERY SERIOUS.



PERHAPS WE CAN DESTROY WEAPONS?

PERHAPS...



BUT WAIT A MINUTE... THERE'S A BETTER WAY. IF WE COULD GET THEM TO DISTRUST GUERRILLA... AH, THAT'S IT. WE'LL DO WHAT HITLER DID IN EUROPE...

WE SET PEOPLE AGAINST PEOPLE, AND, WANG CHING, WE SHALL DO THE SAME. NOW HERE'S MY PLAN...



THE TREACHEROUS PLAN IS AT ONCE PUT INTO OPERATION...

HO, BLACKSMITH, YOU TRY TO FIX, YOU FOOL!

WHAT?!



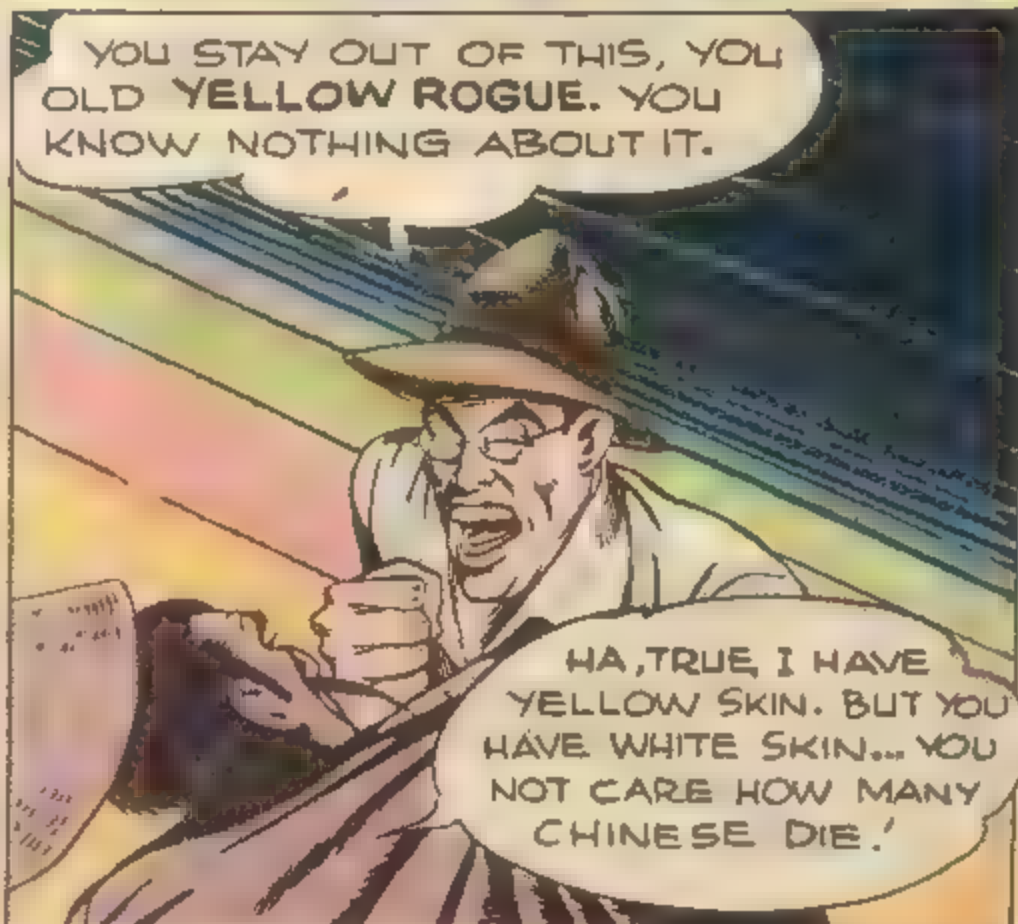
FIX GUN WRONG... IT EXPLODE, AND KILL YOU!

PERHAPS WANG CHING RIGHT. HE HAS SEEN MUCH.



YOU STAY OUT OF THIS, YOU OLD YELLOW ROGUE. YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT IT.

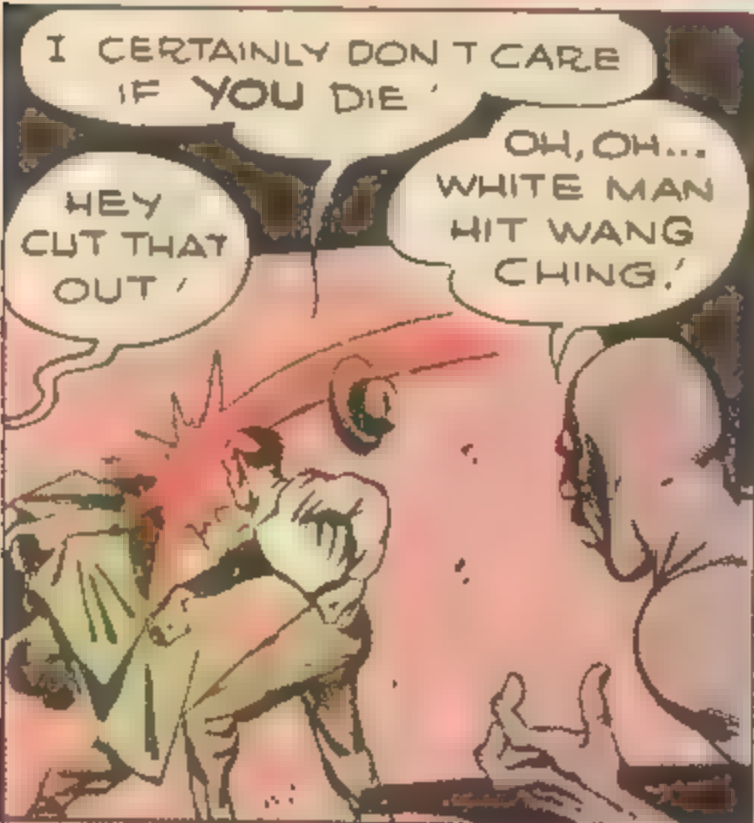
HA, TRUE, I HAVE YELLOW SKIN. BUT YOU HAVE WHITE SKIN... YOU NOT CARE HOW MANY CHINESE DIE!



I CERTAINLY DON'T CARE IF YOU DIE!

OH, OH... WHITE MAN HIT WANG CHING!

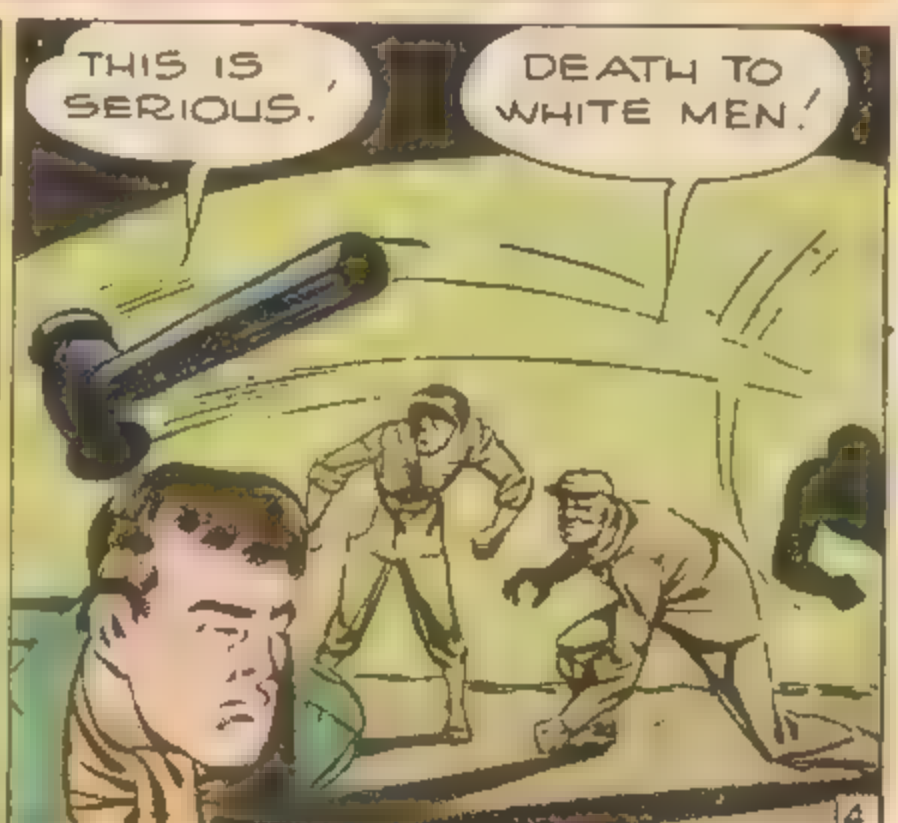
HEY CUT THAT OUT!

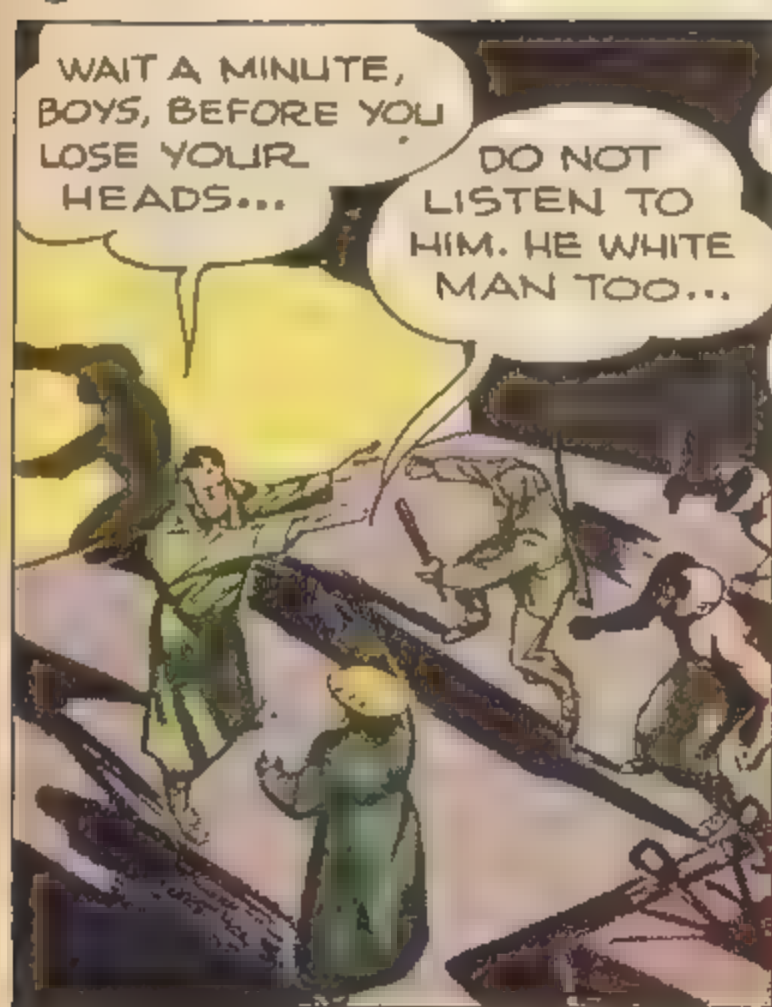


YES, IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO SET PEOPLE OF DIFFERENT GROUPS TO HATING EACH OTHER, ESPECIALLY WHERE THEY DON'T REALLY KNOW EACH OTHER...

THIS IS SERIOUS.

DEATH TO WHITE MEN!





WAIT A MINUTE, BOYS, BEFORE YOU LOSE YOUR HEADS...

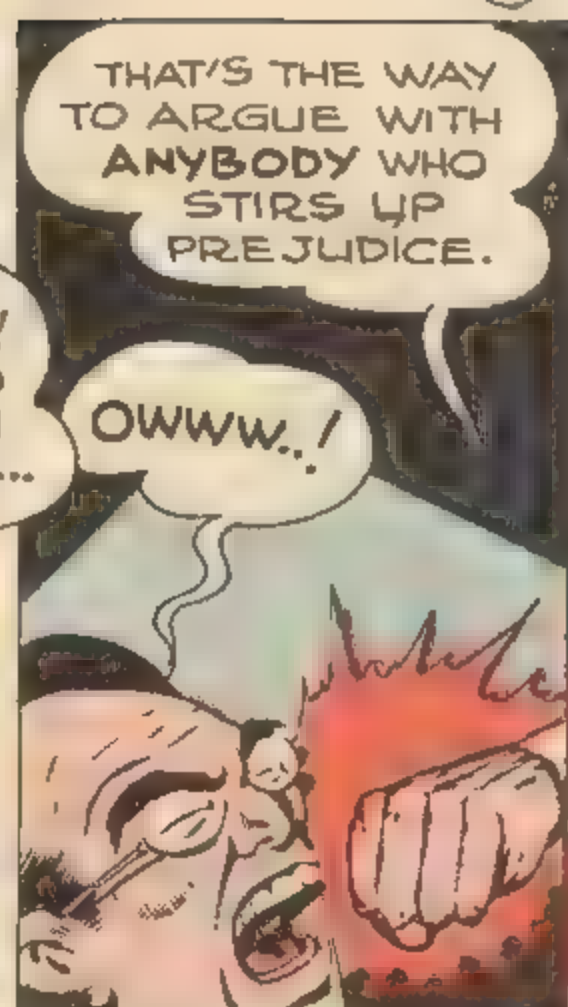
DO NOT LISTEN TO HIM. HE WHITE MAN TOO...



YIII..!

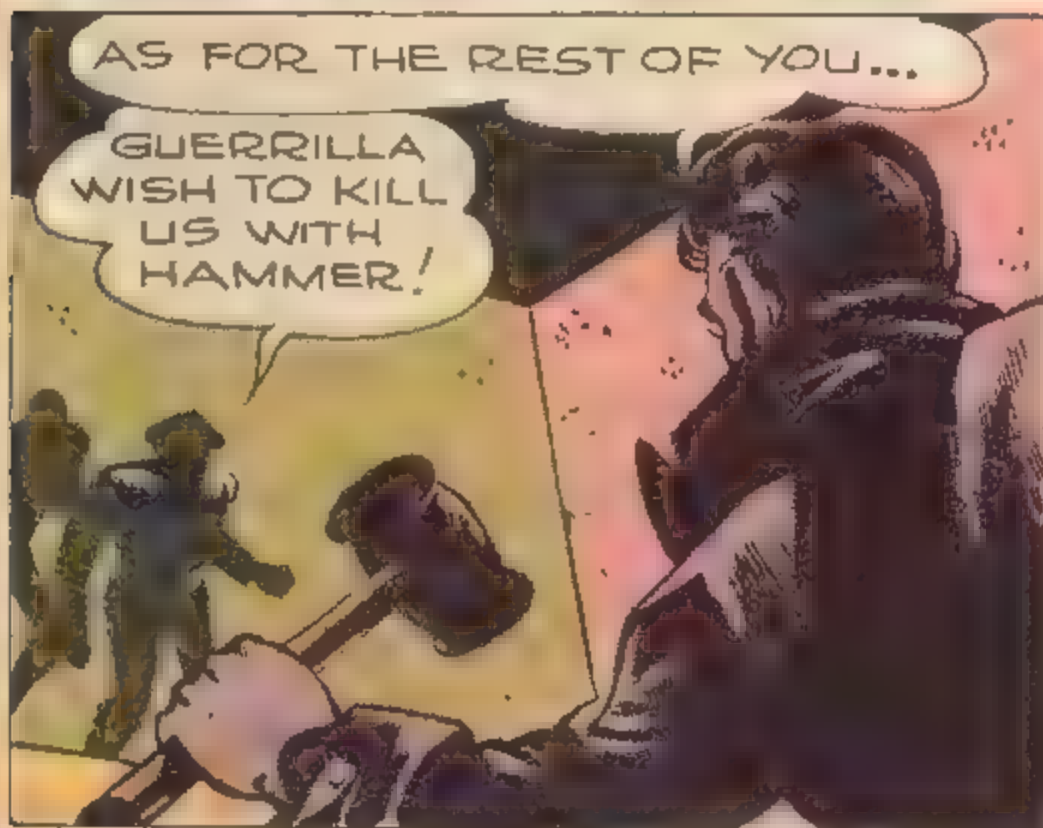
NEVER MIND MY COLOR, WANG CHING... THEY'LL LISTEN.

THAT'S THE WAY, GUERRILLA! DON'T TRY TO ARGUE WITH THE YELLOW...



THAT'S THE WAY TO ARGUE WITH ANYBODY WHO STIRS UP PREJUDICE.

OWWW..!

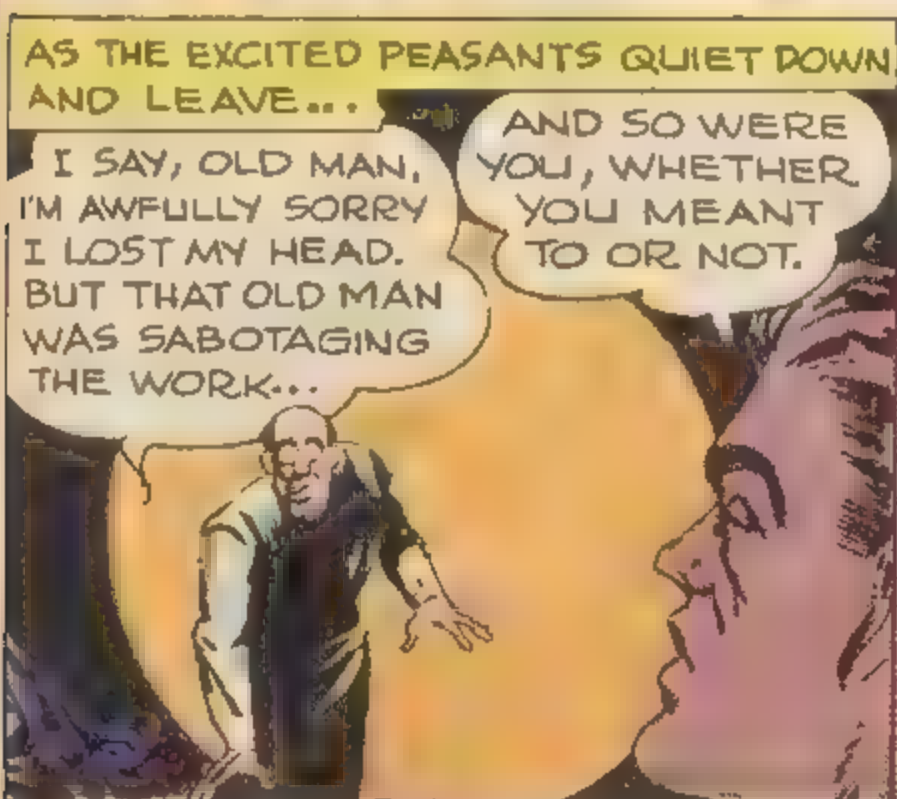


AS FOR THE REST OF YOU...

GUERRILLA WISH TO KILL US WITH HAMMER!



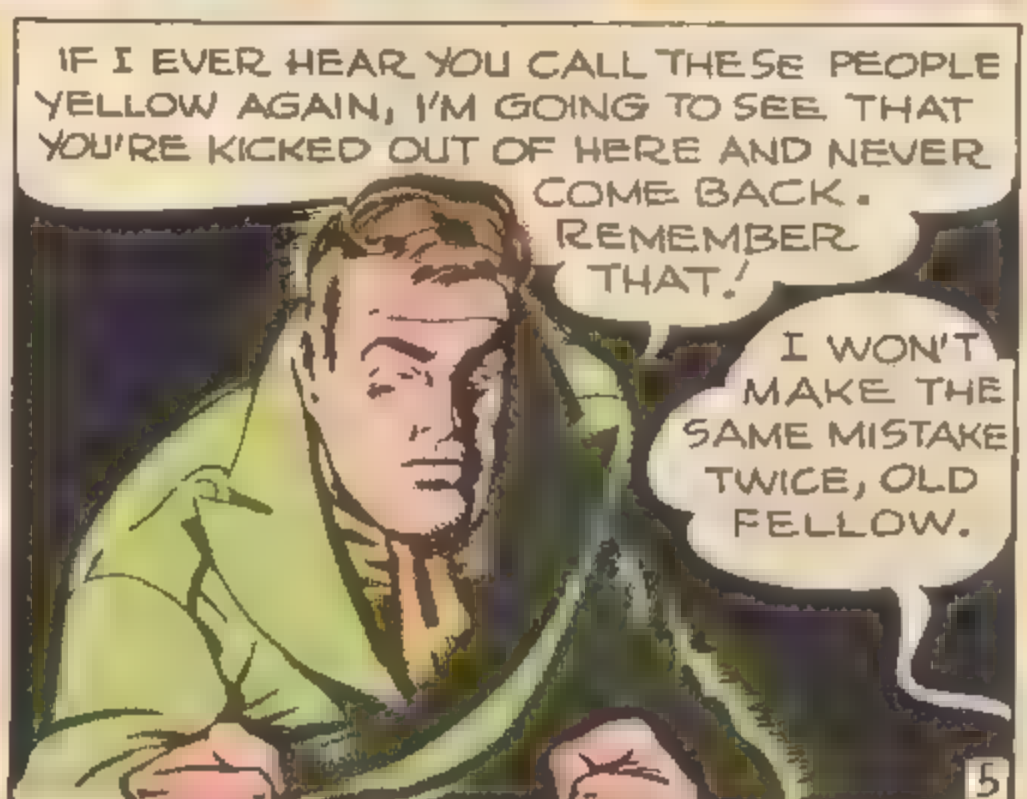
NO, I JUST WISH TO PROVE TO YOU THAT THIS IS THE CORRECT WAY OF REPAIRING THESE GUNS. WE'LL TEST THEM LATER.



AS THE EXCITED PEASANTS QUIET DOWN AND LEAVE...

I SAY, OLD MAN, I'M AWFULLY SORRY I LOST MY HEAD. BUT THAT OLD MAN WAS SABOTAGING THE WORK...

AND SO WERE YOU, WHETHER YOU MEANT TO OR NOT.



IF I EVER HEAR YOU CALL THESE PEOPLE YELLOW AGAIN, I'M GOING TO SEE THAT YOU'RE KICKED OUT OF HERE AND NEVER COME BACK. REMEMBER THAT!

I WON'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE TWICE, OLD FELLOW.

GUERRILLA... MEN REPORT
THAT JAPANESE SEND
TANKS!

GOOD, IT'LL GIVE US
A CHANCE TO TRY THESE
THINGS OUT. COME, I'LL
SHOW YOUR MEN HOW
TO USE THEM.

PRESENTLY...

THE MAN WITH THE GUN OVER HIS
SHOULDER HAS TO BE VERY
STEADY. NOW AIM CAREFULLY...



FIRE!

BOOM!

AIIII!

DID NOT WANG CHING TELL
YOU? GUN DANGEROUS!
NOW PERHAPS YOU BELIEVE
ME, AND NOT WHITE
FOREIGNER!

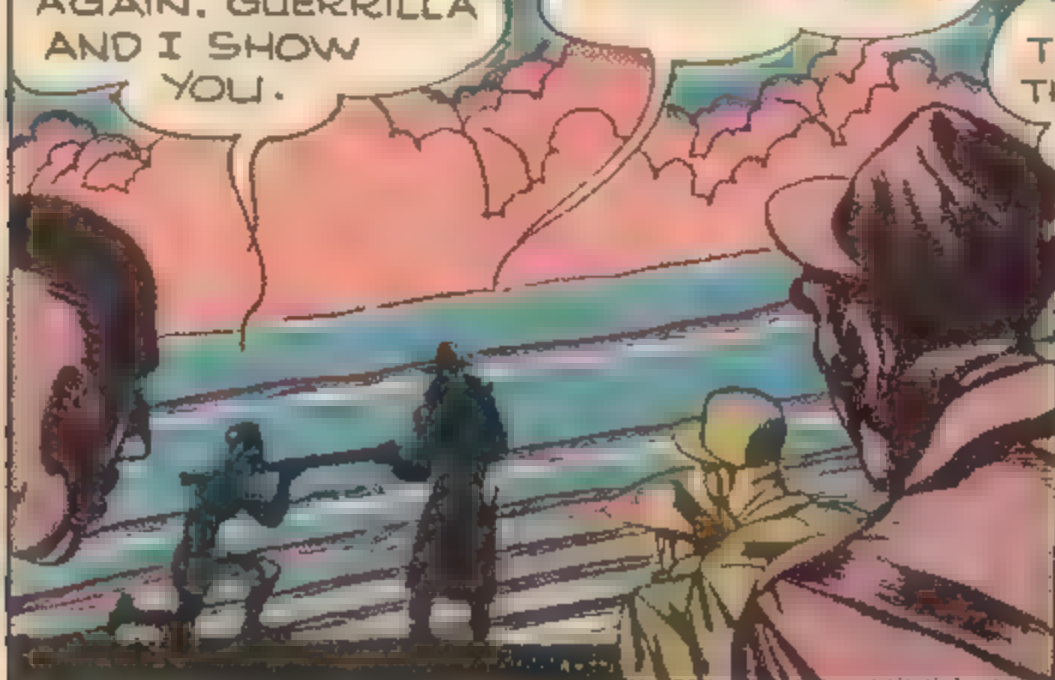


GUERRILLA
NO FOREIGNER...
HE OUR FRIEND!



THAT EXPLOSION
ACCIDENT... WILL
NOT HAPPEN
AGAIN. GUERRILLA
AND I SHOW
YOU.

WE CERTAINLY WILL,
LUNG FO. WAIT TILL
I LOAD THIS...



OH, OH... THE
FUSES OF THESE
SHELLS HAVE BEEN
TAMPERED WITH!
THAT MUST BE WHY
THE OTHER BAZOOKA
EXPLODED!

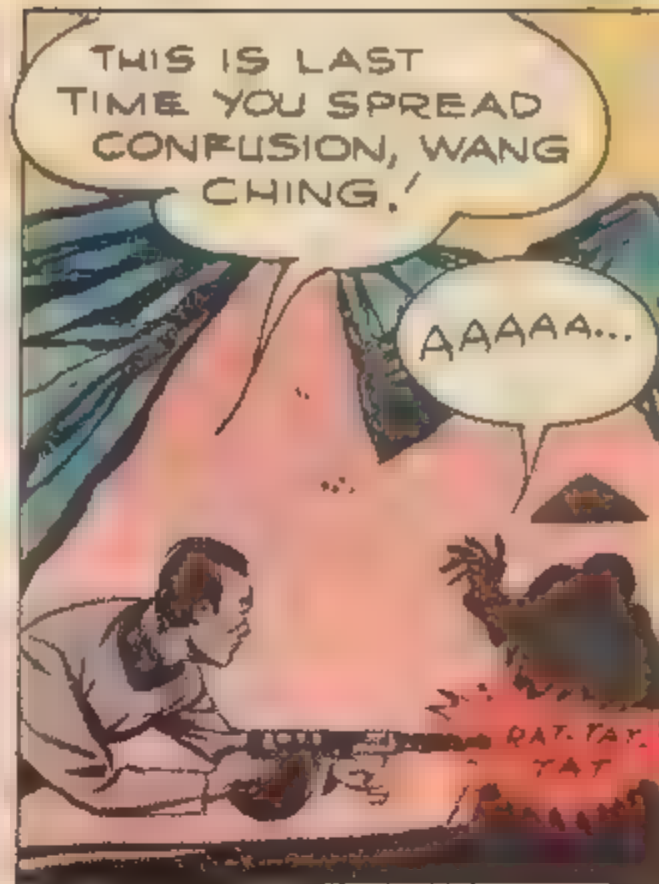
THEN FIX, GUERRILLA,
AND WE USE. MEAN-
WHILE, I HAVE IDEA
WHO TRAITOR MAY
BE... I SEND MEN
TO FIND.





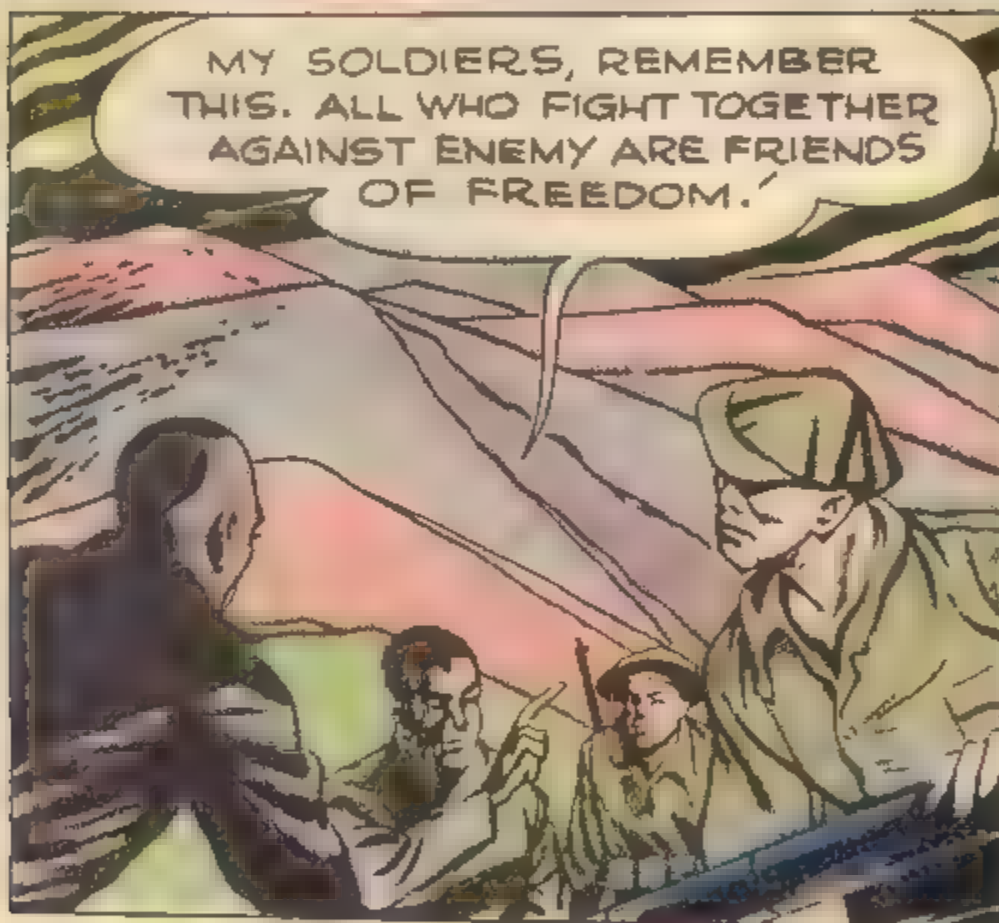
GO AWAY... HIDE!
ONLY WAY TO SAVE
SELVES FROM
JAPANESE.

SO!!!

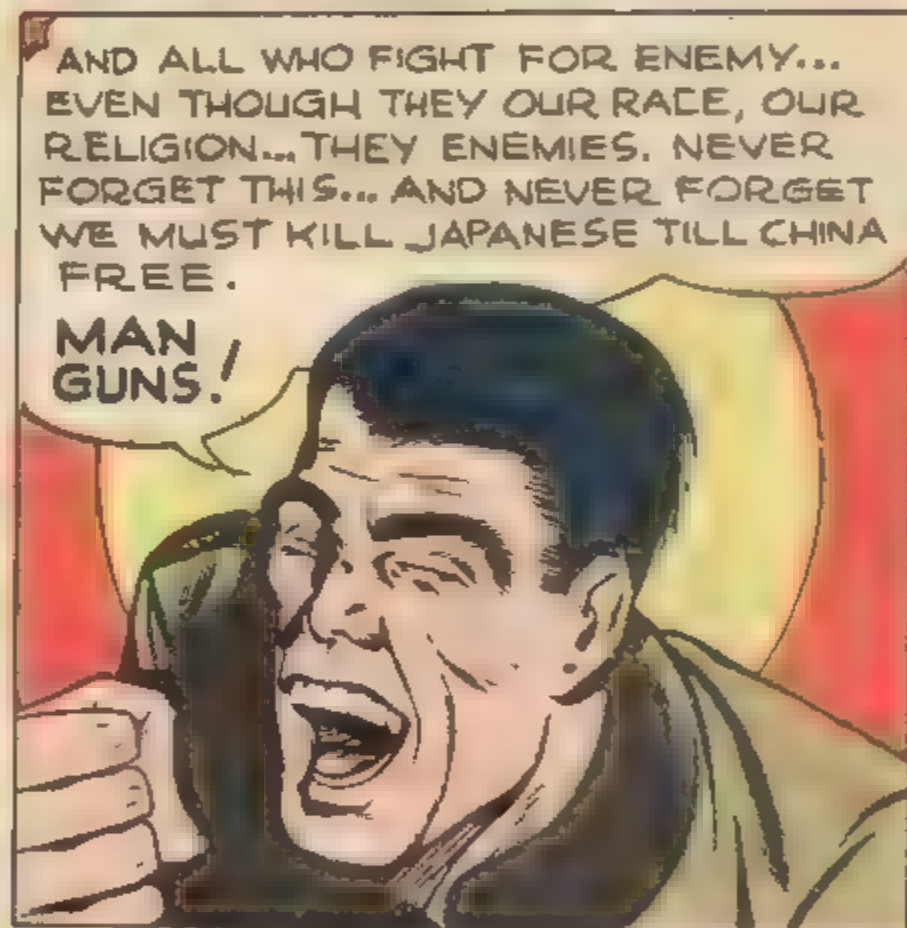


THIS IS LAST
TIME YOU SPREAD
CONFUSION, WANG
CHING!

AAAAA...

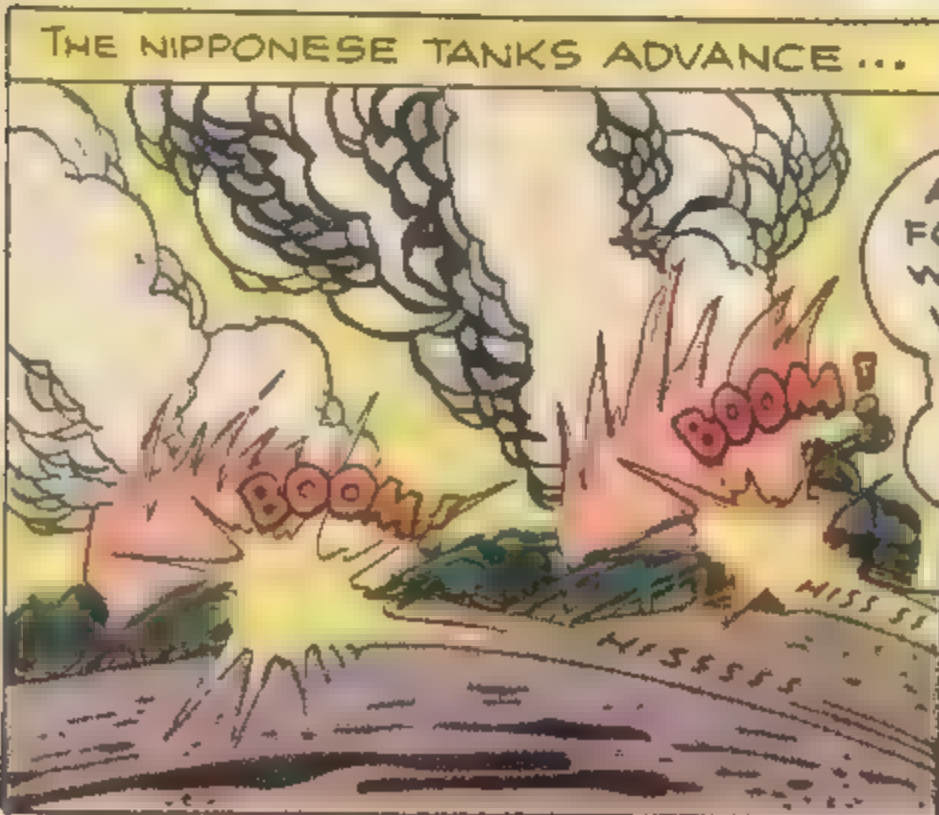


MY SOLDIERS, REMEMBER
THIS. ALL WHO FIGHT TOGETHER
AGAINST ENEMY ARE FRIENDS
OF FREEDOM.



AND ALL WHO FIGHT FOR ENEMY...
EVEN THOUGH THEY OUR RACE, OUR
RELIGION... THEY ENEMIES. NEVER
FORGET THIS... AND NEVER FORGET
WE MUST KILL JAPANESE TILL CHINA
FREE.

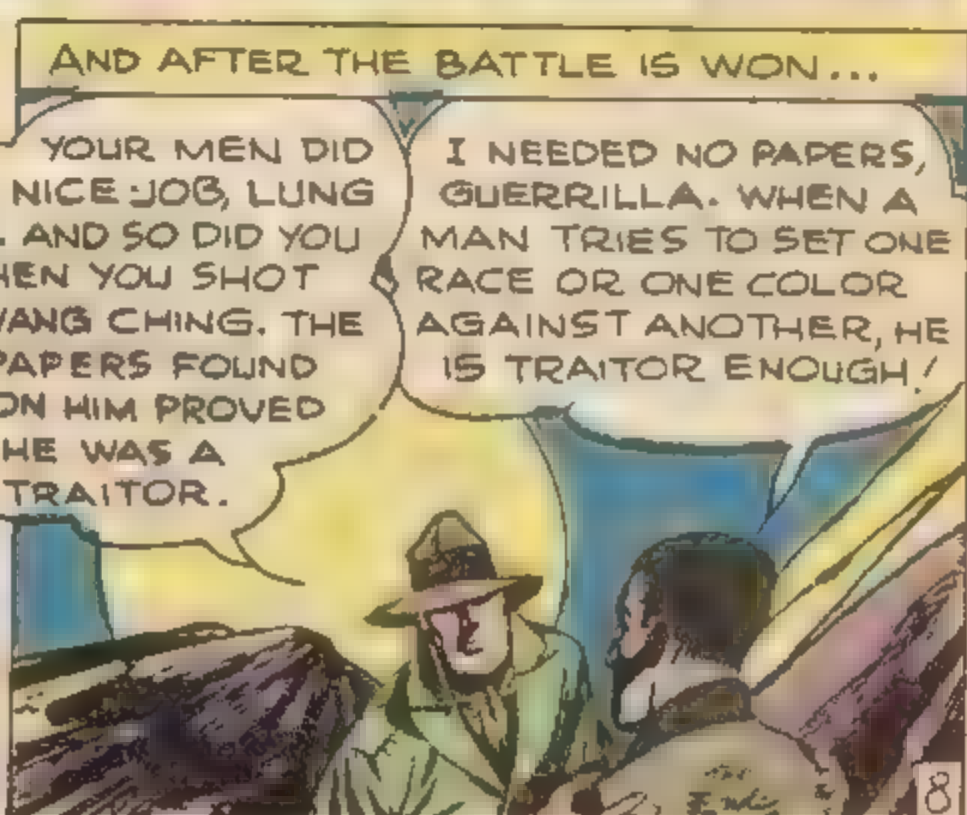
MAN
GUNS!



THE NIPPONESE TANKS ADVANCE...

BOOM!

BOOM!



AND AFTER THE BATTLE IS WON...

YOUR MEN DID
A NICE JOB, LUNG
FO. AND SO DID YOU
WHEN YOU SHOT
WANG CHING. THE
PAPERS FOUND
ON HIM PROVED
HE WAS A
TRAITOR.

I NEEDED NO PAPERS,
GUERRILLA. WHEN A
MAN TRIES TO SET ONE
RACE OR ONE COLOR
AGAINST ANOTHER, HE
IS TRAITOR ENOUGH!

Meet a



©1949 BY
SCHUTTER
CANDY CO.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

To get the full beauty of a sunset, you must see it... no painting can do it justice. And to enjoy the luscious goodness of BIT-O-HONEY, you have to taste this temptingly different candy bar... no words can describe its delicious flavor. Try BIT-O-HONEY and you'll know why millions say: "It's the most delicious candy bar I've ever tasted". BIT-O-HONEY is cut in six individually wrapped bite-sized pieces... so handy to eat anywhere, anytime.

You'll like OLD NICK, too... a delicious chocolate-covered bar, made by the makers of BIT-O-HONEY

Eat a



5¢

A "Honey" of a candy bar

WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER? *It has a special meaning!*

Everyone's name adds up to a special significant number. YOU can find yours by using the Number-Alphabet below.

LOU GEHRIG'S name adds up to THREE—Does YOURS?

Example:

L O U G E H R I G
3+6+3+7+5+8+9+9+7=57
5+7=12 1+2=3

Use the Number-Alphabet to figure your number. If it isn't "Three", write for FREE booklet telling you what it means.

The Number-Alphabet

A-J-S are "1"	S-K-T are "2"
C-L-U are "3"	D-M-V are "4"
E-N-W are "5"	F-O-X are "6"
G-P-T are "7"	H-Q-Z are "8"
I-R are "9"	

YOURS FREE

Want the key to your number? Send today for the amazing new BIT-O-HONEY booklet "WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER AND WHAT DOES IT MEAN?" It's FREE! Paste coupon on a postcard. Mail it NOW!

3

"Three" individuals possess an engaging, free and easy manner and a fine sense of humor which win them many friends. Ambitious, independent, they have both creative ability and initiative. Conscientious, capable, they often rise to high authority.

"BIT-O-HONEY" Box 59, St. Louis 3, Mo. NC3

Please send me—absolutely FREE and without obligation my "What's Your Number" booklet.

Name _____ (please print plainly)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

If you are under 18, ask here. Regardless of your age, you get your Number booklet FREE.

OFFER ENDS DEC 31 1949

How THOM McAN SAVED THE FLAMING '40'

WITH HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"

THE '40' IS ON FIRE! WALKING THROUGH THE THICK FOREST BELOW, THOM McAN AND HIS SILENT LITTLE PAL 'H' SEE THE GIANT 40-PASSENGER PLANE SEARCHING DESPERATELY FOR A CLEAR PLACE TO LAND.



NO PLACE TO LAND! NOTHING BUT TREES FOR MILES - WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!

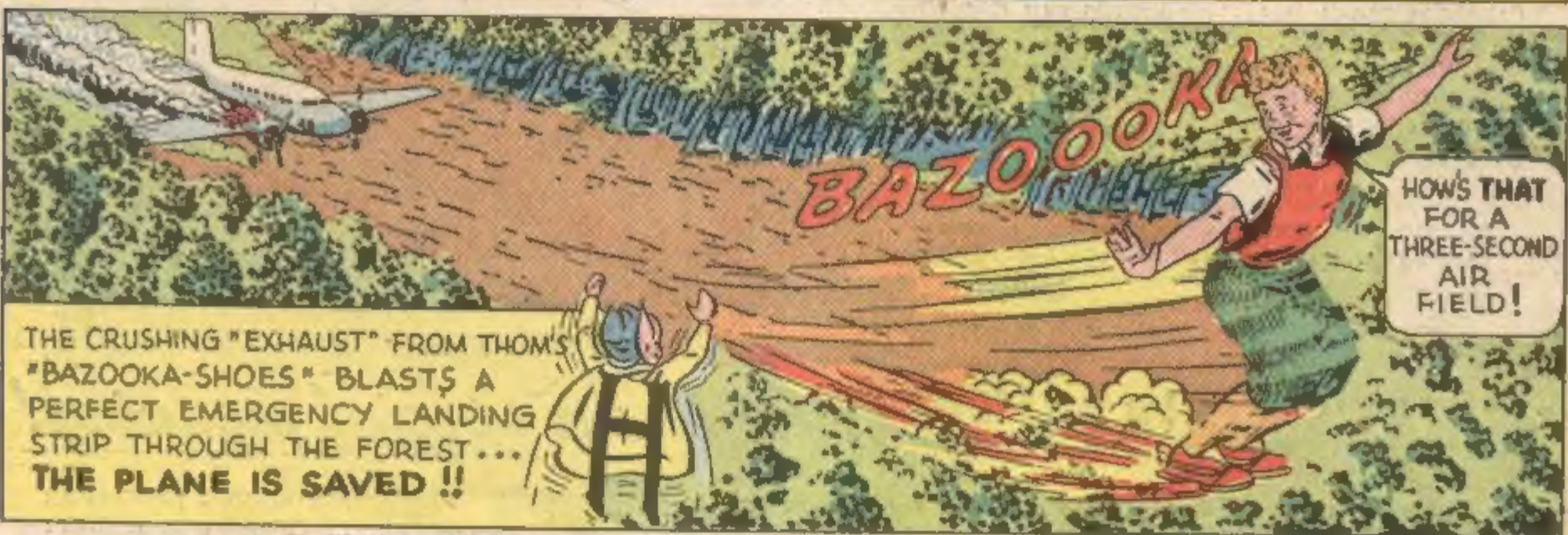
GEE, 'H', I'VE GOT TO SAVE THOSE PASSENGERS! WAIT, I HAVE IT - PUT THOSE SMOKE-MAKING CAPSULES IN MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"!



QUICKLY THOM STEPS INTO HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES" - AND STREAKS SKYWARD AS 'H' WATCHES HIM GO!



THE TRAIL OF SMOKE FROM THOM'S "BAZOOKA-SHOES" SPELLS OUT INSTRUCTIONS TO THE STARTLED PILOT.



THE CRUSHING "EXHAUST" FROM THOM'S "BAZOOKA-SHOES" BLASTS A PERFECT EMERGENCY LANDING STRIP THROUGH THE FOREST... THE PLANE IS SAVED !!

HOW'S THAT FOR A THREE-SECOND AIR FIELD!

THOM, YOUR "BAZOOKA-SHOES" SAVED OUR LIVES LIKE... WELL, LIKE THE WAY THOM McAN SHOES SAVE OUR FEET!



WHY DOES 'H' NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE 'H' IN "THOM McAN" - ALWAYS SILENT! (THE 'H' IS SILENT, BUT THE VALUE SPEAKS OUT LOUD)

- AND THOM McAN SHOES WILL AMAZE YOU TOO!

You can't help being thrilled over the swell features of THOM McANS. Solid comfort from toe to heel! Snappy styling high school and college crowds go for! Yet priced remarkably low! Keen styles for men too. When you buy your next Thom McAns - take Dad along!



THE THOM McAN X22
Sizes 1 to 5 1/2 Similar Shoe
for Men - Style 3680 - Sizes
6 to 11.

Thom McAn

OVER 500 STORES - IN OVER 300 CITIES

"I know all that," Cartridge groaned. "It's what they do when they're not fighting that gets me." He held his hands to his head. "If the Colonel ever gets wise to the shenanigans those two have pulled off, I'm a gone duck."

Windham smiled again. "He won't. I think Sergeant Mulray will provide the finishing touch. I've an idea he headed them toward the potato bins. From now on, they'll behave. Just wait and see." He looked at his watch. "Come on, Ted, just time for a drink before chow."

Still grumbling, Cartridge followed his pal out. "They'll never reform. And you can't make me believe differently."

He held that thought all night. And the next day, he was still thinking of it as he saw Dillon and Dibble peeling potatoes, stabbing the heart out of them with something resembling joy.

"Look at them," he groaned to himself, "they don't even know they're being punished." He shuddered, wondering what the pair would pull next. There was no getting away from it, the Army should have left Dibble and Dillon back in private life as supersalesmen. Then his own lot would have been easier.

Two weeks slipped away. The men had done their K.P., and lo and behold, not once had Mulray brought them in. It worried Cartridge, and he sent for Mulray.

"Mulray, I can't figure it out. Major Windham said Dillon and Dibble would reform. What do you think?"

In the corner, Major Windham smiled. "They just hadn't had the seriousness of their behavior presented to them in the right light," he said. "Time was bound to take care of them." He coughed. "I will admit, Captain, that I think the threat of a courts-martial frightened them. I'd be willing to go further and state they were abso-

lutely happy to do penance on K.P."

Cartridge blinked. "By golly, you're right. I remember noticing how happy they looked about it."

Mulray scratched his head. "Begging your pardon, Sir, but it's just as you and the Major say, Captain. I never saw two birds like K.P. the way they did." He grimaced. "But mark my words, Captain, you can't cure those two."

Major Windham laughed. "In this case you're wrong, Sergeant. You see, there's good in everyone. When they get off on a wrong track, we try to straighten them out. The old stiff-as-a-ramrod school is out, Sergeant."

Mulray gulped, then allowed the words to pass from his lips. He had wanted to hold them back, but couldn't: "That's a lotta mullarky, Sir."

"Sergeant!" Cartridge cut in.

"Sorry, Sir."

"It's all right, Captain." Windham said. "The Sergeant has a right to his beliefs." He smiled. "If I were a civilian doctor, and making a wager, I'd even go so far as to present the Sergeant with a new coat if I happened to be wrong." He shrugged. "But of course . . ."

Cartridge smiled. "You may go, Sergeant. Remember, have your men ready. We're moving up tonight."

Saluting smartly, Mulray went out. All the way over to his outfit, he grumbled. His humor was still bad that night when action arrived. He lost sight of Dillon and Dibble in the fray, but that didn't worry him. He knew they were in there fighting alongside their buddies.

It took time to conquer the objective they went after. Considerable time. Mulray, as he himself phrased it, was busier than his favorite biscuits. As luck would have it, rain, too, took part in the battle. But at last the objective was won.

However, it was ten hours later before Mulray bethought himself of Dillon and Dibble. "Last I saw of them," a Corporal said, "they were sleeping in a foxhole."

He chuckled. "They're probably there right now. Sarge. Shall I go get them?"

"Yes." Mulray said. "No, wait a minute. Here's Captain Cartridge and Major Windham. We'll all go over." He shook his head. "I wish I knew what those guys went to sleep for."

He was wrong. Dillon and Dibble weren't asleep. After the battle, they had fallen asleep, true. But they awoke to find themselves in four inches of water. Drowsily, they had baled it out, only, to find, an hour later, it had once more flooded.

It was Dibble who found the cause. "Well, whaddya know, Dillon," he said, enthusiastically. "We're right on the site of a spring."

"A spring. No wonder it kept getting full," Dillon said. "Come on, let's get out of here."

"Get out? Are you crazy?" Dibble stared at him. "Listen, this is some foxhole. Here, look . . ."

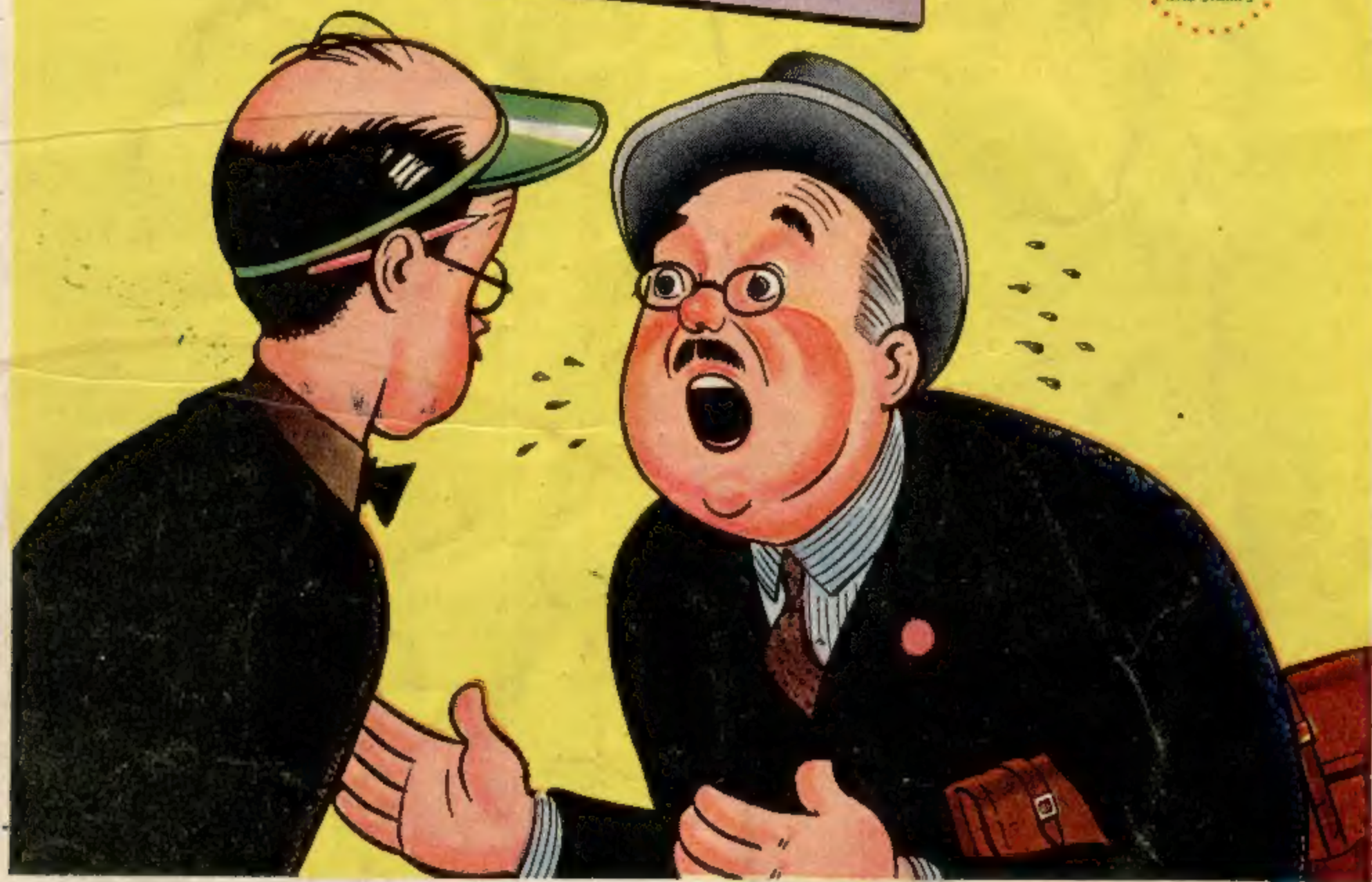
It was thus that Sergeant Mulray found them. They had by then dug a channel to let the water escape, hollowed out a basin in which to wash themselves, and somehow installed an old stove. Spick and span, they saluted the Captain and Major Windham.

The Major blinked as a howl came from Captain Cartridge. He followed the Captain's finger, then shut his eyes to keep out the home-made sign which said:

"For hire—the only foxhole with hot and cold running water."

He didn't even hear Sergeant Mulray say: "You can't cure those guys. That new coat's sure gonna feel good!"

LOST AND FOUND



...it was a package of
Cookies
made with



RECIPE ON
EVERY WRAPPER

Candy

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS